★ Dec. 2, 1950
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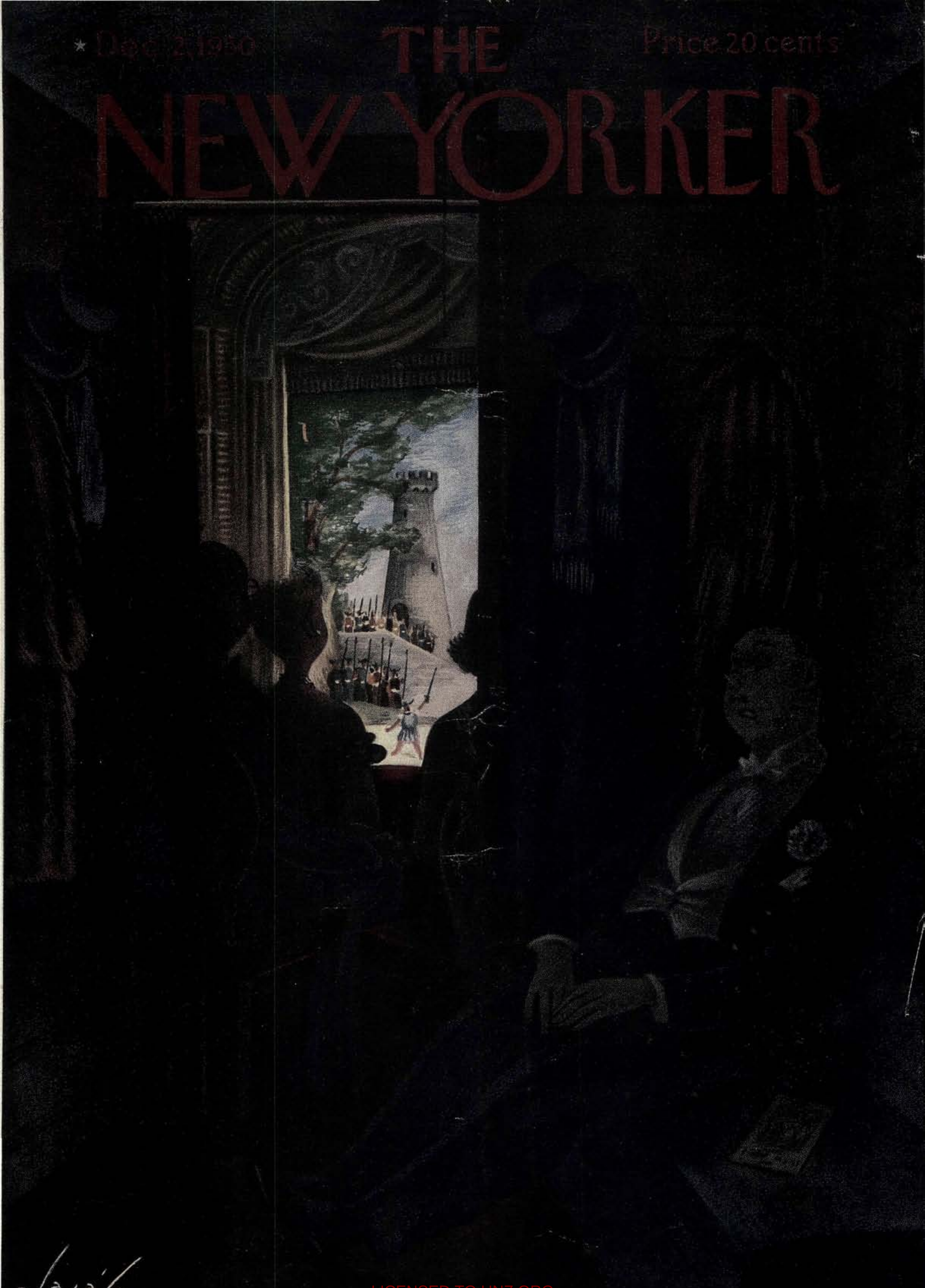
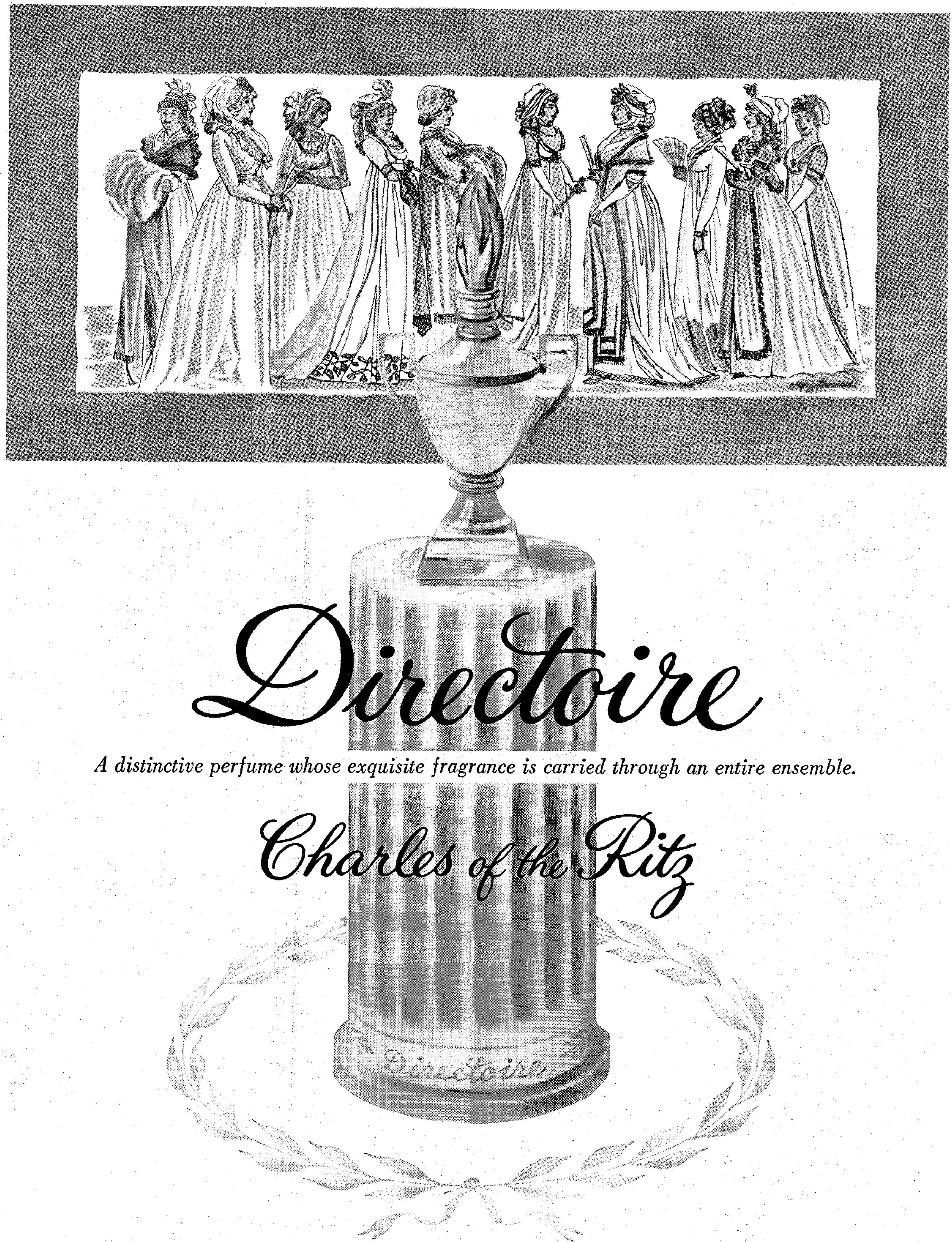
THE NEW YORKER



RETURN TO ELEGANCE...TO SPLENDOUR...TO THE CLASSIC



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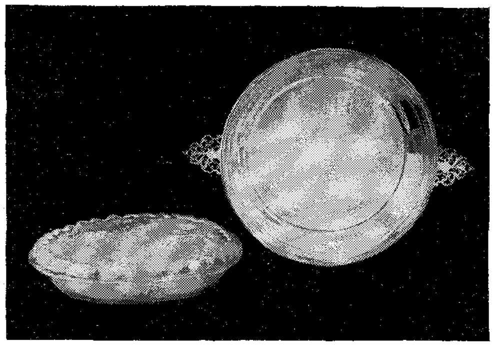
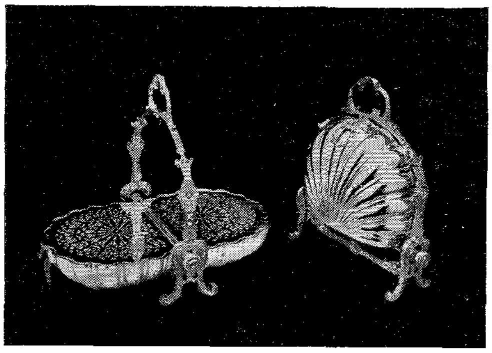


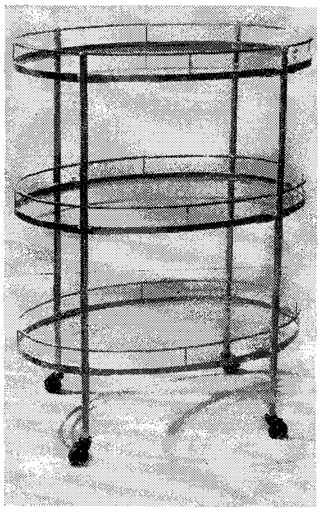
Just Dessert for the All-American Dessert—silver-plated pie-server, 2″ deep, 11¼″ across excluding porringer-handles, plus Pyrex baking shell. In between pies, the recipient will no doubt show off its beauty filled with beef stew, sweet potatoes buried in meringue or filled with flowers. $15 including excise tax.

Cock-of-the-Walk Tôle Cocktail Service—to fill guests with sober admiration. All three pieces metal (no breakage) painted black and blooming with wild white violets. Beautiful group, sold separately, too. Tray, 12¼″ wide, 16″ long with 2″ high pierced gallery, $8. Silent Butler, 7″ wide, 5½″ deep, $4. Ice Tub, thermos lining, standard size 7½″ in diameter, $20.



English Folding Biscuit "Box"—a fine reproduction of a fine old one, made to our order in England where they know the art so well. Heavy silver-plate on copper, pierced, twin inside separators. A handsome way of "breaking bread" with guests. And as all good things should, it can be used dramatically for other service. It's a natural for flower arrangements, for keeping canapés hot. Open, it measures 13″ across, 8″ wide. An impressive gift at $115 including excise tax.

Zodiacal Coasters or Plaques—3½″ in diameter, raised signs in gilt of Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarus and Pisces, on a black backing, glass covered and framed in polished brass and backed with cork. Handsome coasters, and when party is done, they make conversational groupings on the wall. $3 each, sold only in sets of 6, 8 or 12. Single or assorted signs in each set.



Free-Wheeling Bar (or plant-stand or tea-cart)—a reproduction of an 18th century English wash-stand, sturdily constructed of solid brass with three heavy plate-glass tiers. A treasure that the top executive or first lady in your life will treasure. 30″ wide, 18″ deep, 42″ high, $195. Two tier model, $145.

Gift and Antiques Salon

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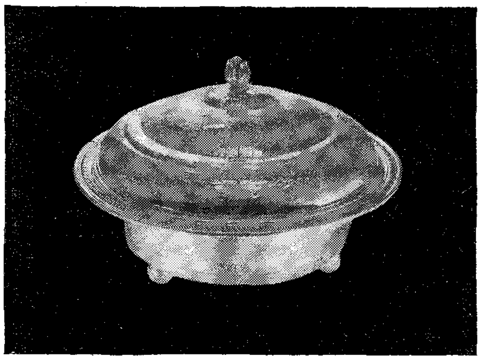
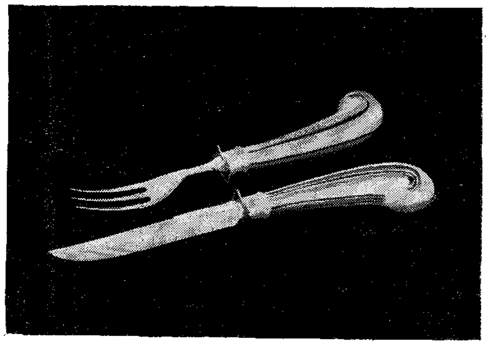


The Crème de la Crème of Casseroles—a Bergdorf Goodman design, party-sized (12″ in diameter), silver-plated server covers a two-quart covered Pyrex liner that takes to heat like a Fiji islander. Wonderful for the one hot dish at buffets, for a very deep Quiche Lorraine at luncheon, or an all-inclusive dinner course, or mound-high with fruit (sans cover) for dessert. $25 including excise tax.

Our Bois de Boulogne Maple Leaf Coasters—known as our Homes' Protection Service, Paris Unlimited. Made to our order in France, Autumn-colored maple leaves shading from pale yellow to green to reddish brown. Almost as realistic as nature's with all their opacity, of pliable plastic that's as soft and unmarring as pure rubber. $7.50 for set of 8.



Porcelain Pistol-Handled Steak Knives and Forks—flatware worthy of the best steak in town, wild game, and, later, for the fruit-and-cheese course. Stainless blades and tines, porcelain handles, pleasantly, peasantly decorated in red, green or yellow with black on white. Forks, $21 for 6; knives, $24 for 6.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bell, Book and Candle—Lilli Palmer makes a fine amateur sorceress and Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—A mighty slender British exercise in psychiatry, played for more than it is worth by Flora Robson and the other members of a mighty strong British cast. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Country Girl—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play about a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

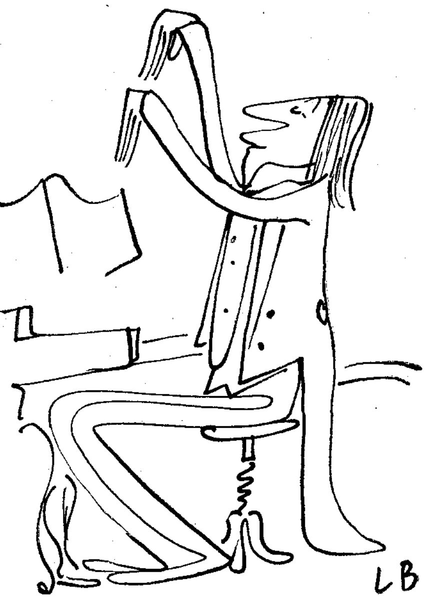
Edwina Black—This British mystery play is not quite as expert or alarming as some we've seen, but it is still a neat and literate piece of work. The cast is composed of Signe Hasso, Robert Harris, Michael Shepley, and Marjorie Rhodes. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Golden State—Josephine Hull and Ernest Truex are wasting their considerable talents on Samuel Spewack's thin and tiresome comedy about a gold strike in a Los Angeles back yard. Jocelyn Brando, John Randolph, and Lou Polan are also in the cast. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hilda Crane—A play by Samson Raphaelson about a girl who loved a college professor but married a lawnmower manufacturer. It will surely delight matinée audiences, but it may be a little too muddled and naïve for the public in general. Jessica Tandy heads a good cast, which includes Evelyn Varden, John Alexander, and Beulah Bondi. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some excellent blank verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some estimable incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger—Sir John Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy is a remarkably uninhibited piece of work, but the humor and the plot show the wear and tear of two and a half centuries. Cyril Ritchard is the star and the director, and the cast includes Madge Elliott, John Emery, Ruth Matteson, and Jan Farrand. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's comedy, as translated by Christopher Fry, is about as shapeless as a haystack but it contains a lot of hilarious moments. Gilbert Miller has arranged a strikingly handsome production, and Lucile Watson, Stella Andrew, Georgina Cookson, Oscar Karlweis, and Denholm Elliott are all very charming in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Season in the Sun—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE COCKTAIL PARTY:** T. S. Eliot's play about an unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients. Now with Henry Daniell. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE HAPPY TIME:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda on the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; George Abbott is the director; and in the subsidiary cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the first-rate music and lyrics, and George S. Kaufman's direction is superlative. Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pardon Our French—The audience participation in this new Olsen-and-Johnson frolic is not quite as violent as it has been in the past, but the wear and tear on your nerves may still be considerable. The two heroes are abetted by Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and, for no reason in particular, six midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the

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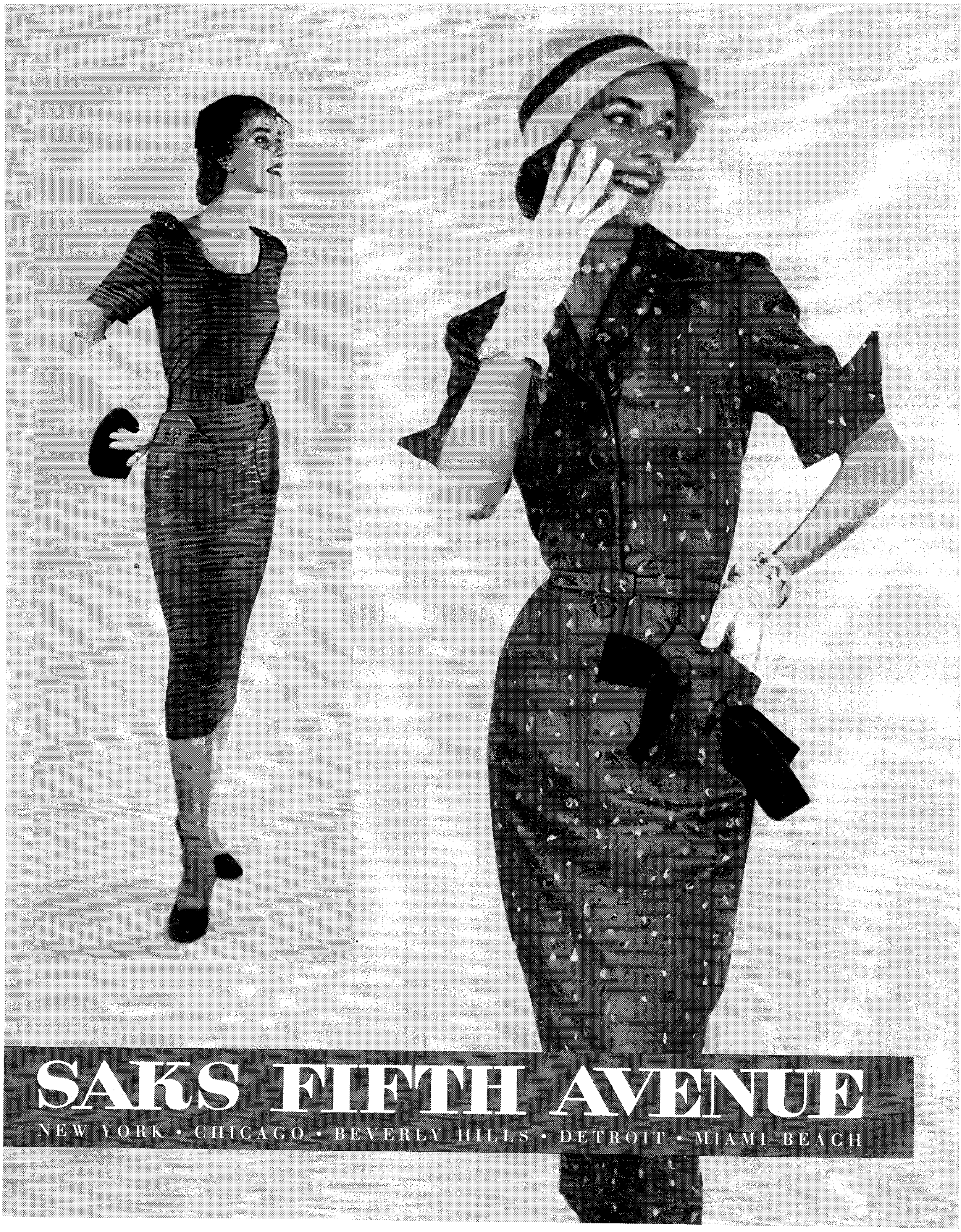
GEOMETRY IN SILK SURAH—Good North, South and in the spring: the willowy figuring, the crackling fabric, the new geometric prints. Better than good at 29.95 each! Both by Aywon: left, bamboo print, black with royal, white, peacock, rust, 10 to 18. Right, persian print, royal, rust, gold, green, 10 to 20. Seventh Floor, New York. Mail and phone orders filled.



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT • MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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leads in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is currently playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Thursday evening, Nov. 30: "Serenade," "Divertimento," "Mazurka from 'A Life for the Tsar'" (première), and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 1: "Symphonie Concertante," "The Duel," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux" (première), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 2: "Jinx," "Baiser de la Fée," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 2: "The Duel," "Illuminations," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Jones Beach." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 3: "Mother Goose Suite," "Age of Anxiety," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 3: "The Guests," "Illuminations," and "Orpheus." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 5: "Illuminations," "Mazurka from 'A Life for the Tsar,'" "Firebird," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 6: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 7: "The Duel," "Baiser de la Fée," and "Jones Beach." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 8: "Serenade," "Illuminations," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Mazurka from 'A Life for the Tsar,'" and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 9: "Mother Goose Suite," "Mazurka from 'A Life for the Tsar,'" "The Duel," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 9: "Orpheus," "Prodigal Son," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:45. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 10.)

LES BALLETS DE PARIS—"Carmen," with Colette Marchand, and "La Croqueuse de Diamants," with Renée Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, and a couple of songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

MISCELLANY

ARMS AND THE MAN—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

AMERICAN NATIONAL THEATRE AND ACADEMY—A drama by Robinson Jeffers, "The Tower Beyond Tragedy," with Judith Anderson, is the first in a series of ten limited-engagement, subscription productions planned for this season by the Academy. (A.N.T.A. Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays, Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras play gently for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for dinner in the Madison Room and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White, his guitar, and his Americana, some of it traditional, some of it homemade. Johnny Windhurst's band will play for dancing through Wednesday, Dec. 6, after which Fletcher Henderson's orchestra will have the assignment. The perennial Cliff Jackson at the piano during the interludes.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Yard after yard of floor show, not always memorable but luckily including such fine old museum pieces as the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, Noble Sissle, and Billy Banks, none of whom makes a single false move. Dancing, too.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The grandeur that was Rome, set to the festive music of Ted Straeter's dance band and the nostalgic strains of Gogi's choir of violinists. A black tie is a requisite on Friday nights. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some pretty fancy goldfish in a pretty fancy goldfish bowl. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has, twice a night, a new ice show. Alice Farrar is the most eye-catching bit of equipment. The rest is more placid. Dance music by Ray Robbins' and Peter Kent's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The well-tempered glidings of Tony and Sally De Marco, those sure-footed mountain chamoix, and the remarkable harpings of Robert Maxwell, a handy man at a stringed instrument, are presented in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. Stanley Melba's orchestra, as usual, for dancing, helped out by Ralph Lane's rumba band. Tea dancing Sundays with the same orchestras and the De Marcos as performing hosts. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton, at the piano, sings to her own accompaniment.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Victor Borge, a very funny man, engages in a sumptuous bit of fantasy, and Artini and Consuelo dance rapturously. Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, an elegant splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra muses in the splendid old Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, by now the Mayor of 45th Street, is playing in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Jane Morgan, a fine dab of pink icing, sings the sassy soubrette songs of Bud Redding and other knowing boulevardiers—New York and Parisian—at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras thump merrily away all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, another of those baronial halls with a state-dinner atmosphere, has some of Lester Lanin's men as well as Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble playing dance music during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Don Abney is at the piano in the Café bar from six to twelve, except Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray Anthony's band is in the Café Rouge to make dance music at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Everybody wants to get into the act in this bustling television studio. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide music to dance to.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—There are a lot of French songs that sound like nothing at all until Edith Piaf, with her mobile face and her mobile hands, takes charge of them. She gets sturdy support from an invisible choir, an invisible accordionist, and an invisible Emile Petti, who at other times operates a highly visible orchestra in alternation with Panchito's rumba band.

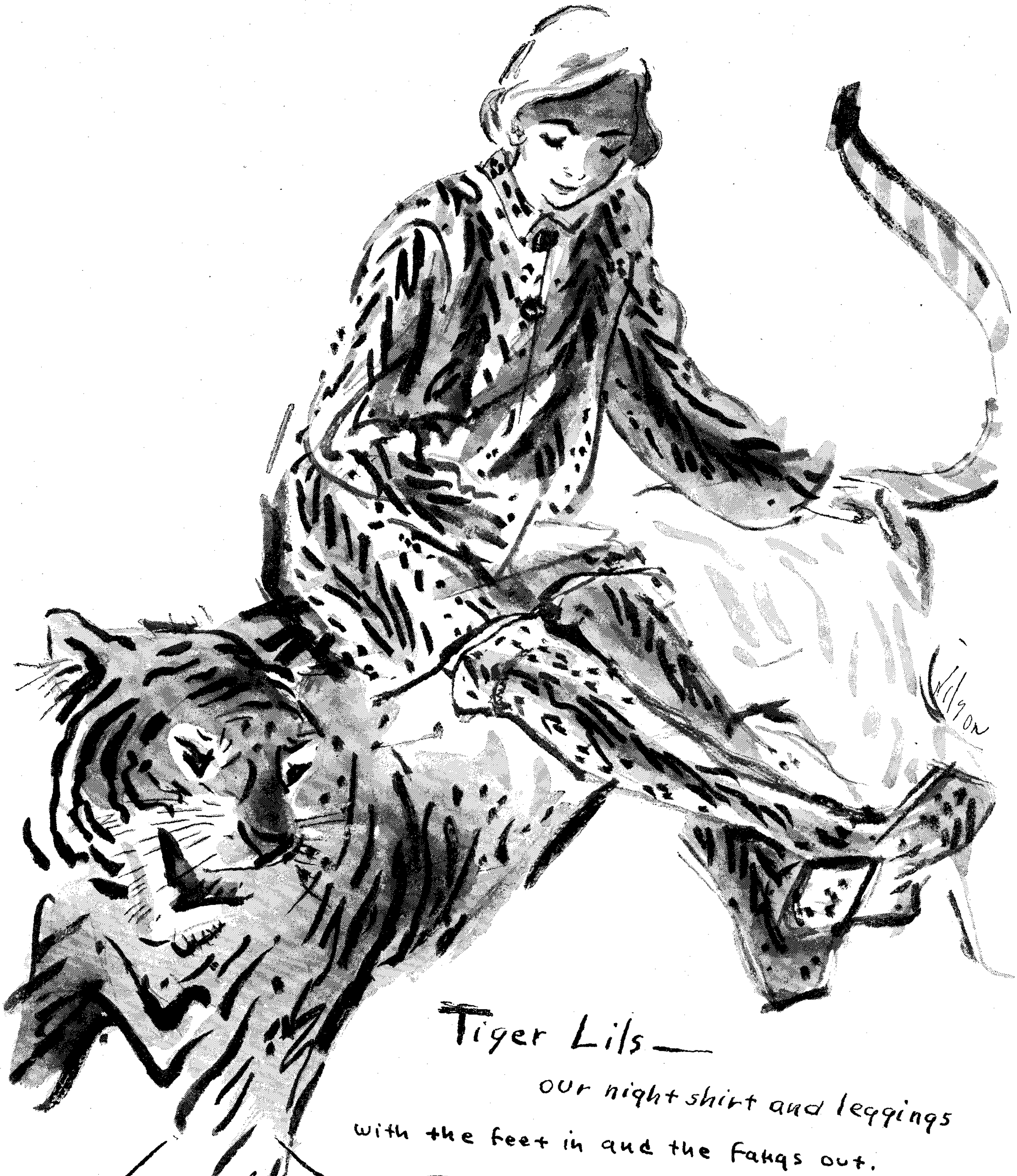
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, there is Lisa Kirk, a career girl with a worldly eye and a noticeable soprano. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a bit noisy, play for dancing. Everybody shows up at both dinner and supper except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at midnight. . . . ¶ The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The enormous Rainbow Room is again open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Take the 30 Rockefeller Plaza elevator marked "Rainbow Room," and go early enough to get one of the north window tables, from which New York really looks like Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. Incidental music by Ford Harrison and some helpers. The phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in this opulent retreat. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a walking *Who's Who on Park Avenue*, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from



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AND 15 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a busy collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters of this Village pump, play piano for Louise Howard, one of their pet postgraduate students, who is, as before, burlesquing some unnecessary types with malice aforethought, and for Erik Rhodes, owner of a convincing tenor. Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Amateur nights Sundays; ancient movies Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the phenobarbital school of décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, a romantic pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent for amusing, has a cocktail party, a dinner party, and a supper party going on every night but Monday in this reminder of old New Orleans, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's unique portfolio of songs on the what-good-is-love theme. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty bird cage in which Spivy now and again recites her conversation pieces about the penthouse set. Herbert Kingsley is at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Two blithe spirits at work in this casual restaurant—Laurie Brewis, whose piano begins around nine, and Jo Hurt, whose antics begin around eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is pacing her old pals Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. Alice Ghostley, a newcomer, is often a very funny girl indeed as she rambles through the raffish ditties of G. Wood, her accompanist. The fur starts flying around ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Phil Silvers, talking in his sleep about Hollywood, apparently a traumatic experience. Lots of other stuff, including the girls, of whom Betty Harris and Jean Caples are probably the ones most likely to succeed. Dancing. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Gay Nineties melodrama embellished by Jerry Bergen's sublime bursts of insanity, and old silent movies embellished by Paul Killiam's pun-haunted commentary. Singing waiters, singing guests, dancing, and other basket-party atmosphere. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, a brilliant group of musicians—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at the piano during cocktails and dinner; Eadie and Rack at their unique piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, Wally Cox, one of our brightest introspective character comedians, is now flanked by Connie Sawyer, a big, brash, blond extrovert character comedienne. Stuart Ross is at the piano, the Herman Chittison Trio is on the stand, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronnie Graham, the pleasantest Dracula you'd ever want to meet, singing his ballads about who knows what; George Hall and Bibi Osterwald, turning out two fine brands of humor; and Betty Oakes, a fetching nightingale. The music is by Julius Monk and the virtuoso Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the world's worst Hamlet, tears Shakespeare and his own mind to shreds every night but Monday. Muriel Young, a bouncy Bermuda playgirl, sings seductively. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others play dance music. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Those to whom Portia Nelson's songs of passion are the end of a perfect day will now find her here, beside Bart Howard's piano, right after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, uttering his stalwart call of the wild. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon help him rattle the doors, and Ralph Sutton tears off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Dec. 6, Sarah Vaughan, the first lady of bebop, and the energetic quartet assembled by Billy Taylor, a top-ranking jazz pianist. Starting next night, the songs of Bill Farrell. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On Dec. 1, Wild Bill Davison, Mezz Mezzrow, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Rex Stewart, and other notables will perform. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night carnage. This week (Dec. 1), Joe Marsala, Willie the Lion Smith, Red Allen, and Gene Sedric will head the parade. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

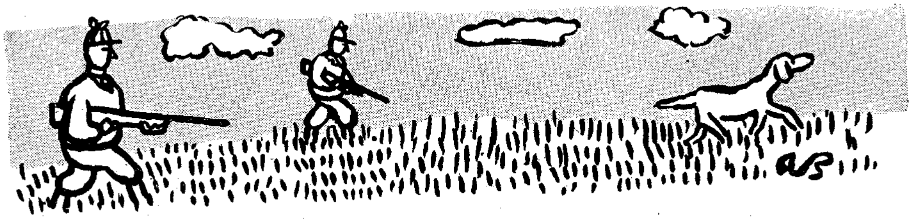
GALLERIES

MAX ERNST—New oils, many of them on Southwestern motifs, by a veteran French Surrealist now living in Arizona. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Dec. 15.)

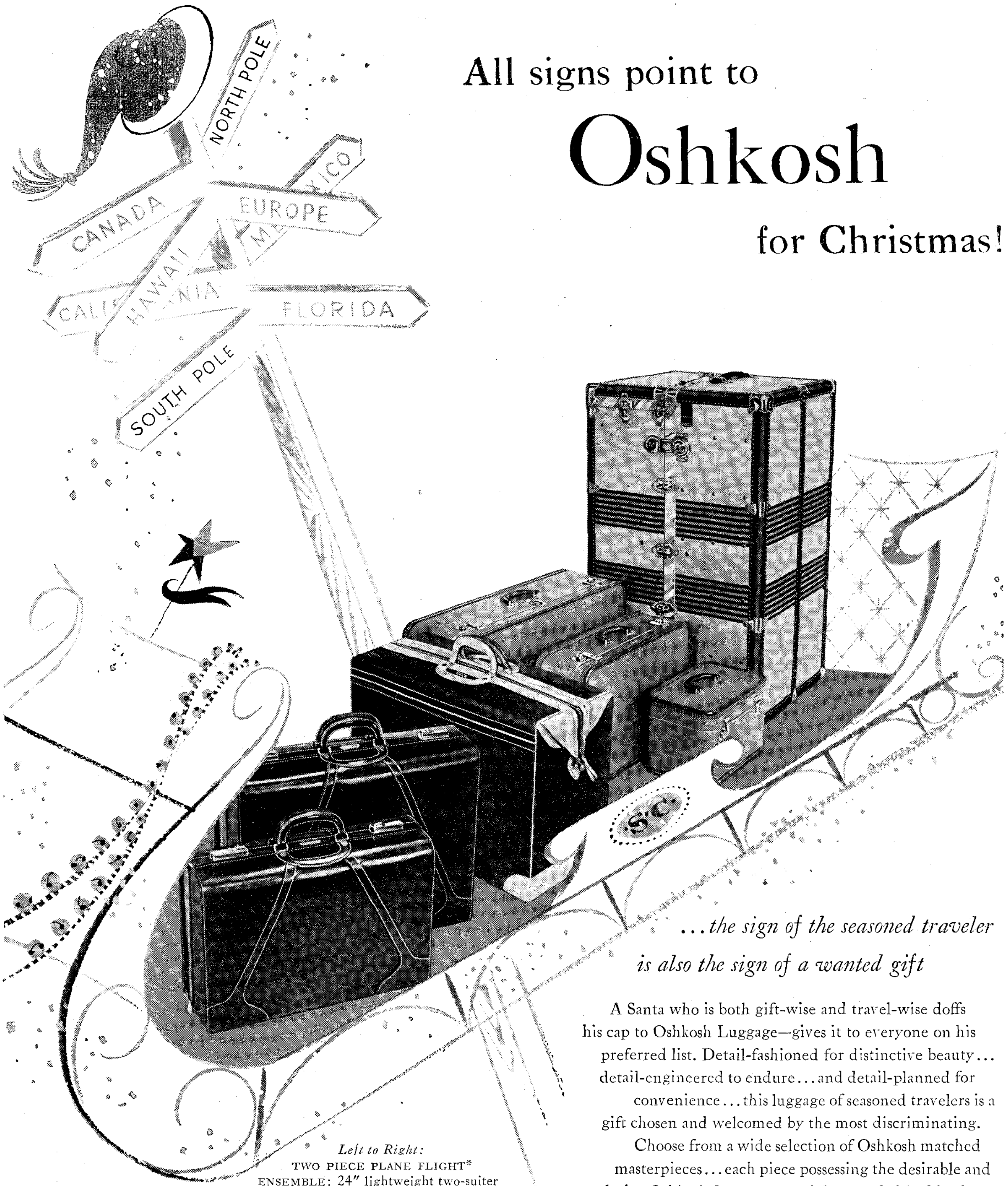
LES FAUVES—Early paintings, all products of their Fauvist periods, by Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Derain, and lesser-known Frenchmen, in a lively and colorful showing. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 23.)

FEDERATION OF MODERN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS—Works by Milton Avery, Arline Wingate, and others, in the Federation's yearly show. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3:30; through Dec. 9.)

GOYA—An unusually handsome and comprehen-



All signs point to
Oshkosh
for Christmas!



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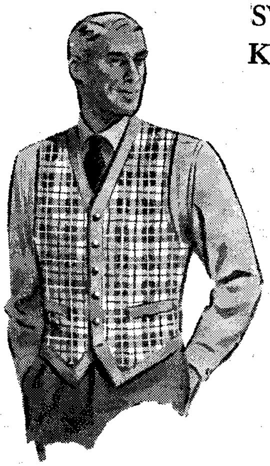

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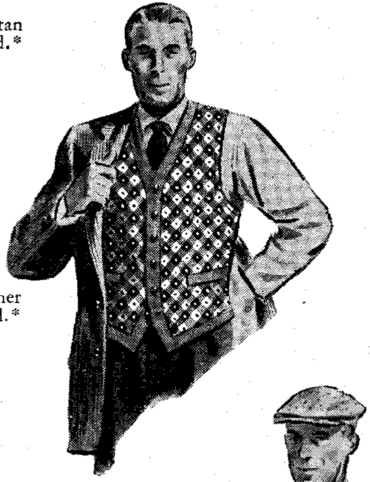

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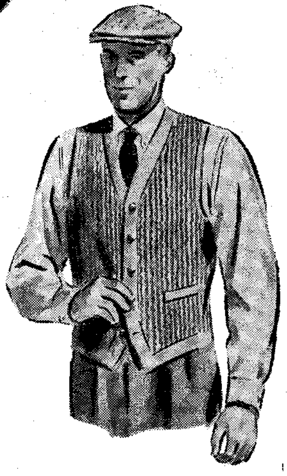

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sive loan exhibition of his paintings, drawings, and etchings. For the benefit of the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Dec. 16.)

Gordon Grant—About forty new water colors of such characteristic subjects as rivers, harbors, and fishing boats. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Dec. 2.)

Group Shows—At the **Feigl**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A rather hit-or-miss but cheerful showing of paintings by Soutine, Vlaminck, and other artists more or less connected with the Expressionist movement; through Dec. 23. . . . **Levitt**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery's artists, among them Everett Spruce, Leo Manso, Charles Umlauf, and Marjorie Bishop. Each artist has contributed two works, one dated 1940 and one 1950, apiece, and the showing brings out some interesting comparisons. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9:30; through Dec. 30.

Marsden Hartley and Alfred H. Maurer—Paintings by both men, which, despite surface dissimilarities, show a good many points of contact. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 2.)

Joseph Kaplan—Landscapes and seascapes, executed with great boldness and authority of design. (Salpeter, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Dec. 9.)

Fredric Karoly—Abstract oils, 1948-50, with rather Surrealistic overtones. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Dec. 16.)

Fernand Léger—Oils and other works, dated from 1946 to the present, in a brief retrospective survey of his abstract figures and still-lifes. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 2.)

Julian Levi—Seaside subjects chiefly, rich in color and sure in composition, in this artist's first exhibition in five years. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Dec. 2.)

Karin van Leyden—Recent paintings, in which peasant figures and landscapes are organized into geometric patterns of soft color. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Dec. 9.)

Modern French—At the **Rosenberg**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings, most of them never exhibited in this country before, by Braque, Picasso, Vlaminck, Rouault, and others; through Dec. 2. . . . **Matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by Modigliani, Dubuffet, and Tanguy, among others; through Dec. 2. . . . **Niveau**, 63 E. 57th St.: More paintings by Braque, Rouault, Modigliani, and others mentioned above, as well as by Utrillo, Bombois, and Soutine; through Dec. 30.

Robert Motherwell—Recent canvases, drawings, and wall paintings, rather sombre in tone and in feeling. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings, 1946-50, in which the artist displays her exact, tasteful, and slightly dry skill at portraying bones, flowers, and desert subjects. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Dec. 2.)

Sculpture—A general showing of work by such modern sculptors as Lehmbruck, Lachaise, Picasso, Calder, and Maillol. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Dec. 16.)

Kurt Seligmann—Recent oils and drawings, again centering on his strange, slightly nightmarish world of heraldic shapes and figures. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 2.)

Judson Smith—Loosely formed, rather sinuous abstractions, predominantly in browns and ochres. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through Dec. 2.)

Frederic Taubes—Pen-and-ink drawings of the Northwest and the Canadian Rockies, done during the past year. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Dec. 9.)

Andrew Wyeth—Water-color and tempera paintings, handled with great technical facility;

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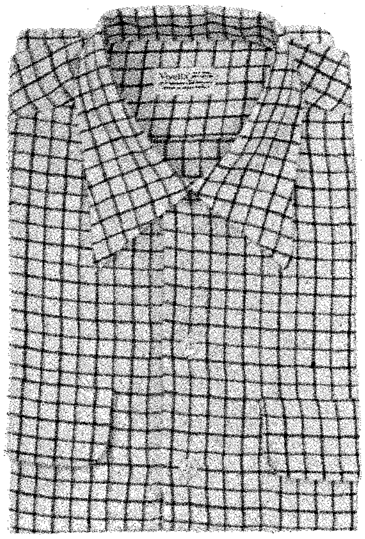
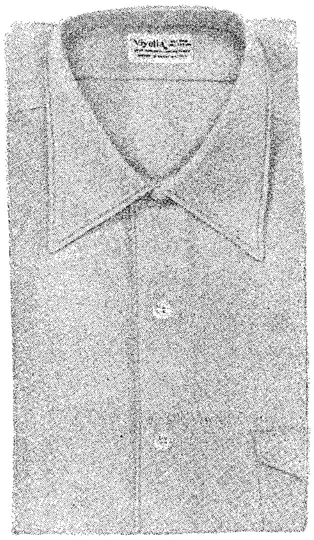

1. Viyella is imported from England, where it has been spun by generations of craftsmen.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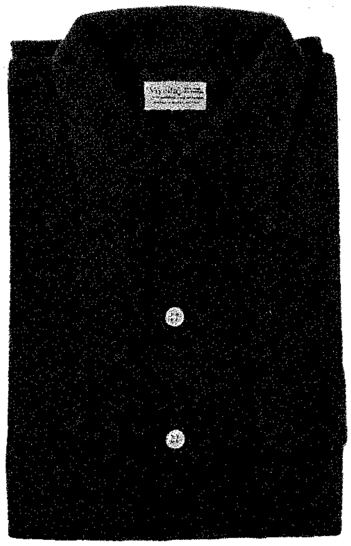
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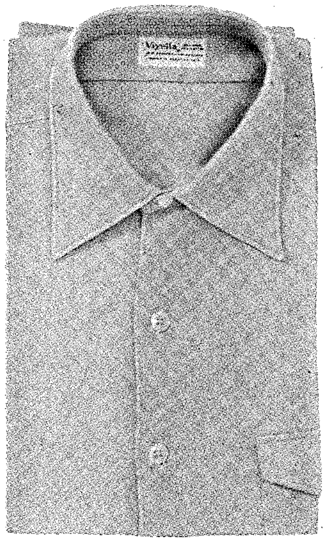
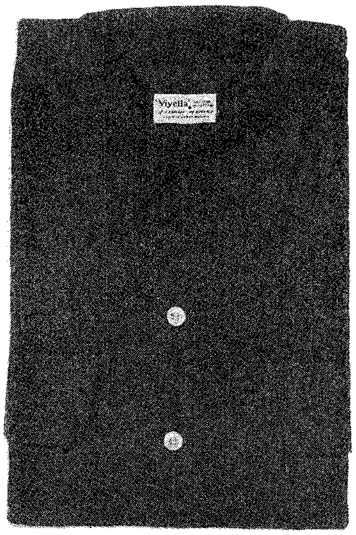
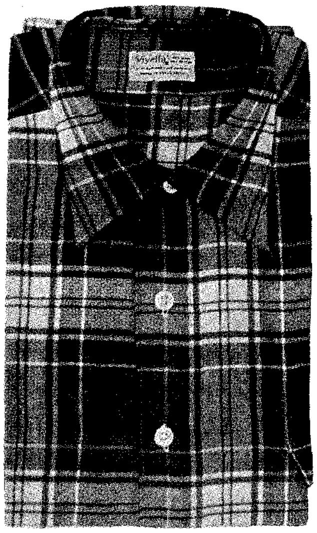

5. Another is still wearing a Viyella shirt which his father bought fifty years ago.

6. Viyella has the bloom of an English peach. It is unbelievably soft, warm and light.


7. A Viyella shirt is just right for hunting, golf, skiing—or peaceful times at home.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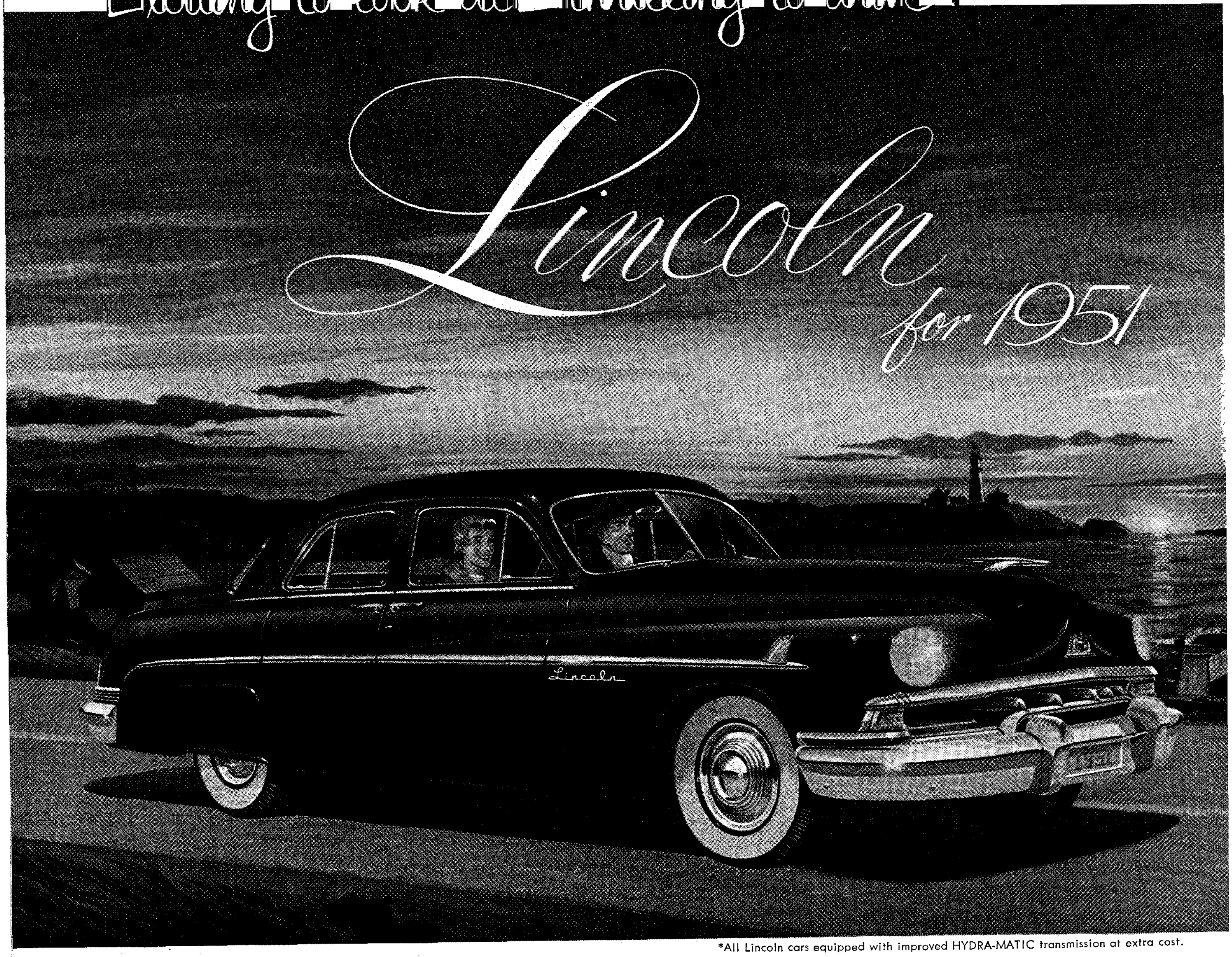

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some of them, indeed, are almost photographically realistic. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 9.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Bernard Rosenthal; through Dec. 16.... **carré**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Group show, modern French; through Dec. 30.... **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.: Salvador Dali; through Jan. 10.... **grand central moderns**, 130 E. 56th St.: Channing Hare; through Dec. 11.... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eric Isenburger; through Dec. 16.... **midtown**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Fred Nagler; through Dec. 23.... **parsons**, 15 E. 57th St.: Jackson Pollock; through Dec. 16.... **segy**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: African sculpture and Cubism; through Dec. 30.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts, and wood engravings, from 1670 to the present; through Jan. 7.... ¶ A large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as a group of model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all showing the progress of contemporary Italian design; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Four thousand years of silk weaving, in a show called "The World of Silk;" through Dec. 3.... ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection; through Jan. 21.... ¶ A jury show called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; starting Dec. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the well-known Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 20.)

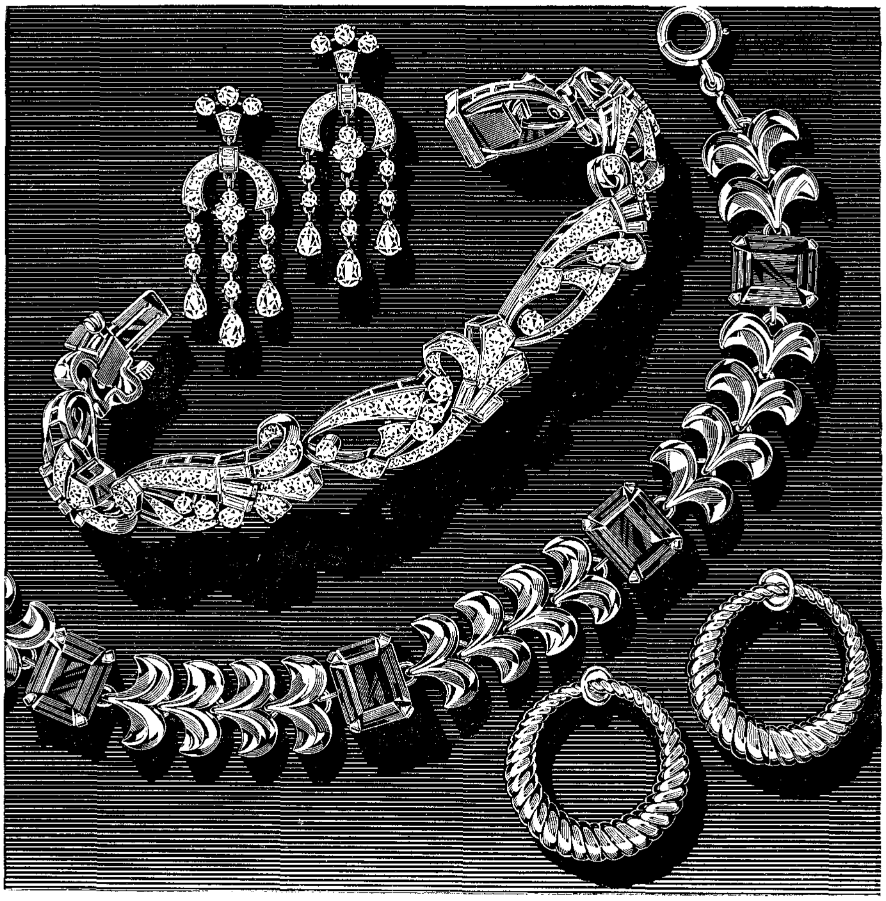
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of about seventy-five oils by the Lithuanian-born French Expressionist Chaim Soutine, who died in 1943. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A new group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 31.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings of Tibet and adjacent countries by Nicholas Roerich. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Dec. 30.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's

Dramatic expression of your Christmas sentiment . . . a gift of jewelry from Tiffany. She will know, and tradition affirms, that there is none finer.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seventeenth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, with a hundred and fifty-four works by as many artists, and more radical in style than usual. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Dec. 31.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House, PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Regina Resnik, Paolo Silveri, and Ferruccio Tagliavini. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Tristan and Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Paolo Silveri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Eleanor Steber, Fedora Barbieri, Cesare Siepi, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Blanche Thebom, Jussi Bjoerling, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Paolo Silveri, and Eugene Conley. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Lily Pons, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Paolo Silveri. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Nadine Conner, Erna Berger, Richard Tucker, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Tristan and Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Hebrew National Orphan Home.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin); Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:45 (with Richard Farrell, piano); and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2:45 (with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting: Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 8, at 2:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:45, and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano; Bernard Garfield, bassoon; and Marjorie Tyre, harp. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choir and University of Pennsylvania Male Chorus—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Robert S. Godsall directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Hufstader Singers—Robert Hufstader directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. A benefit for the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 3-8213.)

Giovanni Bagarotti—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

Miklos Schwalb—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

Contemporary Swiss Music—Jacqueline Blancard, piano; Hugues Cuénod, tenor; André de Ribaupierre, violin; and Henri Honegger, cello. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 5:30.)

Reginald Kell and Erich Itor Kahn—Clarinet and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New Friends of Music—New Music String

Quartet, and Martial Singher, baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 5:30.)

Erroll Garner—At the piano, with John Simmons, bass, and Shadow Wilson, drums. A benefit for the American Negro Theatre Fund. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Josef Marais and Miranda—Folk singers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Solomon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:40.)

Luigi Silva—Cello. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

Lauritz Melchior—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Bach Programs—At KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456: Saidenberg Little Symphony, Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Alexander Schneider, violin; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; and Mitchell Miller, oboe; Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider, violin; Tuesday, Dec. 5, and Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:40. . . . TOWN HALL: Bach Aria Group, William H. Scheide, director; Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. . . . TIMES HALL, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502: Maurice Eisenberg, cello; Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ American Bach Society, with Martin Bernstein directing vocal and instrumental soloists, a chorus, and an orchestra; Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 1: Ray Famechon, of France, vs. Archie Devino, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 8: Bob Murphy vs. Jimmy Beau, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 2: St. John's vs. William and Mary, and L.I.U. vs. Kansas State. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 5: N.Y.U. vs. Oregon State, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Brigham Young. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7: L.I.U. vs. Denver, and St. John's vs. Southern Methodist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9: C.C.N.Y. vs. Missouri, and Manhattan College vs. Siena. (Games begin at 8.)

College Football—On Saturday, Dec. 2—Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Syracuse, at the Polo Grounds, at 1:30.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 9.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Yanks. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 3: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 11.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Beauty and the Beast." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 3.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Cobbler of Fairyland." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturdays at 2:15.)

American Young People's Theatre—Musical-dance versions of "Robin Hood," "The Neighbors' Band," and "The Little Cowboy," with Tom Glazer as narrator. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 2-3, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

Exhibits—Electric trains, and such accessories

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as a coal ramp and hopper car and an oil derrick and pump, with oil that appears to flow. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . ¶ More trains, including a circus train and an Erector model engine that puffs smoke, whistles, and chugs; a cloud chamber showing vapor trails of the alpha ray; and, for juvenile nuclear physicists, an atomic-energy lab, complete with radioactive ores. Visitors can operate many of the displays by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Movies—Features and short subjects—Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Mechanical Toys and Jewels—A loan exhibition of miniature automatons, including birds that trill and flap their wings, a Diana who shoots a bow and arrow, and fairy-tale scenes with animated waterfalls, as well as all manner of watches, clocks, and snuffboxes, jewel-bedecked and busy. For the benefit of the Pestalozzi Foundation of America. (A la Vieille Russie, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Dec. 5.)

Gilbert and Sullivan Exhibition—Manuscripts, letters, first-edition librettos, autographed photographs, posters, first-night programs, and other shreds and patches of G. & S. and their operas, as well as contemporaneous commercial products based on G. & S. characters. To add to the atmosphere, recordings of their music will be played in the background. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5; through Feb. 17.)

First Editions and Manuscripts—An exhibition taken from the New York Public Library's Berg collection, which includes six centuries of English literature and three centuries of American literature. Among the items are the first printed history of England, published in 1480 by William Caxton; manuscripts by Pope and Hawthorne; and first editions of "Alice in Wonderland" and Poe's "Tamerlane." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium—The November show is called "Tropic Nights." Starting Friday, Dec. 1, there will be a new show, "Star of Bethlehem." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings, at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth-century American furniture and silver; Early American portraits, miniatures, and paperweights; and other objects of art; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Norvin H. Green. (Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, each day at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings, mostly by such eighteenth-century French artists as Watteau, Boucher, and Greuze, from the Stehli collection, owned by Henry E. Stehli and Lily Stehli Bonner. (Exhibition

Thursday, Nov. 30, from 10 to 5; auction Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)... ¶ English furniture; English, French, and American wax portraits of such men as the Duke of Wellington, Washington, and Lincoln; silhouettes; silver; and decorations; from the estate of the late Reverend Glenn Tilley Morse and from other sources. (Exhibition Saturday, Dec. 2, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 4-5; from 10 to 5; auction Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, at 1:45.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden every other evening, or thereabouts.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 13, 17, 20, 24, 27, and 31, and Jan. 3, 7, 10, and 14.

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club (Indoor) Horse Show, at Darien, Conn., Jan. 6.

Professional Football—Yanks vs. Baltimore Colts, at Yankee Stadium, Dec. 10.

Music—At CARNEGIE HALL: The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 22. ... ¶ Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, Dec. 10.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 12 and Jan. 2.... ¶ Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Dec. 13.... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 16.... ¶ The Italian Opera Company, in a Verdi memorial concert, Dec. 18.... ¶ Joseph Szigeti, violin, with an orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, Dec. 19.... ¶ Louisville Orchestra, with Martha Graham, dancer, Dec. 29.... ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony's Young People's Concert, Jan. 6.... ¶ Anahid Ajemian, violin, Jan. 7.... ¶ Benno Rabinoff, violin, Jan. 9.... ¶ Michael Rosenker, violin, Jan. 10.... ¶ Eugene Istomin, piano, Jan. 12. ... ¶ Myra Hess, piano, Jan. 13.... TOWN HALL: New Friends of Music, Dec. 10, 17, and 24, and Jan. 7 and 14.... ¶ Aldo Ciccolini, piano, Dec. 10.... ¶ Musicians' Guild, Dec. 11 and Jan. 15.... ¶ Bernardo Segáll, piano, Dec. 13 and Jan. 13.... ¶ Frances Greer, soprano, Dec. 14.... ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony's Young People's Concert, Dec. 16.... ¶ Trapp Family Singers, Dec. 16-17.... ¶ Collegiate Chorale, Dec. 19.... ¶ The Weavers, folk singers, Dec. 23.... ¶ Clifford Curzon, piano, Jan. 6.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Jan. 8.... ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, Jan. 10.... METROPOLITAN OPERA: Season continues through March 24.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A play by Philip Pruneau, "The Cellar and the Well," with Dorothy Sands, which will be the second in the series of A.N.T.A. productions.... ¶ Jules Munshin, Mary McCarty, and Pearl Bailey in a musical, "Bless You All," by Harold Rome and Arnold Auerbach.... ¶ "Let's Make an Opera," an audience-participation musical by Benjamin Britten, with Norman Del Mar.... ¶ A new Cole Porter musical, "Out of This World," with a book by Dwight Taylor and Reginald Lawrence. Charlotte Greenwood and William Eythe lead the cast.... ¶ Hermione Gingold and Beatrice Straight in "Lily Henry," a play by Mae Cooper and Grace Klein.... ¶ Shakespeare's "King Lear," with a cast headed by Louis Calhern and Everett Sloane.... ¶ Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken, in a comedy by A. B. Shiffrin, called "Angel in the Pawnshop." ... ¶ Katharine Cornell's production of a romantic comedy by Denis Cannan, "Captain Carvallo," in which she will be starred along with Cedric Hardwicke.... ¶ Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," with Edna Best, the first production of the New York City Theatre Company's season.... ¶ Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in "An Enemy of the People," an adaptation by Arthur Miller of Henrik Ibsen's play.... ¶ "Second Threshold," a play completed by Philip Barry just before his death, and revised by Robert E. Sherwood. The cast will be headed by Clive Brook and Margaret Phillips.... ¶ Claude Rains in "Darkness at Noon," a play by Sidney Kingsley, adapted from the book by Arthur Koestler.

Other Dates—National Dog and Pet Exposition, at Grand Central Palace, Dec. 12-17.... ¶ First day of winter, Dec. 22.... ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Mondays. ... ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at Grand Central Palace, Jan. 12-20.

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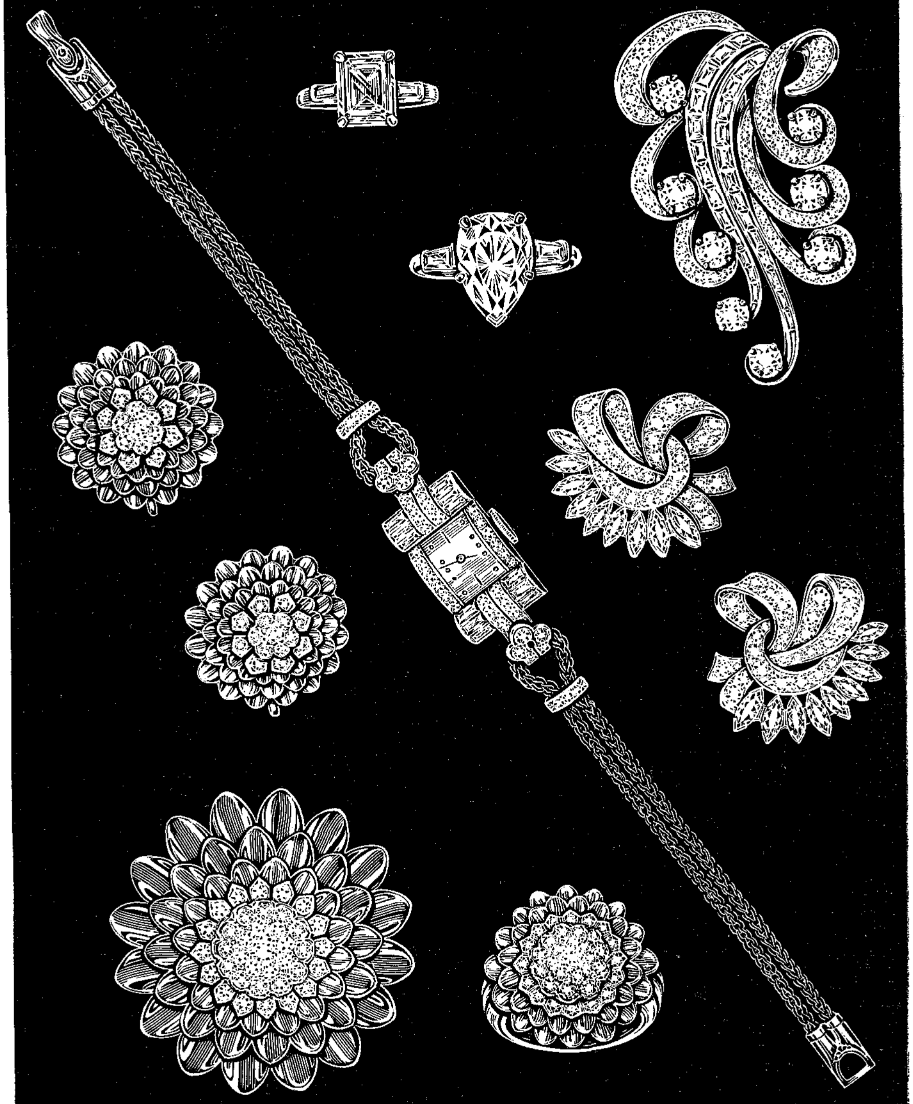

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MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—An account of how a young lady with long nails gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Dec. 6.)

The Bicycle Thief—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 4.)

Bitter Rice—Extravagantly lively ladies in the rice fields of the Po valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's old wheeze about the gallant fellow with the big nose, played to the foolish hilt by José Ferrer and a company of alleged Gascons and Parisians. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Jackpot—The perils, largely represented by the U. S. Treasury Department, of winning first prize in one of those monstrous radio quiz shows. A very funny picture, with James Stewart, supported by Alan Mowbray, James Gleason, Barbara Hale, and Fred Clark. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

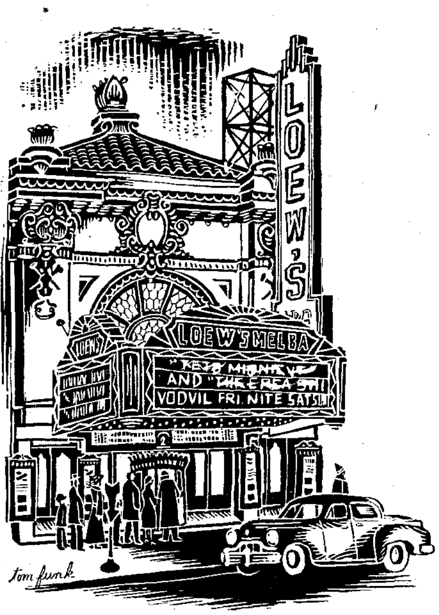
King Solomon's Mines—An interpretation of the H. Rider Haggard novel, published back in 1886, that has in its favor some of the best documentary shots of African wild life and scenery you ever laid eyes on. Moving to and fro more or less irrelevantly against views of the Dark Continent are Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Dec. 6.)

Last Holiday—An amiable confection by J. B. Priestley about a gentleman, doomed but lively, in an English seaside resort. Alec Guinness is the gentleman, and the rest of the cast is excellent. A British film. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Mister 880—Edmund Gwenn in a cheerful little sentimental film about an elderly counterfeiter who specializes, to no one's particular detriment, in manufacturing one-dollar bills. Dorothy McGuire and Burt Lancaster supply the hearts and flowers. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Dec. 6.)

No Way Out—There are moments when this story of a young Negro doctor and his battle against prejudice becomes overwrought, but on the whole it is a mature and thoughtful probing of a cancerous subject. With Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, and Linda Darnell. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 3-5.)

Panic in the Streets—Some hair-raising moments in New Orleans during a desperate attempt by Richard Widmark (a United States Public Health doctor) and Paul Douglas (a city detective) to head off a plague. Elia Kazan's direction is impressive, and Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Palance, and Zero Mostel are fine in supporting roles. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Dec. 2-5.)



The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Three Little Words—An old-fashioned, extremely pleasant musical biography, setting forth the life stories of songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Fred Astaire's footwork is as nimble as ever. With Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton, and Keenan Wynn. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Dec. 6.)

Treasure Island—Even Long John Silver's parrot ("Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!") is pretty wonderful in this rip-roaring version of Stevenson's great story. Robert Newton and Bobby Driscoll head a large and splendid cast. Produced by Walt Disney in England. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 3-4. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 3-5.)

Trio—Another batch of Somerset Maugham short stories on film, similar to "Quartet." The picture has in its favor some topnotch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Back Street (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 30.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Bowery (1933)—Wallace Beery and George Raft bringing life to the high days of the old East Side. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 5.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 30.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 5.)

Easter Parade (1948)—Music by Irving Berlin and dancing by Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Ann Miller. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Dec. 5-6.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 3-4.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane, and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9034; through Dec. 2.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 3-4.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Dec. 2.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 4-6.)

Quartet (1949)—The original collection of Maugham short stories. An English picture. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 30.)

Since You Went Away (1944)—Tears and laughter on the home front. With Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 5.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—Romance in Genoa, with Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda. A French-Italian film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 3-5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 3, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 4, showings at 3: "The Good Earth" (1937), with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Two Weeks with Love," Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Woman on the Run," Ann Sheridan, Dennis O'Keefe.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Dec. 1: "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.
From Dec. 2: "Dial 1119," Marshall Thompson, Virginia Field.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Hidden River" (in Spanish), Maria Felix.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Dec. 6: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE JACKPOT.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
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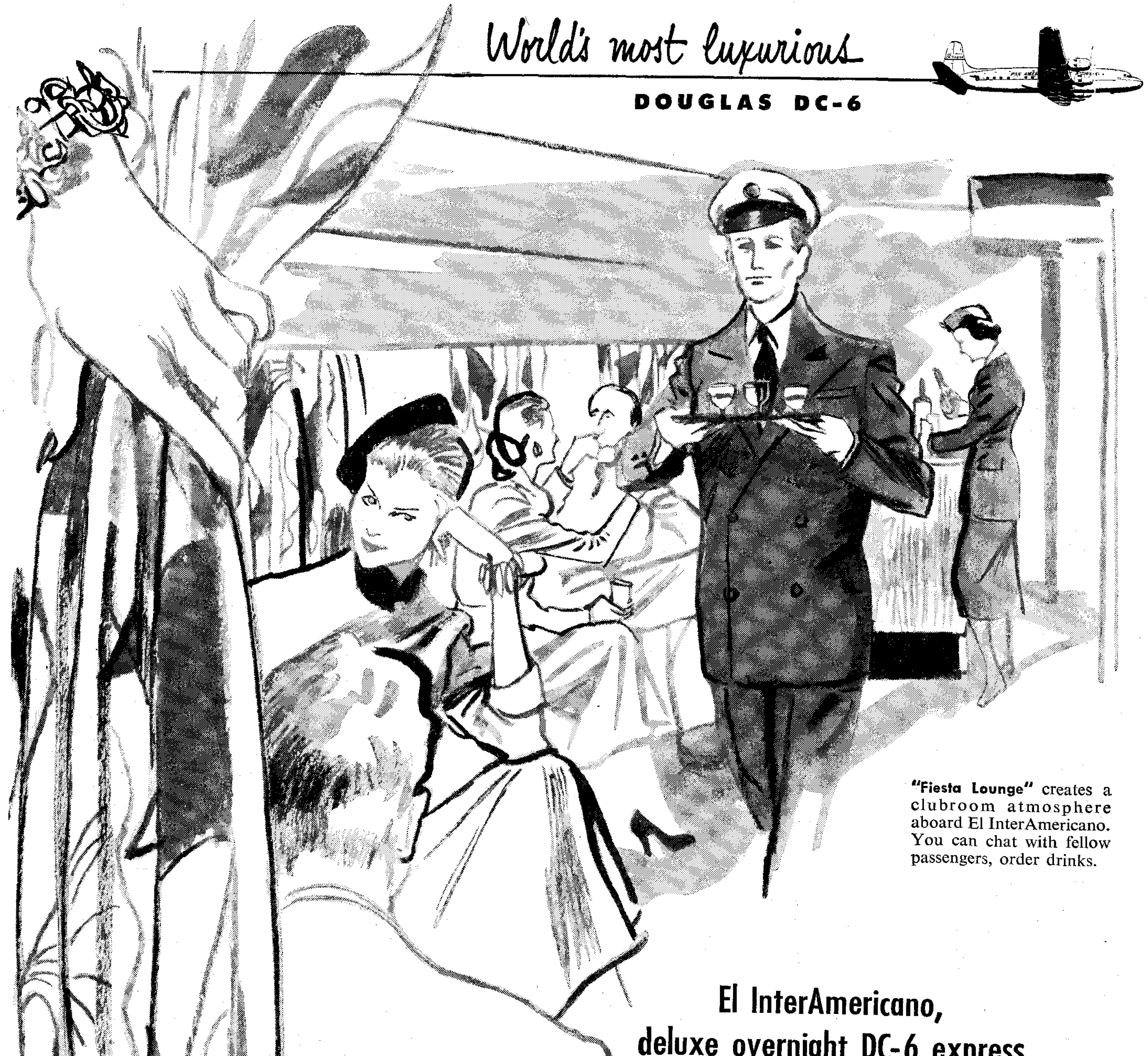

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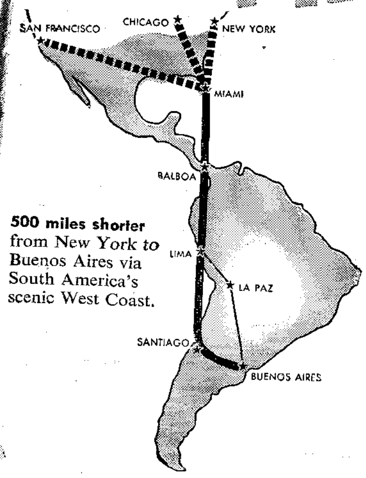

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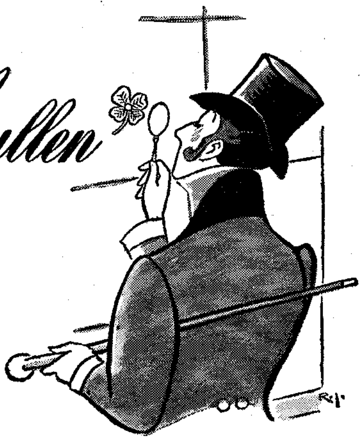

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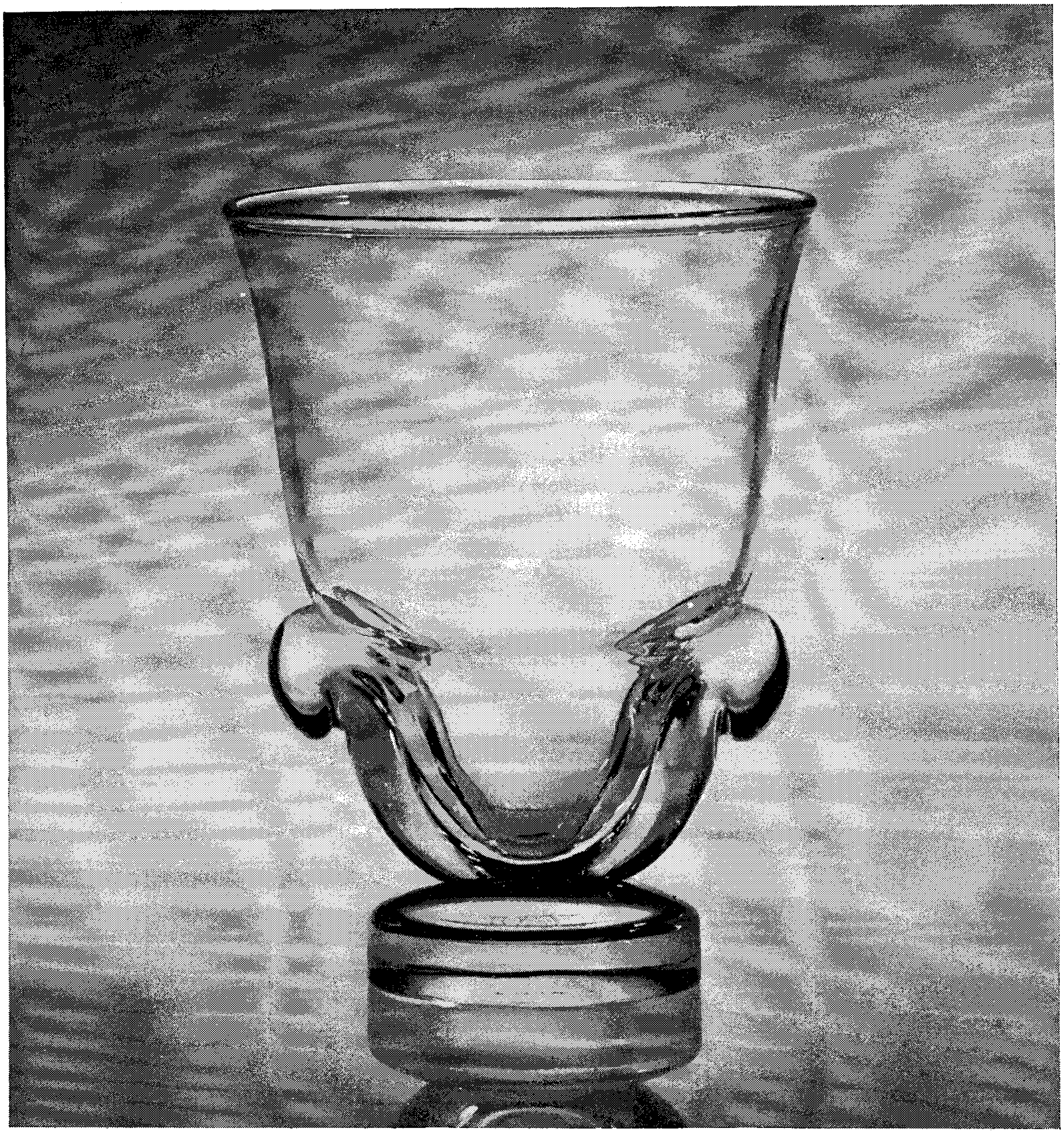


VASE WITH SCROLL HANDLES

Height 6″ · Price $15.00

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

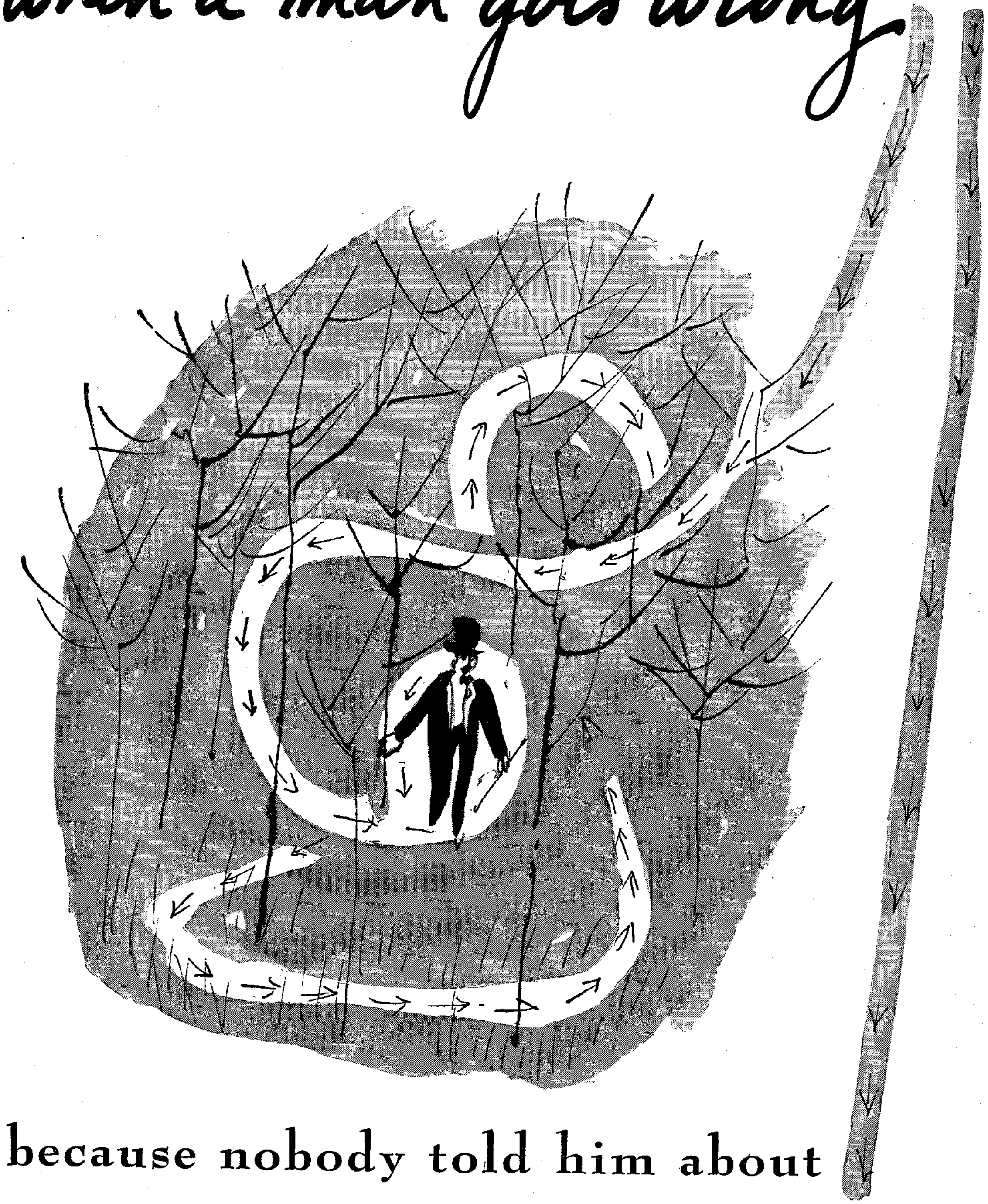
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15

BRONZINI
5 East 52nd Street, New York

Last minute thoughts for Christmas

1.	Fresco	6.50
2.	Seville	7.50
3.	Arabian (silk crepe)	8.50
4.	Georgian	10.00
5.	Grotto	7.50
6.	Mecca (silk crepe)	10.00
7.	Scotch Coronet (silk crepe)	10.00
8.	Choir	20.00
9.	Palazzo	15.00
10.	Pompeian	20.00
11.	Sundial	8.50
12.	Minaret	6.50
13.	Barberini (silk crepe)	8.50
14.	Florentine	10.00
15.	Scale Drawing	6.50

when a man goes wrong



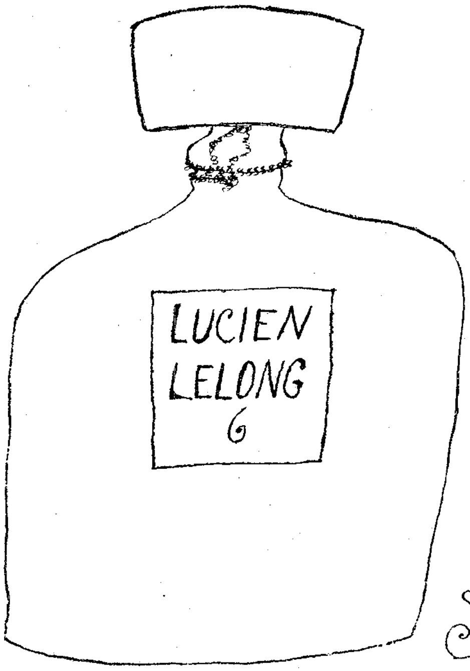
it's because nobody told him about

BONWIT'S 721 CLUB*

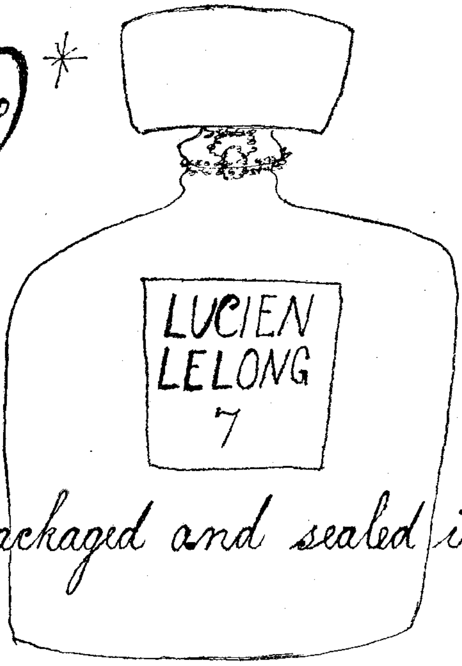
*famous Stag Shop for Men Only filled with the kind of Christmas Gifts women can't resist and men can't go wrong on. And where you can shop like a man, feet up, while gift secretaries ply you with suggestions from all over the store, no other women allowed. So come in, get right on the right holiday track.

New York Chicago Boston

BONWIT TELLER


LUCIEN
LELONG
6

This is the plain bottle everybody is talking about because it's filled with 2 ounces of magnificent LUCIEN LELONG, PARIS, PERFUMES and costs only $9*

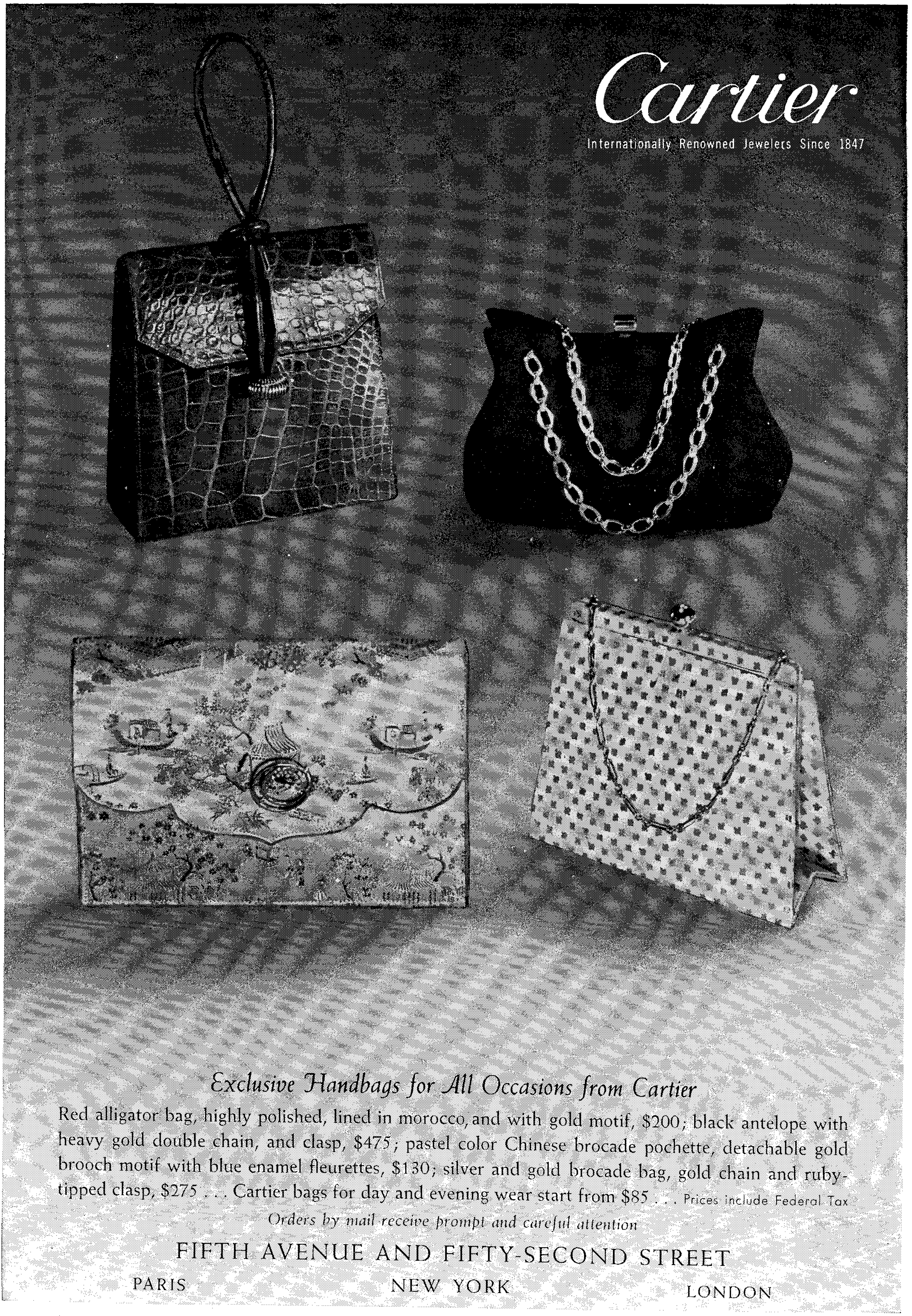

LUCIEN
LELONG
7

Created, bottled, packaged and sealed in France

* plus tax

Cartier

Internationally Renowned Jewelers Since 1847



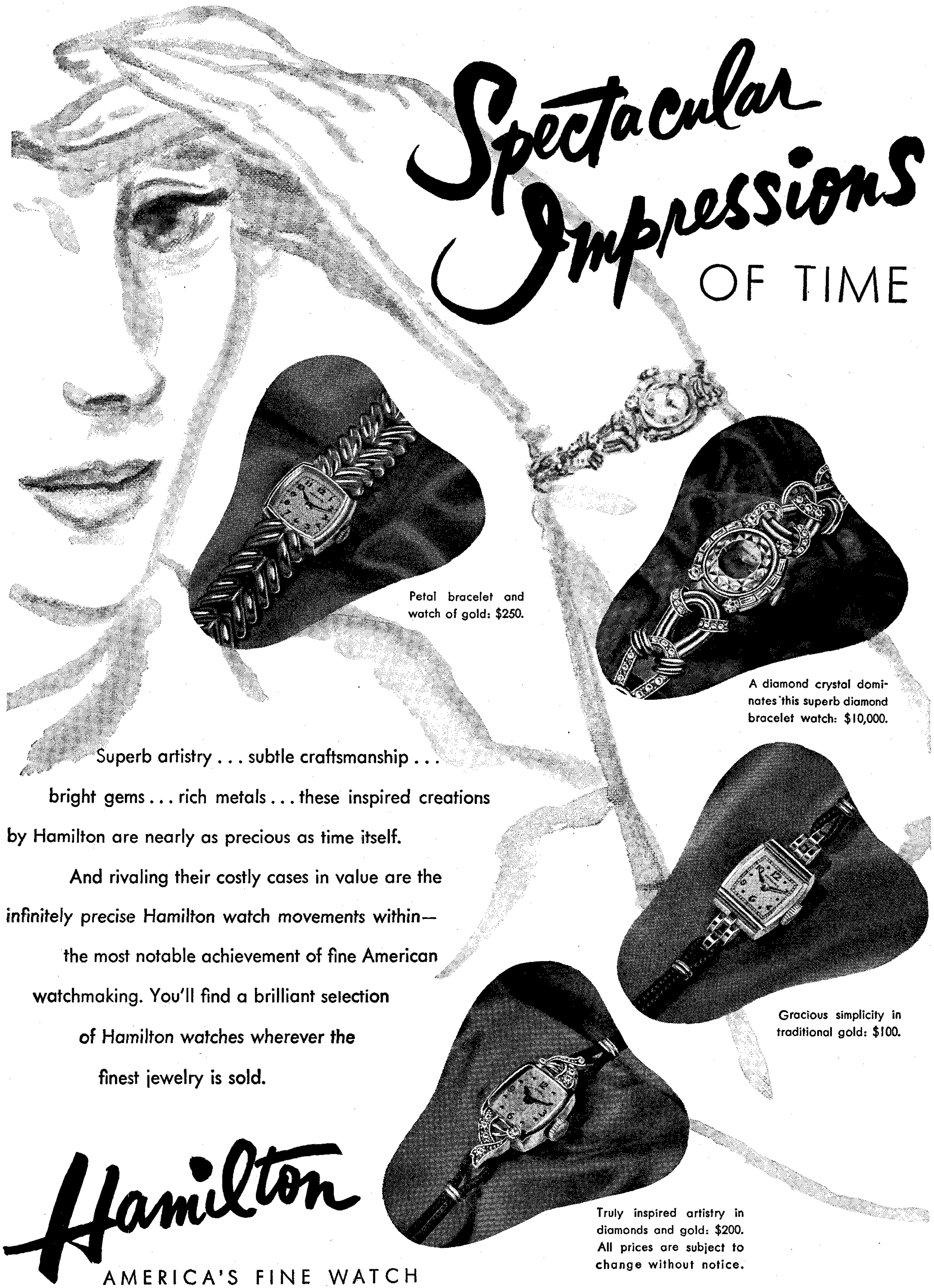
Exclusive Handbags for All Occasions from Cartier

Red alligator bag, highly polished, lined in morocco, and with gold motif, $200; black antelope with heavy gold double chain, and clasp, $475; pastel color Chinese brocade pochette, detachable gold brooch motif with blue enamel fleurettes, $130; silver and gold brocade bag, gold chain and ruby-tipped clasp, $275 . . . Cartier bags for day and evening wear start from $85 . . . Prices include Federal Tax

Orders by mail receive prompt and careful attention

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET

PARIS NEW YORK LONDON



Petal bracelet and watch of gold: $250.

A diamond crystal dominates this superb diamond bracelet watch: $10,000.

Superb artistry . . . subtle craftsmanship . . . bright gems . . . rich metals . . . these inspired creations by Hamilton are nearly as precious as time itself.

And rivaling their costly cases in value are the *infinitely precise Hamilton watch movements within*—the most notable achievement of fine American watchmaking. You'll find a brilliant selection *of Hamilton watches wherever the* finest jewelry is sold.

Gracious simplicity in traditional gold: $100.

Truly inspired artistry in diamonds and gold: $200.
All prices are subject to change without notice.

Hamilton
AMERICA'S FINE WATCH

Copr. 1950 Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. G-4, Lancaster, Penna.

Give Her

the makings of a "Belt Wardrobe"

3 belts and

1 monogrammed plaque=buckle

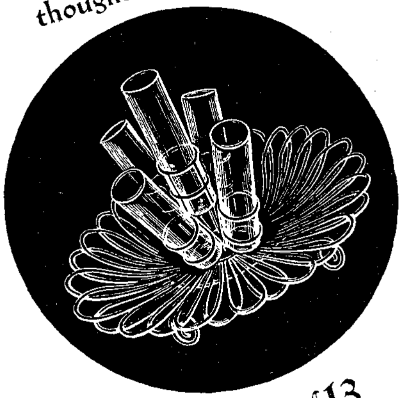
$25

One belt in black, red or navy calf, or natural pigskin; one in black rayon satin; one in gold kid . . . all in sizes 24 to 30. Gold metal buckle block=lettered within a week.

Accessories, main floor.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

She'll bless you for your thought of her "Home Front"



Fruit and Flower Holder, $13

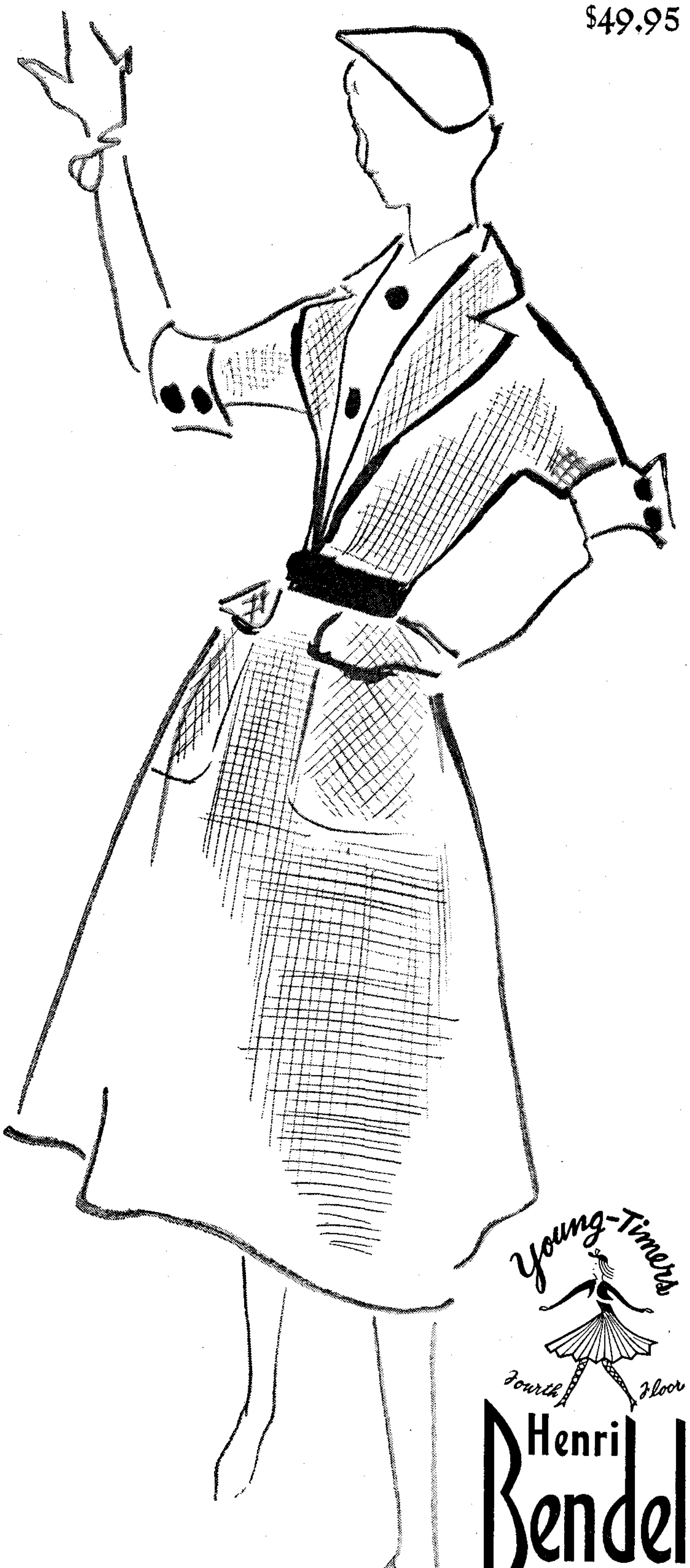
Glass tubes, nine inches tall . . . silver=colored metal footed base, fifteen inches in diameter.

Gift Gallery, mezzanine floor.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Young=Timers say "check" to a smattering of Spring during the holiday season. Follow=up: a big=pocketed Pin=check Worsted splashed with white linen . . . vest and cuffs the better for being detachable.

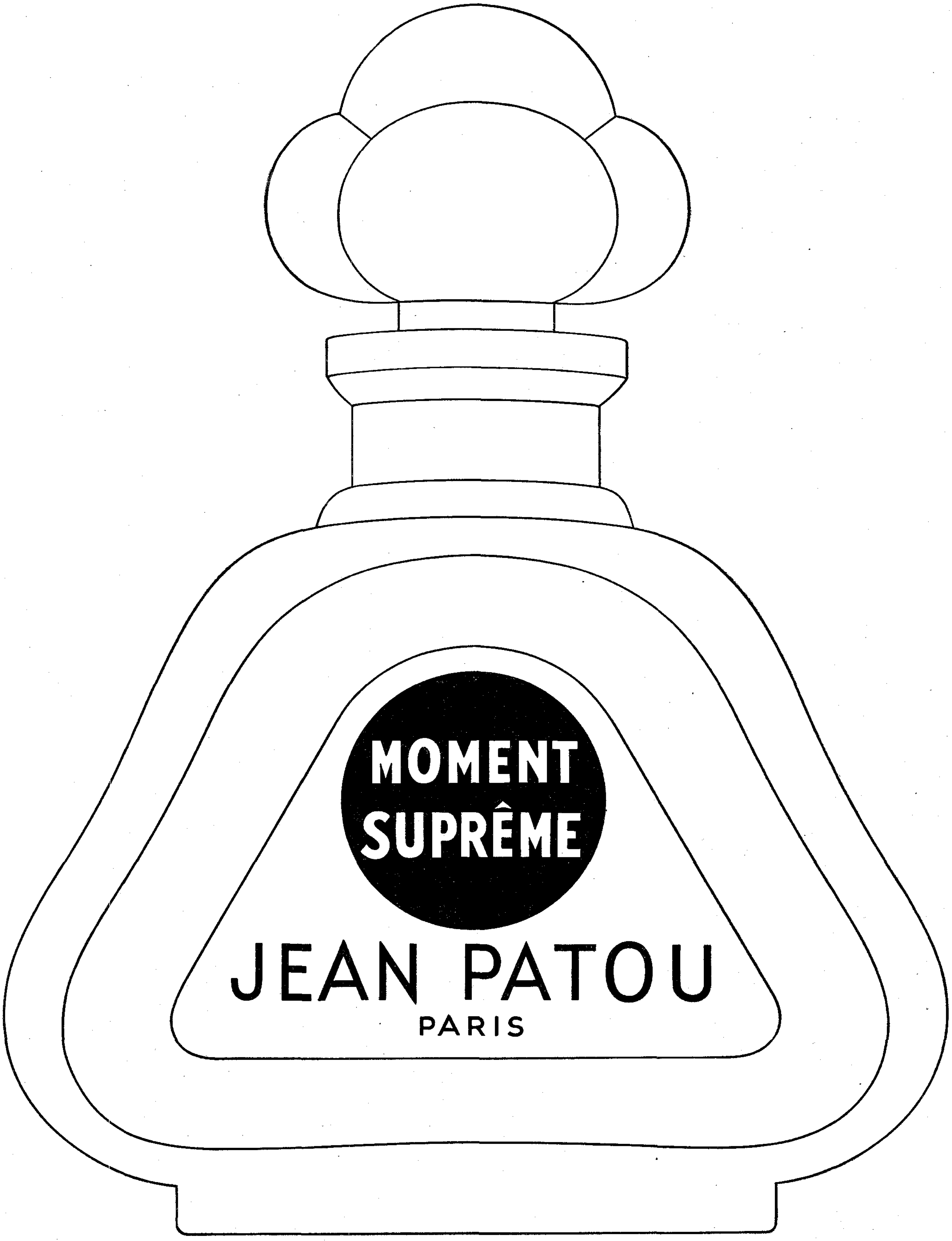
$49.95



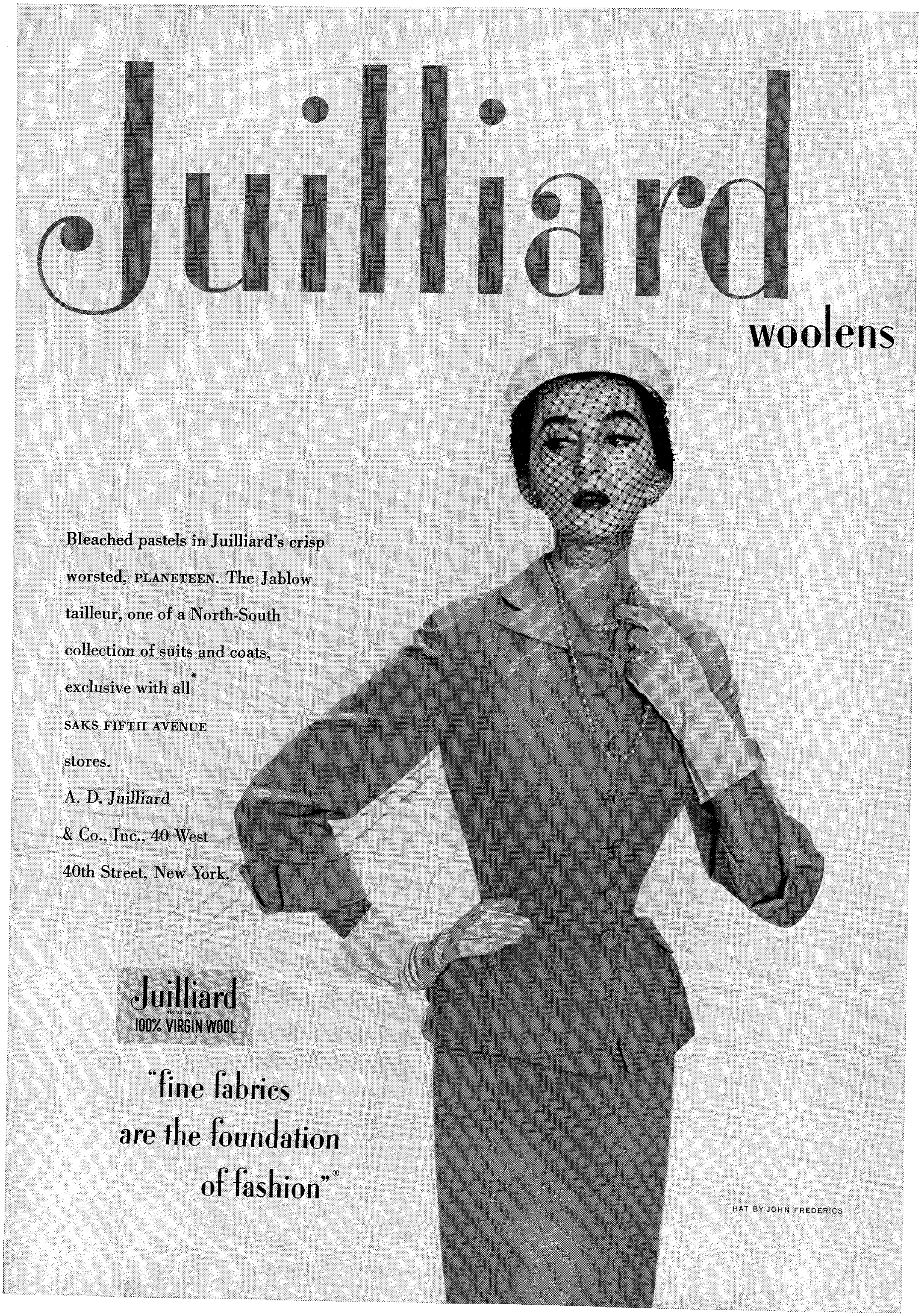
Black, brown or navy with white . . . sizes 10 to 18.

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY


MOMENT
SUPRÊME
JEAN PATOU
PARIS

ALSO, MOMENT SUPRÊME PARFUM COLOGNE · NOW FROM PARIS, POUDRE MOMENT SUPRÊME IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES



Juilliard

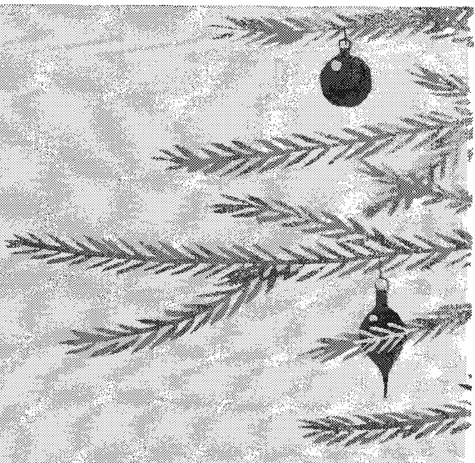
woolens

Bleached pastels in Juilliard's crisp worsted, PLANETEEN. The Jablow tailleur, one of a North-South collection of suits and coats, exclusive with all* SAKS FIFTH AVENUE stores. A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc., 40 West 40th Street, New York.

Juilliard
100% VIRGIN WOOL

"fine fabrics are the foundation of fashion"®

HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



Hartmann

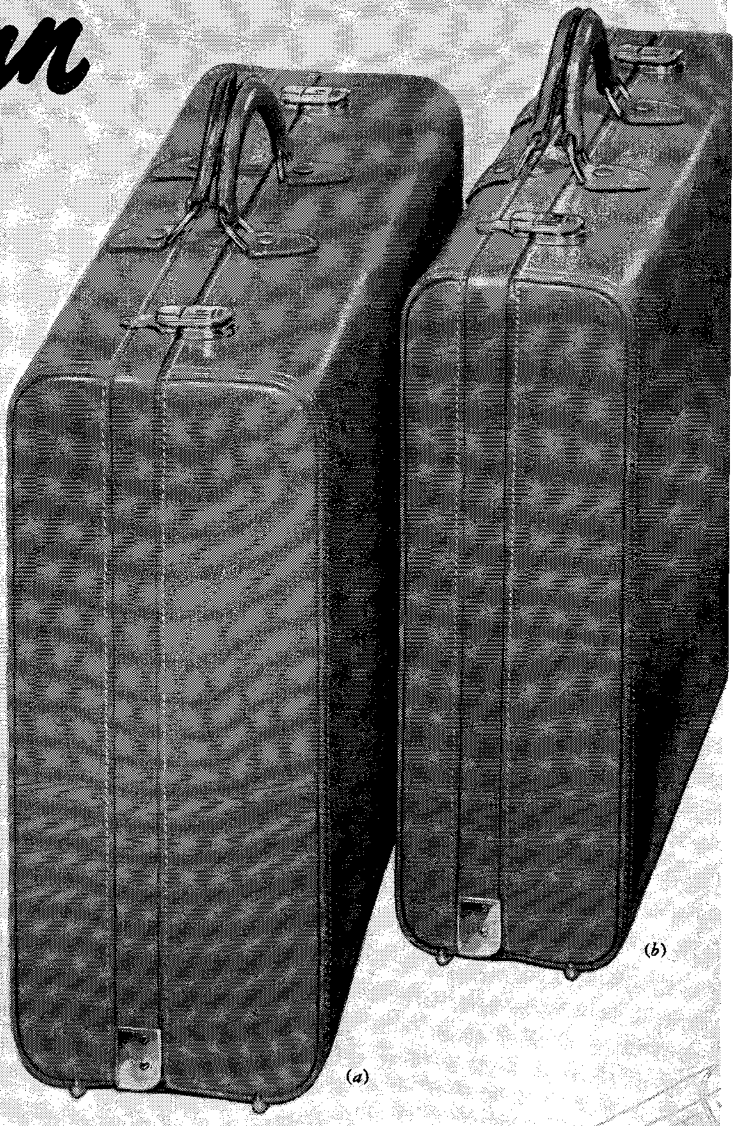
LUGGAGE

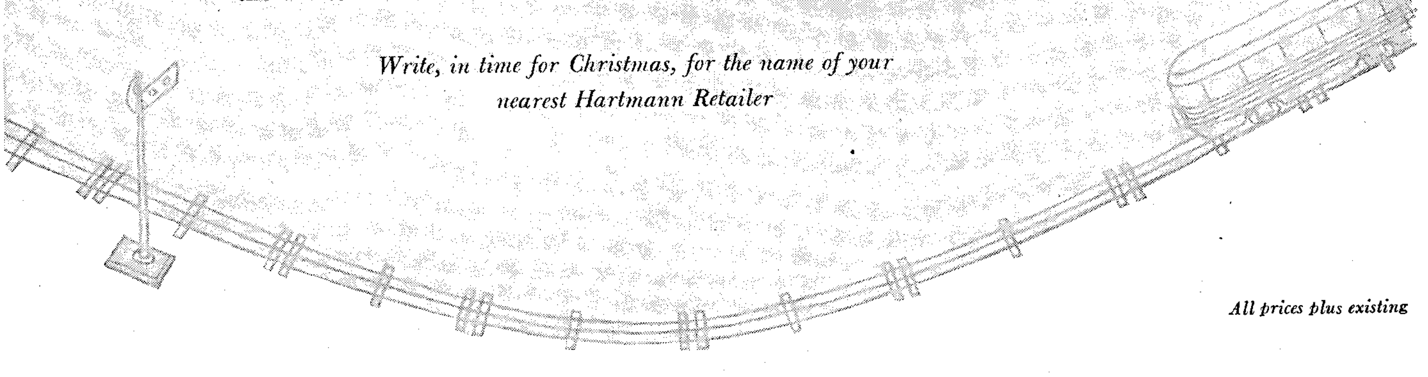
the travel dream
of grown-ups . . .
from one end of the world
to the other

Just as the train under the tree carries young Christmas hearts a million miles beyond the living room . . . Hartmann Luggage sends grown-up minds excursioning. What happy trips will find their start *this* Christmas morning!

The selection of Hartmann Luggage is thrillingly wide and wonderful. Whether you choose a world-cruise ensemble or a case that goes merrily week-ending, your gift will be lastingly useful . . . and the excitement will *never* wear off.

Write, in time for Christmas, for the name of your nearest Hartmann Retailer





All prices plus existing

Hartmann

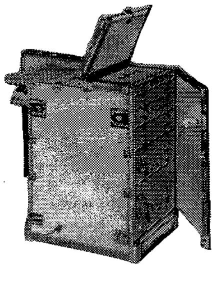
LUGGAGE SHOWN ABOVE:

(*a*) **Men's Knocabout Doubleton . . .** carries two suits and accessories wrinkle-free	$100
(*b*) **Men's Knocabout Singleton . . .** for one suit and a wardrobe of accessories	$88.50

. . . of aniline-dyed cowhide, in suntan or brown. Other Knocabouts in fine leathers from $48.50—to alligator at $685.

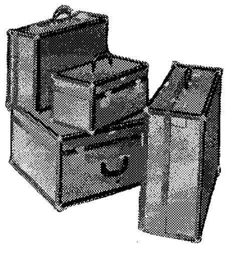
(*c*) Poudre Case for cosmetics	$43.50
(*d*) Women's Hat and Shoe Case	$53.50
(*e*) Women's Overnight Case, 19-inch size	$37.50

In Buckskin Tan canvas . . . beautifully light in both color and weight. Bound with brown cowhide, lined with quilted satin. Women's luggage in other distinctive coverings from $25.



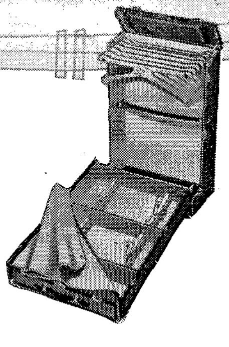
Hartmann Turntable Trunk pivots for easy access to both its spacious sections. Twice-perfect for winter cruises. *From a complete selection of Wardrobe Trunks.*

$115 to $545



Hartmann Skymates for women . . . the new fashion in flight-light luggage. Models for every travel need. In a fine variety of coverings. Skymates for men, too.

$42.50 to $260



Hartmann Tourobe for both men and women. Holds clothes enough for two for a trip overseas . . . is light enough for one to carry. Many models to choose from.

$58.50 to $235

HARTMANN COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

South Pacific Romance

Balinese Magic . . . a thousand beautiful mysteries of love inspired this clip. The exotic Balinesian's head, a large diamond—body and bulang of gold studded with diamond stars. Her skirt hemmed in sapphires . . . her sabuk is of pearls or rubies. From *$1350.**

"La Minaudière" by Van Cleef & Arpels

*Woven gold with ruby and diamond clasp . . . . $3000.**

Pat. D. 153096

Our designers attained their own perfection standard of French art in modern jewelry when they created for milady's evening dress beauteous "La Minaudière." It is a slender smart case in gold or lacquer and precious stones, which when opened reveals a large fixed mirror and exquisite compartments for lipstick, powder, cigarettes, cards and coins . . . from $750.*

***Fed. Tax Included**

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World Famous French Designers and Manufacturers of Precious Jewelry

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · HOUSTON · PALM BEACH · NEWPORT · PARIS · LONDON · MONTE CARLO · CANNES · DEAUVILLE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HESS *uses the Steinway exclusively,* as does virtually every famous artist of today: Brailowsky, Casadesus, Curzon, Horowitz, Kapell, Rubinstein, Serkin, Solomon, and many more.

Which piano sets the standard?

Hepplewhite in mahogany

When you start choosing a piano this Christmas, you will hear salesmen compare the make they represent with the Steinway. You may wonder why this should be so. The answer is simply that the Steinway is everywhere regarded as the standard of piano perfection.

Why, then, should you be content with anything less?

True, the Steinway may cost more at the outset, but measured in terms of service and performance, this is actually the most economical of pianos! No other piano can equal the Steinway's golden tone and incredible stamina. So expertly is the Steinway made that, with proper care, it will retain every one of its magnificent qualities for your grandchildren as well as your children. Consider, too, these factors:

- ***Only the Steinway has the patented Accelerated Action, so essential in developing sensitive touch.***
- ***Only the Steinway has the patented Diaphragmatic Soundboard, which permits big-piano tone in even the smallest Vertical.***
- ***Only the Steinway has as low a depreciation value and as high a resale price.***

Make this Christmas one that your family will always remember by giving them the Steinway—the wisest of piano investments! For a free copy of our useful booklet, "How to Choose Your Piano," write to Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

For complete information on Steinway prices and convenient terms, please consult your local Steinway dealer. His name and address are in your classified telephone directory.

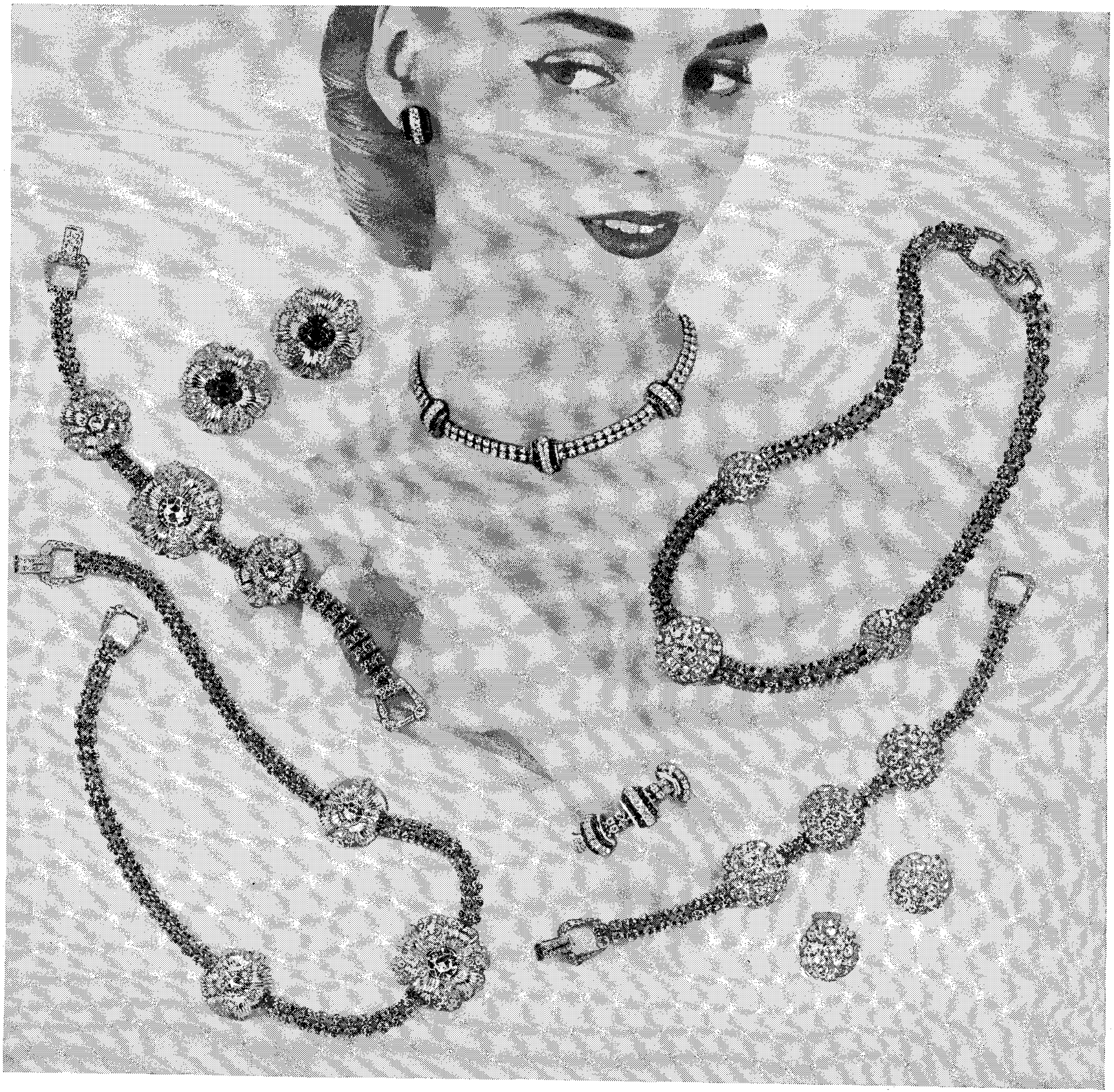
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

STEINWAY

N.W. AYER

TABU
Dana
Copiously charged with intrigue
the "forbidden" perfume by Dana

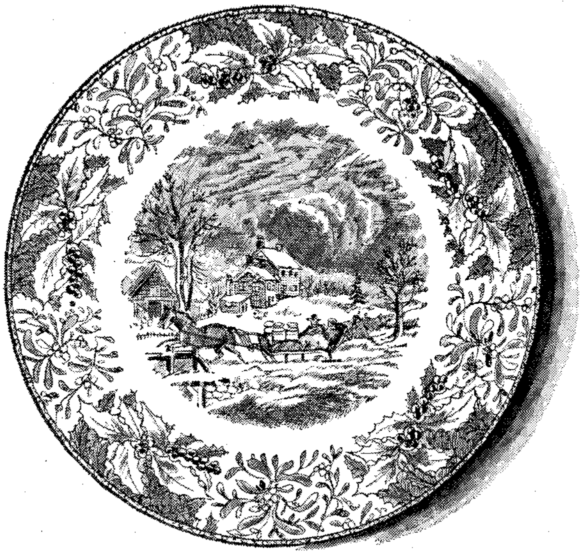
Copyright, 1950 by Dana Perfumes, Inc.



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Christmas with Fireworks

Not just the season's much-wanted rhinestones, but beautiful imported stones in fine white rhodium plated metal — dazzling pyrotechnics at really good prices. Headlight bracelet, 11.75. Flower bracelet with various jewel-colored centers, and hooped bracelet with colored stones, 12.75 each. The matching necklaces, 15.00 each, and earrings, 10.00. Flower pins, 5.00 each. All plus tax. By Halbé, in S.F.A's Costume Jewelry galaxy. Mail and phone orders filled.



10 1/2 in. service plates in set of 12 different scenes, 25.00

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

set the table with Merry Christmas . . .

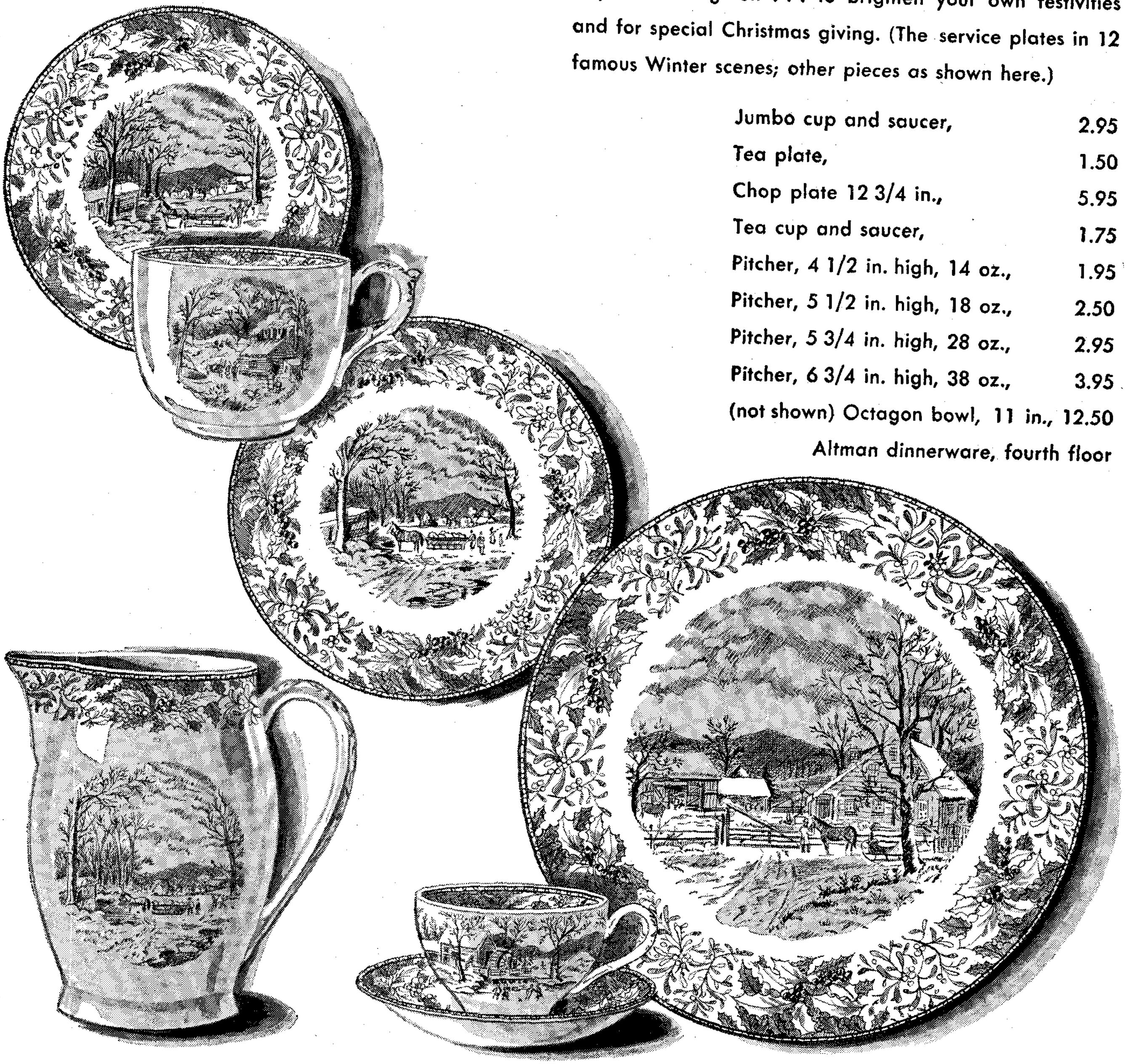
CURRIER & IVES

WINTER SCENES

. . . delightful earthenware, made in England just for Altman's . . . quaint 19th Century engravings, bordered with sprigs of holly and mistletoe, lightly colored in holiday red and green . . . to brighten your own festivities and for special Christmas giving. (The service plates in 12 famous Winter scenes; other pieces as shown here.)

Jumbo cup and saucer,	2.95
Tea plate,	1.50
Chop plate 12 3/4 in.,	5.95
Tea cup and saucer,	1.75
Pitcher, 4 1/2 in. high, 14 oz.,	1.95
Pitcher, 5 1/2 in. high, 18 oz.,	2.50
Pitcher, 5 3/4 in. high, 28 oz.,	2.95
Pitcher, 6 3/4 in. high, 38 oz.,	3.95
(not shown) Octagon bowl, 11 in.,	12.50

Altman dinnerware, fourth floor



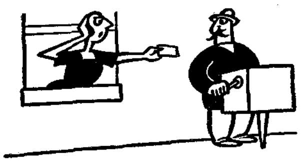
. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset . . . WRITE, OR PHONE MURRAY HILL 9-7000 ON ORDERS OVER 2.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

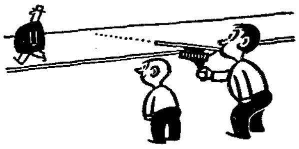
Notes and Comment

A RESEARCH specialist has come up with the news that radio commercials, to be effective, must irritate the listener. We are not in a position to say whether this is true or false. If it is true, most firms using radio time to move their products have nothing to worry about; they are doing a magnificent job. Chesterfield, on the other hand, better speak to Arthur Godfrey, whose commercial announcements are as cozy as a kitten in the lap. The theory of sales-through-exasperation, of strength-through-pique, reminds us of the old theory that an organ-grinder's organ ought to be out of tune for best results; then the public will pay the grinder to go away. Certainly the radio public would gladly pay small sums to have commercials go away. But they *don't* go. If the research man is right, the listener's annoyance, through some subtle treachery of the subconscious mind, is transformed into desire, resulting in the sale of This Cigarette, That Soap Powder. Perhaps it accounts for the unhappy look on the face of buyers.



Town Hall, according to a newspaper advertisement, is offering a course called "You and Your Dollars," in which "thirty leading specialists in the financial field discuss and answer your questions on every aspect of personal money management in down-to-earth, non-technical language." We were struck by the fact that these sessions are held between four and five-thirty in the afternoon, or at a time when most people aren't able to get to them. "You and Your Dollars" is evidently shooting for the idle rich and the plushier stockbrokers, the boys who are free to head uptown when the Stock Exchange gong rings at three, leaving post-market drudgery to subordinates. We note that Town Hall isn't, however, neglecting these drudging subordinates and other office-bound workers. Its ad also features a course of lectures entitled "You and Your Emotions"—"Ten of the country's outstanding authorities in the field of mental health discuss your emotions in daily life." These lectures are delivered between five-thirty and seven. The reasoning behind Town Hall's scheduling is obvious: The office-bound haven't got enough money to have to worry about its management, but, possibly because of this, they're in need of help emotionally, so they get the auditorium the moment the boys with plenty of time on their hands are through with it. As to what happens when the two groups pass each other in the lobby, we're not quite clear.

THE science page of the Sunday *Times* has recently taken to disposing of certain nagging natural-history questions: how fish and eels get into city water pipes (the fish get in when they are small enough to swim through the screens, the eels eel through under the screens when they are raised to clear away leaves and other sediment), why bats get into people's hair (they're looking for a dark place to hide)—questions of that sort. So far, so good. But there are other questions, broader and even more baffling, that nag us, and we wish the *Times* would turn its attention to some of these. How, for example, did those racing ostriches come to be booked at the Rockingham Park track, up in New Hampshire, a while back? Who let the aggrieved delegation of Iroquois Indians in to see Vishinsky? What was the fellow getting at who went into a housewife's kitchen in Columbus, Ohio, turned the kitchen chairs upside down, balanced a teacup on each of the upturned legs, and departed? What are we to make of the Dutch artist who claims that some of the pictures sold as van Meegeren's fakes of old masterpieces are his fakes of van Meegeren? What about those two Illinois men who have patented a rapid-fire, magazine-loading peashooter—what's behind them? We'd like to see the *Times* extend its service to some of its other pages.



Training Quarters

WITH entertainers of all kinds seasonally active, we paid a visit the other afternoon to the Nola Studios, which provide performers with more rehearsal room under one roof—twenty thousand square feet—than any similar establishment in the world. The Nola outfit occupies the second floor of a building running from Fifty-first to Fifty-second Street on Broadway, and, just in case anybody wants to argue about its preëminence in its field, it has an extra twenty thousand square feet in Steinway Hall, on Fifty-seventh Street. When we reached the Studios, we were greeted in the large, bleak foyer, ornamented with a stout receptionist and several vending machines for peanuts and soda pop, by Vincent Nola, Jr., a small, obliging twenty-four-year-old, who advised us that his father founded the institution. "He's kind of retired," said Mr. Nola, Jr., "but if anything goes wrong, God help me!" We suggested to Mr. Nola that he might show us around. "Well, I tell you," he said. "These people don't like anybody busting in on them. Like when Milton Berle is rehearsing here and I walk in to look at his show for a minute. Right away, four guys pick me up and throw me out. But maybe today there's some act around won't mind us looking in." He had a consultation with the receptionist and led us to a studio occupied by three gentlemen, two in lounge suits, the other in a sweatshirt, dungarees, and pumps, and seated on a grand piano. "And who might you be?" inquired the man on the piano. Mr. Nola mumbled incoherently. "We might as well rehearse in Grand Central," said the man.

After the two of us had exited, Mr. Nola led us down a long corridor, on the way informing us that his father had started the business after a career as an opera singer and a vocal instructor, and that he himself was more interested in renting space for the making of recordings than in renting space for rehearsals. A rehearsal studio, he pointed out, rents for as low as a dollar and a quarter an hour, whereas a recording studio commands a minimum of fifteen dollars. "We have some of the best recording equipment in the country," he said, "and we've got sixteen studios here and another sixteen at Steinway Hall. I'd love to see most of them converted to recording. After all, shows like 'South Pacific' rehearse here for five dollars an hour, and they'd build their own studios before they'd pay half a buck more." He led us into a fairly large auditorium where a dozen people were assembled. A sharp-faced lady in green jumped him at once, demanding to know what he wanted. "Just looking around," said Mr. Nola vaguely. "What's being rehearsed?" "This is supposed to be a private rehearsal," the lady said coldly. "TV show," Mr. Nola whispered to us. An ebullient fellow in shirtsleeves stepped out on the floor, a girl joined him, and they ran through a skit involving a husband, a wife, and a baby, the baby being represented orally by a glum-looking individual in brown tweeds. "He's absorbing enough, I say," said the girl at one point. "Absorbine Jr.," said her partner. "You want the goo in the man's voice or in the child's?" asked the baby-impersonator. "Let's get out of here," said Mr. Nola. In the hallway, a young lady flung herself upon Mr. Nola, saying, "Hi, hi, hi, sweetie pie." Mr. Nola squirmed away from her. "This place is lousy with dames," he remarked. "Outside, you notice, I get the big hello; inside they treat me like I was going to steal the script. Now I'll take you to the control room of a recording studio."

Through the window of the control room we watched a bespectacled lady in a white beret wailing into a microphone about wanting to be loved. "A stellar performance," an engineer remarked. "You might even call it passable." In the control room were several signs reading, "Stop worrying. You'll never get out of this world alive." "That's a good motto," said Mr. Nola. "Even if you decide to shoot yourself, you should do it happily." A painter entered the control room and confronted Mr. Nola. "I got no white," he said, "so I put on blue. What I want to know is, is there going to be a beef?" "It's O.K.," said Mr. Nola, and confided to us, "The trouble with these studios is that after a season they're so kicked around you'd think the cavalry had been through the place."

Un-Socratic Dialogue

WE have it on the word of a Brown undergraduate that the following conversation, notable for its abstracted pauses, took place between two philosophy professors having a snack in the college coffee room:

PROFESSOR A: "Our baby's way off in his routine—wants to play all day, eat at night."

PROFESSOR B: "Oh. Maybe he wants a play pen. Is he older than our baby?"

PROFESSOR A: "No, he's younger."

PROFESSOR B (after especially long pause): "And you say he wants a play pen?"

PROFESSOR A: "No. You said that."

PROFESSOR B (after another especially long pause): "Yes. What did you say?"

PROFESSOR A: "I didn't say anything."

After Tartans, What?

AT the moment, there's scarcely an item of men's furnishings that isn't being run up in tartans—evening jackets, evening trousers, smoking jackets, waistcoats, cummerbunds, ties, socks, even suspenders, belts, garters, and slippers. After a quick survey of the local clothing picture, we think it's safe to say that the fad has reached its peak. As is the case with most such manifestations, the origins of the fad were quickly lost in a fog of conflicting claims. This much is certain: Alexander Shields, who has a men's shop on East Sixtieth Street, was the first to advertise tartan jackets and trousers nationally, a year ago, and Rogers Peet was the first big manufacturer and retailer to go overboard for them. But *Life* has credited Chipp, Inc., a shop on East Forty-fourth Street, with launching the boom, and Raymond Twyeffort, a custom tailor, was quietly turning out tartan waistcoats as early as 1941. We called on Shields, and he told us that when it occurred to him that tartans might lend a new and distinctive quality to men's clothing, his tailors flatly refused to handle the material, on the ground that it was too daring. He won them over, however, and had them run up some tartan evening jackets. Soon he was being criticized in England for using authentic tartans for so frivolous a purpose. "That criticism stopped the moment the King was seen wearing a dinner jacket of Royal Stewart," Shields said. He added that the present Royal Stewart tartan is probably the same design as the one worn by old Banquo, legendary founder of the Stewart line, and told us that there's also a tartan called Macbeth and one called Home, after the Home clan, whose rallying cry was "A Home, a Home, a Home!" "Not much call for the Home tartan, though," he said. "Too drab. A former Hollywood girl, now the wife of a Mr. Nazim Kalkavan, of Istanbul, stopped in here the other day with Mr. Kalkavan's measurements. Said he wouldn't let her come home without a tartan jacket for him, so we fixed him up with a Hunting Macpherson." Shields explained that the Macphersons, like some other clans, have three tartans—one for regular, everyday wear, commonly called the Red Macpherson; the Hunting Macpherson, which is predominantly an inconspicuous green; and the Dress Macpherson, which is bright and gay.

A buyer at Rogers Peet informed us that the Royal Stewart is undoubtedly the most popular tartan, possibly because of its royal association, possibly because it has a good deal of warm red in it. Other popular tartans are Gordon, Logan, Macmillan, Cameron, Douglas, Hay, Elliot, MacLeod, Fraser, Sinclair, and Farquharson. "Tartans are one of the biggest things that ever hit Rogers Peet," the buyer said. "We've sold an awful lot of them. Maybe the boom's getting too big." Mr. Louis Prager, of Chipp, Inc., agreed with Rogers Peet. He told us he wouldn't be surprised if, once the fad is past its peak, it drops away to nothing. "We made our first tartan waistcoat in 1947," Prager said. "Since then, we've sold over eight hundred tartan evening jackets and four thousand tartan cummerbunds. We've even sold tartan caps—fifteen hundred of them. Pretty soon every guy in the country will be wearing something tartan. The minute all the people in Westchester and out on Long Island start opening their back doors and finding the milkman in a MacLeod jacket, the bubble will burst."

We wound up our survey with a call on Twyeffort, at his establishment in Rockefeller Center, and found that restless pioneer already looking beyond tartans. "They laughed when I started in on my first Royal Stewarts and Camerons," he said. "The press of the whole world heaped ridicule upon me. Now I have won my victory. I have fought the good fight against the black evening jacket and it is doomed." A messianic gleam came into his eye. "This is America," he said. "America means color. The day is coming when kids will see a black suit and say, 'Mummie, is that man crazy?' I tell my customers, 'You wouldn't want to wear black shirts, would you? You wouldn't want to eat black food? Well, then!' " Twyeffort turned and swept a hand toward an imaginary throng of women. "Women of America," he pleaded, "do you want your husbands to be antiques? Do you want to hang them in frames on the wall? No? Then liberate them! Get them into tartans! If you don't like the old tartans, we'll invent new ones! But don't think for a minute that tartans are enough. I want really bright colors in men's clothes. Green! Yellow! Red! Let's get back to the vivid coloring of the American peasantry! Every man wearing what he pleases! Every man his own melting pot of color! Once we get out of this damn rut, there'll be money in it for everyone! Forward march!"

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WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

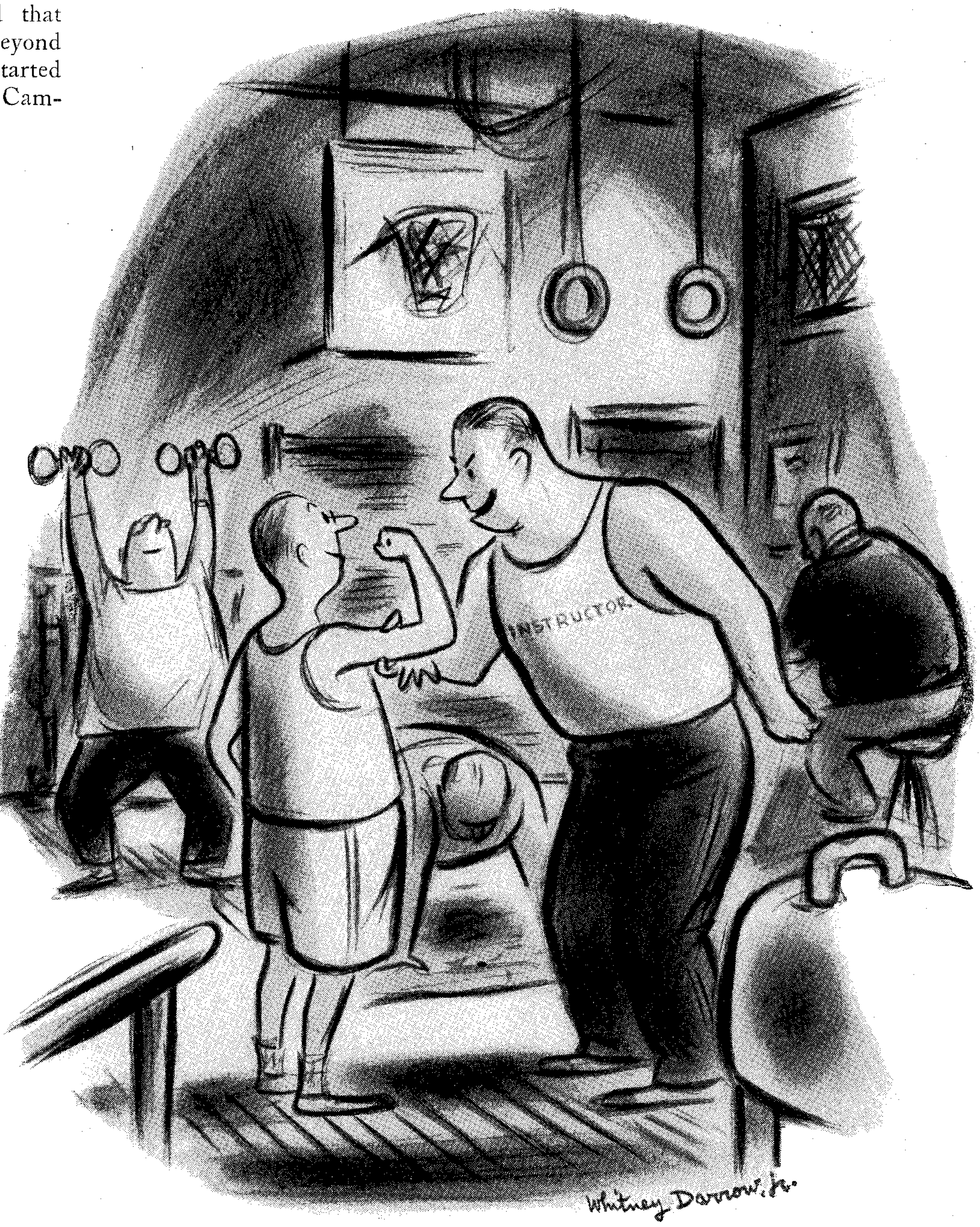
Blocks inspected: Forty-eighth Street from Sixth to Eighth Avenues.

Time of inspection: 1:30 to 1:50 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 17.

Diat

IN an article on a visit we made to the Ritz a few weeks ago, we noted that Louis Diat, the head chef, was so wrought up about the forthcoming demise of that institution that Mr. Stack, its president, counselled us not to disturb him. Among other things, we wanted to ask him about the invention of vichyssoise, of which, as we mentioned, he was the originator. We let the matter slide until the other day, and then phoned Mr. Stack to see how the land lay. He told us to come on over and take a chance. This we did, and in a small office near the kitchen we found the celebrated chef, a mustached man of sixty-five with curly gray hair and large, black, bushy eyebrows, seated at an old roll-top desk. He received us cordially enough, but he was unmistakably downcast. We brought up



"By golly, I think it is getting bigger."

"As I was saying when we recessed last September . . ."

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vichyssoise at once, and he told us about its birth. "In the summer of 1917, when I had been at the Ritz seven years," he said, "I reflected upon the potato-and-leek soup of my childhood, which my mother and grandmother used to make. I recalled how, during the summer, my older brother and I used to cool it off by pouring in cold milk, and how delicious it was. I resolved to make something of the sort for the patrons of the Ritz." Diat worked out a soup involving a potato-and-leek purée strained twice to make it extra smooth, heavy cream, and, on the surface, a sprinkling of finely chopped chives. He named it *crème vichyssoise glacée*, after Vichy, then famous only as a spa, which is not far from his home town, Montmarault. Charles M. Schwab, dining in the Ritz Roof Garden, ordered it the first day it was on the menu, and asked for a second helping. Diat put it on the menu every evening that summer, and every summer thereafter. He took it off during the cold weather, but the hotel got so many requests for it in all temperatures, and at lunch as well as dinner, that in 1923 he put it on a year-round lunch-and-dinner basis, where it has remained ever since. "Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, the President's mother, who had had it here, once called me up at five in the afternoon and asked me to send eight portions to her house," Mr. Diat told us. "I sent her two quarts and gave her the recipe, which I have since published in 'Cooking à la Ritz.' " Diat has also written "French Cooking for Americans" and has just finished a third book, "Sauces: French and Famous." The Ritz printed its menus in French until 1930, when the Hotel Association of New York City, of which it is a member, suggested that its restaurant business, then suffering from the depression, might pick up if it switched to English. It switched, and Mr. Diat's soup, in its fourteenth year, became "cream vichyssoise glacée," a kind of compromise.

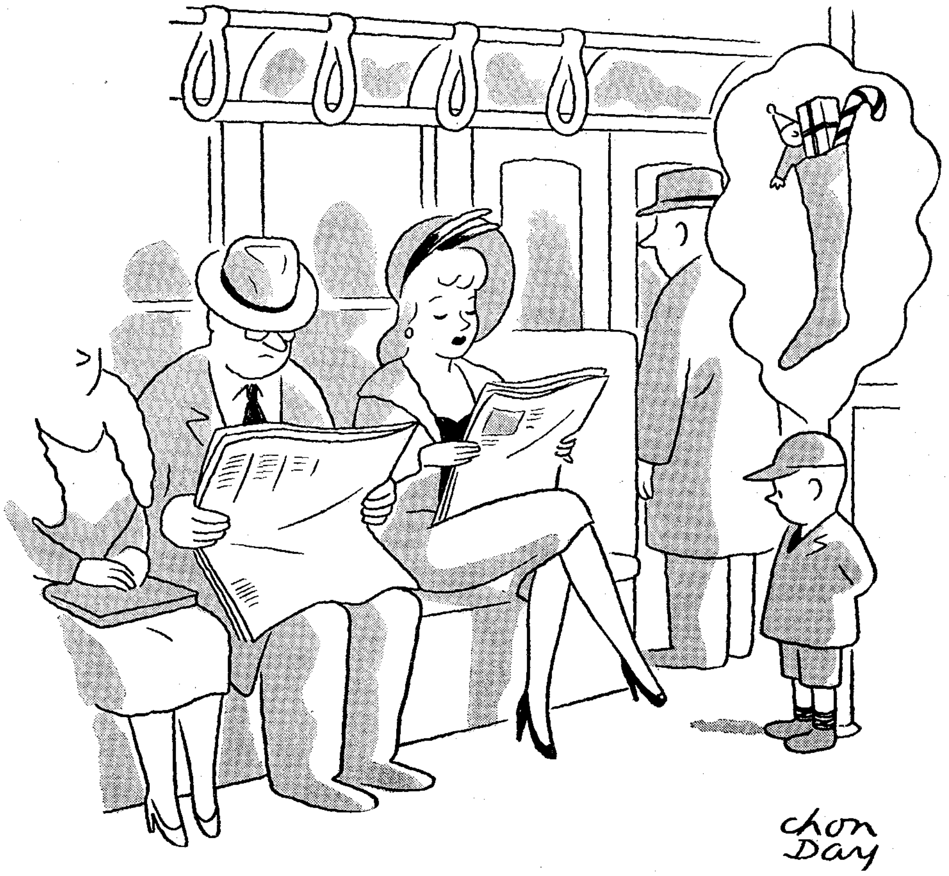
Vichyssoise is only one of several hundred dishes Diat has originated. These include Chicken Gloria Swanson (sautéed chicken cooked in white wine and cream, served with creamed mushrooms and sliced cooked tomatoes, and garnished with rice and truffles); Breast of Guinea Hen Jefferson (guinea hen with ham, creamed tomatoes, *beignets* of wild rice, and a whiskey sauce); Lobster Albert (stuffed lobster gratiné, with mushrooms and a sauce half American, half *bonne femme*); Lobster Washington (like Newburg, but cooked with whiskey instead of sherry); Fillet of Sole Lincoln (cooked with oysters, shrimps, and sauce *bonne femme*); Pears Mary Garden (stewed pears with raspberry ice and raspberry sauce); Pears Geraldine Farrar (ditto with orange ice and apricot sauce); and Cœur Flottant Grace Moore (a vanilla-and-chocolate-mousse concoction). "I named the guinea-hen dish, which includes tomatoes, after Jefferson because around the end of the eighteenth century, when Americans still thought tomatoes were poison, Jefferson, who had eaten them in France, recommended them, and they were then adopted here," Mr. Diat said. "New desserts I generally named after our lady customers—the way to pay tribute to a lady is to make a special sweet for her. Lobster Albert I named after Albert Keller, the late president of the Ritz. Mr. Keller treated me like a brother. Of the eighty men on my kitchen staff, he knew fifty by name. When we buried him, eleven years ago, I said to myself, 'We are burying the Ritz.' "

Mr. Diat, whose father owned a shoe store, owes a great deal more than vichyssoise to his mother and grandmother—such as the correct way to prepare onion soup and potatoes *paysanne*. At the age of eight, he was getting up early to make soup before starting off to school. From his mother, he learned how to cook tarts, and from his grandmother how to broil chicken over charcoal, slowly. "They are very particular in the country in France," he said. At fourteen, he was apprenticed to the chef of a pastry shop in Moulins, near Vichy. At eighteen, after tours of duty at the Hotels Bristol and du Rhin, in Paris, he became *chef potager* at the Paris Ritz. At twenty-one, he became assistant to the head sauce cook of the London Ritz. He has been chef of the Carlton House since the day it opened, October 23, 1910, and of the Ritz since the day *it* opened, seven and a half weeks later. Until six months ago, when his doctor told him to take it easy, he worked fourteen hours a day, six days a week, and spent seven or eight hours at the hotel on Sunday, his day off. From 1916 to 1929, he lived in New Rochelle, with his wife and daughter, and in that period he used to come in on Sunday morning, return home for lunch, and then make another trip to the city, so that he would be on the job at dinnertime. From 1929 until last January, his home was on Central Park West, and commuting was out, but now he's back in an apartment in Hartsdale, with his wife. His daughter some years ago married George J. Lawrence, a junior officer of the Bowery Savings Bank. Currently, Mr. Diat gets the 7:27 out of Hartsdale every weekday morning, and arrives at his office about 8:15. He then spends an hour and a half on the telephone, placing orders for supplies with a dozen or more food dealers, and the rest of the morning touring the kitchen, giving his assistants an occasional word of advice or a helping hand, conferring with the banquet manager and the headwaiters, and correcting the proofs of the next day's menus. Afternoons, he mostly sticks to his desk and writes. He has assembled eighty pages of notes on the Paris, London, and New York Ritzes for a projected article or book; he hasn't decided which it will be. He has a brother seventeen years his junior, who is chef of the Hotel Plaza-Athénée, in Paris. His older brother, Jules, the one with whom he cooled his mother's and grandmother's potato soup, is dead. Jules, who was a teacher, had a son who was active in the French underground and died at Belsen. "My nephew was a very good *saucier*," Mr. Diat told us. "He was *chef saucier* of the French Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. The Boches killed him. He was a lovely fellow."

A waiter came in with Mr. Diat's lunch—lamb, rice, cauliflower, cottage cheese, stewed peaches—and he advised us that his eating habits, apart from tasting new dishes of his invention, are simple and have always been: a roll and a cup of coffee for breakfast; lunch about as we saw it; clear soup, green salad, and compote of fruit for dinner. We rose to go, and he put a hand on our arm. "I am not of the school of Escoffier," he said, "but of the schools of M. Jules Tissier, of the Bristol, in Paris; of M. Georges Gimon, of the Paris Ritz; and of M. Emile Malley, of the London Ritz. I remember the day I came to America. It was October 8, 1910. There was a nice blue sky. Everything was so nice that I applied for citizenship the first week of November. But today! When we lost Mr. Keller, and then Robert Walton Goelet, we lost the Ritz. I will compare a hotel with a man. A man is in the prime of life, in full vigor, at forty. So is a hotel, or should be. You know, if I am heartbroken today, it is because everything has gone wrong. I explained my grief to the Honourable William Waldorf Astor—he came to my office to see me when he was over here from England and looked into the Astor Estate's disposition of the Ritz—and he was so upset he almost fell out of his chair. I have been invited to go to the new Carlton House as supervising chef, but I don't know. I will go away for at least six months, either to California or to France, to forget about the Ritz. I don't want to be in New York when they break this place up. When Queen Marie of Rumania came here for a supper party in the Oval Room, she said, 'Oh, it is like my palace!' "

First-Nighters

At the opening of "Guys and Dolls," last week, a gentleman milling around the lobby at the end of the first act came upon a couple of his acquaintance and asked the inevitable question: "How do you like it?" "Oh," said the lady of the couple, "we couldn't get tickets. We only came for the intermission."



THE PRETENDER

MY sister Biddy and I ought to have known Denis Corby's coming to the house on Saturdays "to play with us" would mean nothing but trouble. We didn't want anyone new to play with us. We had plenty, and they were all good class. But the mother was like that, with an ear for any story and ready to give things away to everyone in the city of Cork. That wouldn't have been quite so bad if she had kept to her own things, but she took ours as well. You couldn't turn your back but that woman would have something pinched on you—a gansey or an overcoat. As Biddy often said, we had no life.

But we were still innocent enough to swallow the yarn about the lovely, lonely little boy she had discovered to play with us. Cripes, you never got such a suck-in in all your life! About eleven on Saturday morning, this fellow comes to the door. He was about the one age with me but twice as big, with a round, red face and big, green goggle eyes. You could see at the first glance that the fellow was no class.

"What do you want?" said I, thinking he was a messenger boy.

"Me mudder said I was to come and play with ye," he said.

"Are you Denis Corby?" said I.

"Ha's that?" he asked, and then he said, "Yes."

"Come in," said I.

He took off his cap, and after taking two steps into the hall and hearing the clatter of his own hobnailed boots, he did the rest of it on tiptoe.

Mother dried her hands and held the two of them out to him. "Come in, child of grace!" she said. "How's your mother?"

"She's all right," he said.

It was all very well, the mother calling him "child of grace;" she didn't have to play with him. The fellow didn't know any games. Cripes, I could have cried! And then, later, when we sat down to dinner with my mother and father, he put his two elbows on the table and never looked at his plate.

"Don't you like your dinner, Denis?" asked the mother. She never asked us that.

"Ha's that?" he asked, goggling at her. " 'Tis all right."

"Oh, you ought to eat up," said my father. "A big, hefty fellow like you."

"What does your mother usually give you, Denis?" my mother asked then.

"Sewp," he said.

"Would you sooner I gave you a spoon so?"

"I would." He ate a little after she gave him the spoon, but not much.

"What do you like, so that I can get it for you?" my mother asked.

"Jelly," said Denis.

He was really an extraordinary character. I must say from the first day I knew there was something fishy about him, but I didn't know what it was. After dinner, he and Biddy and I went up to our bedroom, and I showed him my toys. He was afraid to touch them and only sat on the bed with his hands between his knees, gaping at them.

"Haven't you any toys?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Where do you live?" asked Biddy.

"Ha's that?" he said. Then he added, "The Buildings."

"Is that a nice place?"

" 'Tis all right." (Everything was "all right" with him.)

" 'Tisn't much of a place," I said. "I pass it every day on the way to school."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" asked Biddy.

"Naw," he replied, gaping at her with his big, green eyes. "Only me mudder. And me Auntie Nellie sometimes."

"Who's your Auntie Nellie?"

"Me auntie," he said. "She lives down the country a long way."

"And where's your daddy?" asked Biddy.

"Ha's that?" he said again, with a look of fright. And then, after a longer pause, "I tink me daddy is dead."

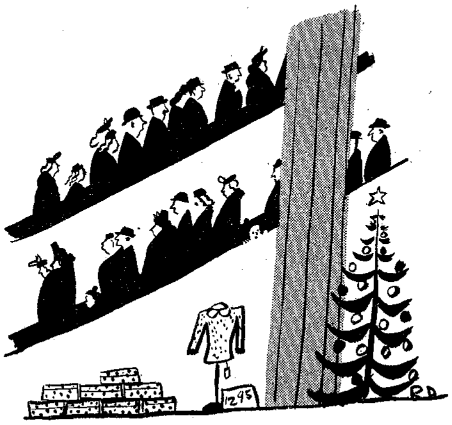
"How do you mean, you *think* he's dead?" I asked. "Don't you know?"

"Me mudder told me he was dead."

"And who gives ye the money so?"

"Me Auntie Nellie. She didn't send any this month yet."

"That's why they live in the Buildings," Biddy explained in her usual God Almighty way. " 'Tis always better if your mummy dies first."



"It is not better!" I shouted at her. "God will kill you stone-dead for saying that. You only say it because you're always sucking up to Daddy."

"I am not always sucking up to Daddy, Michael Murphy," she replied coldly. "And don't you be saying it. And it's true. If our mummy died, Daddy could still keep us, because he have the money, but if Daddy died, we'd have to go and live in the Buildings, too. Look at Denis!"

I always stuck up for Mother against Biddy, but I had to admit that her latest acquisition wasn't much.

"Ah, she's always the same," Biddy said that night in bed. "Bringing in old beggars and tramps and giving them their dinner in our kitchen, and giving away our best clothes. You couldn't have a thing in this blooming house."

EVERY Saturday after that, Denis came and tiptoed down the hall in his nailed boots and spooned at his dinner idly. The only thing he really liked was jelly, as he said. He usually stayed till our bedtime, and listened to Mother reading us a story. He couldn't read at all himself, and even comics we used to have to explain to him. Then she started teaching him to read, and she said he was very smart. A fellow that couldn't read at the age of seven, I didn't see how he could be so very smart.

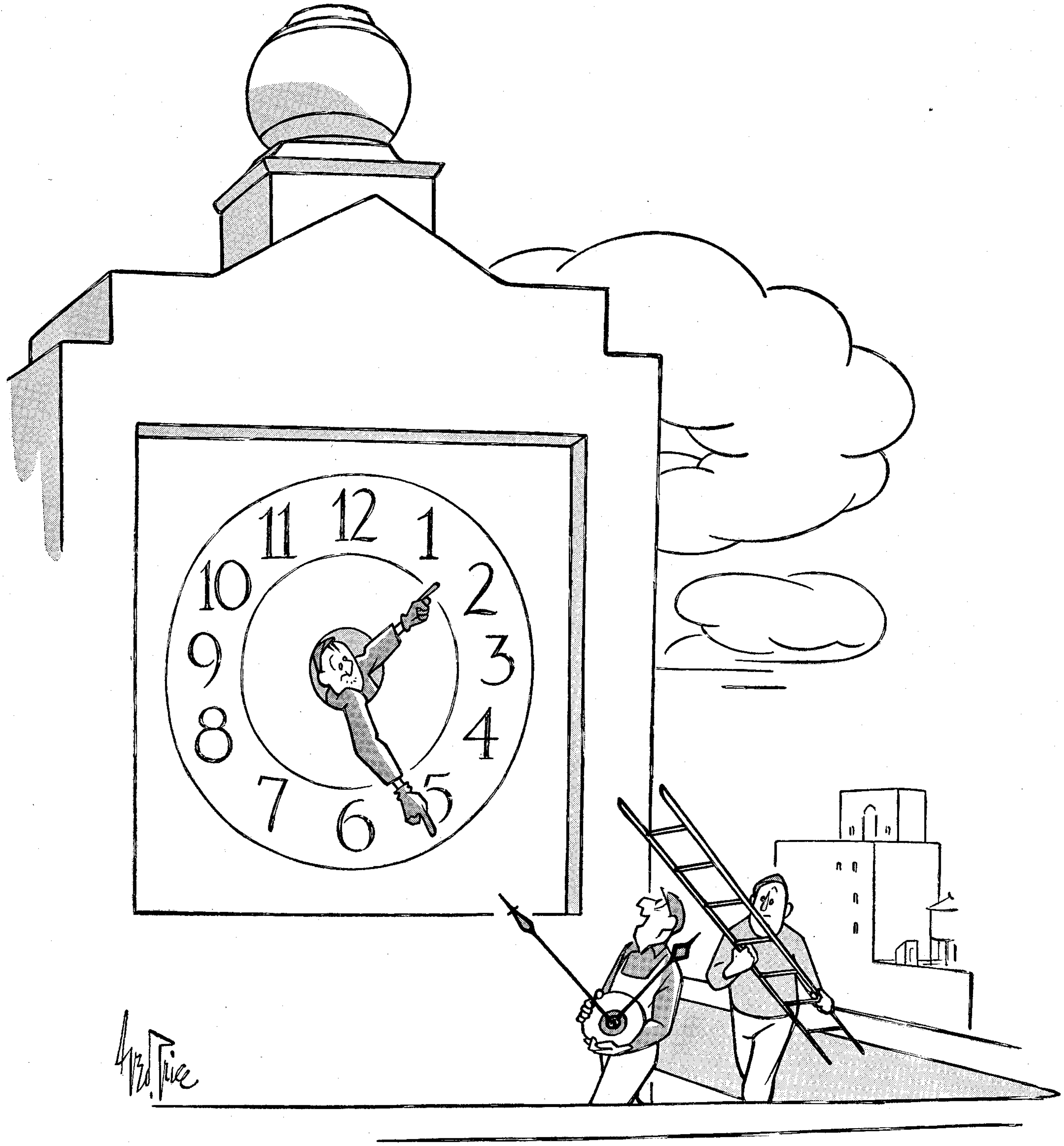
Then, one Saturday, we were in the garden and Biddy was playing running away from him, into the hall and round the front room. I warned him against that. We weren't supposed to go into the front room at all, and Biddy was only doing it to try and get him into trouble. All girls are like that. "All right!" I shouted at him. "You'll see! You'll get kilt!" Suddenly Mother rushed out of the kitchen in a flaming wax and shouted, "Who's that in the front room?," just as I'd said. But then a funny thing happened. She saw Denis and laughed. I was surprised, because she was really mad on that old front room.

At dinner the same day, Denis gave one quick look at the two of us, and took up his knife and fork.

"Oh, look, Mummy!" Biddy cried. "Denis is eating with his knife and fork."

"And Denis is much too mannerly to pass remarks about the way *you're* eating," said Mother, getting angry. "Look at you!"

It was surprising and rather disturbing, the things that kept on coming out



"All right, Joe, you can knock off."

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about him. I got a slant on that one day when Biddy, who was born in Dublin, started showing off about it. You'd think from the way that girl went on that no one was ever born in Dublin only herself.

"You don't know where I was born!" she said to Denis with a superior air.

"We all know where you were born," I said. "In Dublin."

"I was born in England," said Denis.

"You *what?*" cried Biddy, scowling.

"I was," he said.

"How do you know?"

"Me mudder told me."

You never saw anyone so upset as Biddy at the idea that a common boy from the Buildings could be born in England. She was positively leaping. "When was your mummy in England?" she asked.

"She wasn't in England," Denis said.

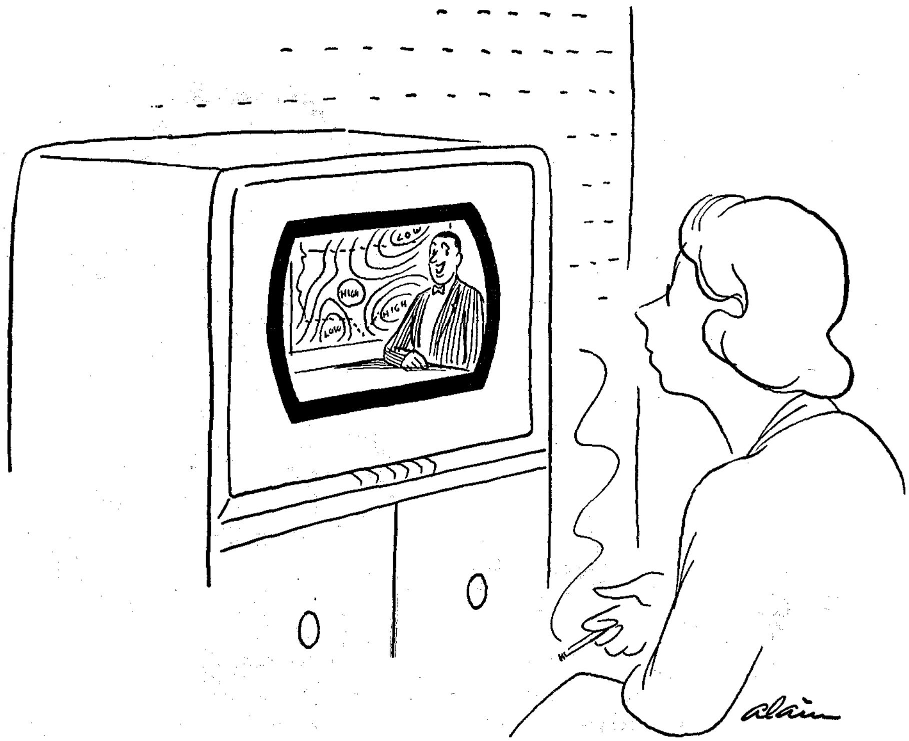
"Then how could you be born in England, you big, silly fool?" Biddy cried.

"Me Auntie Nellie was in England," he said sulkily.

"You couldn't be born in England just because your Auntie Nellie was there," she said.

"Why couldn't I?" he asked.

That floored us. For the life of us,



"On Tuesday, we had increased humidity and intermittent showers. I exclusively predicted this in my broadcast of Monday. On Tuesday, I predicted that a cold front would descend on this area from Canada and that temperatures would drop to the low forties on Wednesday. Again I was one-hundred-percent correct. Thursday was fair and cold, which was no surprise to those who have followed these broadcasts . . ."

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we couldn't think of a reason why he couldn't. Seeing that we both thought Mother had bought us from the nurse, there seemed to be no cause for believing that an aunt couldn't have bought us as well. But we were uneasy. Did an aunt become a mother when she bought a fellow, or not? That was what puzzled us.

"Anyway," said Biddy, "my mummy was *years* in England." But that was only to save face. She hadn't the faintest intention of letting it rest at that. She was both resentful and inquisitive.

"Mummy," she said next day, "do you know what Denis Corby said?"

"No, dear," said Mother.

"He said he could be born in England because his Auntie Nellie was there, and his mummy was never there at all!" She gave a superior laugh and waited for Mother to respond.

To my surprise, Mother lost her temper properly. "Ah, the dear knows," she said in disgust. "As if ye had nothing better to talk about than where Denis was born! A lot of difference it makes to the poor child!"

I saw then it wasn't safe to be asking too many questions about him. At about the same time, I began to notice another thing, that frightened me much more. On Saturday afternoons, we used all be given pennies and sent off for a walk. Denis was quite ready to come with us, but he preferred to remain behind with Mother. He even maneuvered things so as to remain with her. It was then I really began to get suspicious of him. It was a constant irritation, because I wanted to get away from him and yet I couldn't, in dread he might be up to something while my back was turned. He knew I was watching him, and dared me.

One Saturday, I had to go to the Cross for a message and asked him to come with me. He wouldn't. He said he'd stay with Biddy.

"It's not Biddy you want to stay with!" I shouted.

"Who do I want to stay with so?" he asked.

"You want to stay with my mother."

"I do not," he said, blushing.

"You do. Why don't you go home and stop with your own mother?"

"She's my Auntie Kate," he said, beginning to stammer.

"That's a lie!" I shouted, beside myself with rage. "You only call her that."

"She told me," he said defiantly.

"And anyway," I said, "your aunt isn't your mother."

"How do you know?" he asked.

That came as a terrible shock to me. It hadn't struck me before that if his Auntie Nellie could be his mother, his Auntie Kate could be his mother as well.

"She couldn't be your mother," I said, brazening it out. "Your mother lives up at the Buildings."

"She's not me mudder," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, there's a thing to say!" I cried.

" 'Tis true. She was never in England. She couldn't be me mudder."

That was the worst blow of all. I knew what he was getting at. He meant that my mother, having spent years in England, could be his mother, while his own mother couldn't.

"Oh!" I said again, pretending to be scandalized. "I'll tell her what you said."

"You can if you like," he replied indifferently.

And, of course, I knew I couldn't. Whatever hold he had over my mother, you couldn't ask her a question about him. Besides, it all fitted perfectly. His mother couldn't be his mother, because she had never been in England; his Auntie Nellie, who sent the money, could be his mother, but that was hardly likely, for he only saw her once or twice a year, while my mother let him come to our house every Saturday, made a pet of him, and got into a wax if you asked questions about him.

"I DON'T care," Biddy said lightly when I told her my fears. "She can be his mother if she likes."

"That's because you're Daddy's pet," I said, beginning to snivel.

"It is not, Michael Murphy," she said. "And anyway he only comes every Saturday."

"He might come and live here altogether one of these days, and then you'll be sorry," I said miserably.

That fear was over me all the time. I dreaded Saturday and the calm way Denis began to make himself at home in our house. I could see my mother liked him a lot better than me. She used to say how good he was, but no matter how I tried, I couldn't be good in his sly way. "I don't know, in God's name, what's come over you," she said to me once. "You're becoming more of a savage every day." He got a big, ugly scab, and she took him to the doctor with it. I heard her telling my father that the Doctor said Denis was fretting. I couldn't see what he had to fret about. I was the one who ought to have fretted, watching the way he tried to hang on to her apron strings. Even when she didn't want him in the house, he preferred to sit out on the wall. I couldn't drag him away from her. Then, one time, when she asked me to go for a message, I broke down and said I didn't want to go.

"All right," she said angrily. "I'll send Denis."

"No, Mummy, no, no, I'll go," I wailed, and I took the money from her and went out, bawling.

When I got out, Denis was sitting on the wall watching Biddy and two other little girls playing hopscotch—pickie, we called it.

"What are you crying for?" Biddy asked.

"I have to go for a message," I said, rubbing my eyes.

"Well, that's nothing to bawl about," she said sharply. "Let Denis go with you."

"He wouldn't come," I sobbed.

"You never asked me," he said in a surly tone.

"Go on!" I said, blind with misery and rage. "You never come anywhere with me. You're only waiting till my back is turned to go in to my mummy."

"I'm not," he said, raising his voice.

"You are, Denis Corby," Biddy suddenly proclaimed in a shrill, scolding voice. "You're always doing it."

"I'm not."

"You are, you are!" I said, going up to him with my fists clenched. "You Indian witch!"

He got off the wall slowly and faced us, big, red, and clumsy. "I'm not an Indian witch."

"You *are* an Indian witch," I said, and hit him. He didn't try to hit back, though he was twice my size—a proper little coward!

"Jesus help us!" one of the girls bawled. "You should be ashamed of yourself, hitting the little boy, Michael Murphy."

"Then he should let our mother alone!" screamed Biddy, taking my part when she saw the others against me. "He's trying to make out that she's his mother, and she is not."

"Ah, how could she be your mother, little boy?" the little girl said.

"I didn't say it," Denis said sulkily.

"You did say it," I said, and hit him again. "You're trying to make out that I'm your brother, and I'm not."

"And I'm not your sister, either!" shouted Biddy, doing a war dance at him. "I'm Michael's sister, and don't you go saying I'm not, or I'll tell my daddy on you."

"What, in God's name, is the meaning of this?" came my mother's voice, and out she swept, scattering Biddy and me with two clouts. "Or can't I leave you alone for five minutes without your behaving like a blackguard?" she added, to me. "How dare you strike the child, you dirty little coward! Come in, Denis, you poor, unfortunate child," she said then, and her lips quivered.

"Now we'll all be killed," Biddy said in a hushed voice. "She'll murder us all. And it was all your fault for hitting him, Michael Murphy."

"I wish I'd killed him," I said, and sat on the wall, not caring much what happened now. Biddy, in excited tones, began telling the other little girls about Denis and his mothers, the whole lot of them, and how we had had no peace ever since he started coming to the house.

Denis was inside a long time—a very long time, it seemed to me. Then he came out by himself, and afterward I remembered that he did it on tiptoe, exactly as he did the first day he came. For the rest of the evening he didn't say much, only "Yes" or "No." He seemed to be stunned.

Next Saturday, he never came at all, and the Saturday after, the mother sent Biddy and myself to the Buildings to bring him back for dinner. By that time, I was quite anxious for him to come, for Mother had told us that she wasn't his mother, and that, in fact, he had no proper mother at all. That is what she'd told him when she'd brought him in, and it seems it was quite a shock to him. You could understand that, of course—a fellow thinking someone was his mother and then to find out she wasn't at all! So I was full of magnanimity toward him. The whole week, I had been as good as gold.

He was sitting on a chair by the fire with his hands between his knees, and his mother—the one he called his mother—was sitting on a stool opposite him.

"Wisha, do, Denis, boy!" she said imploringly. "Sure, you're destroyed sitting here with no one to play with."

"I won't," he replied sulkily, and nothing we said could shake him.

His mother was an old, wrinkled woman; the house was only an old cabin; you could see they were no class, and, as I said afterward to Biddy, coming home, it was like his cheek to pretend that we were his brother and sister.

—Frank O'Connor

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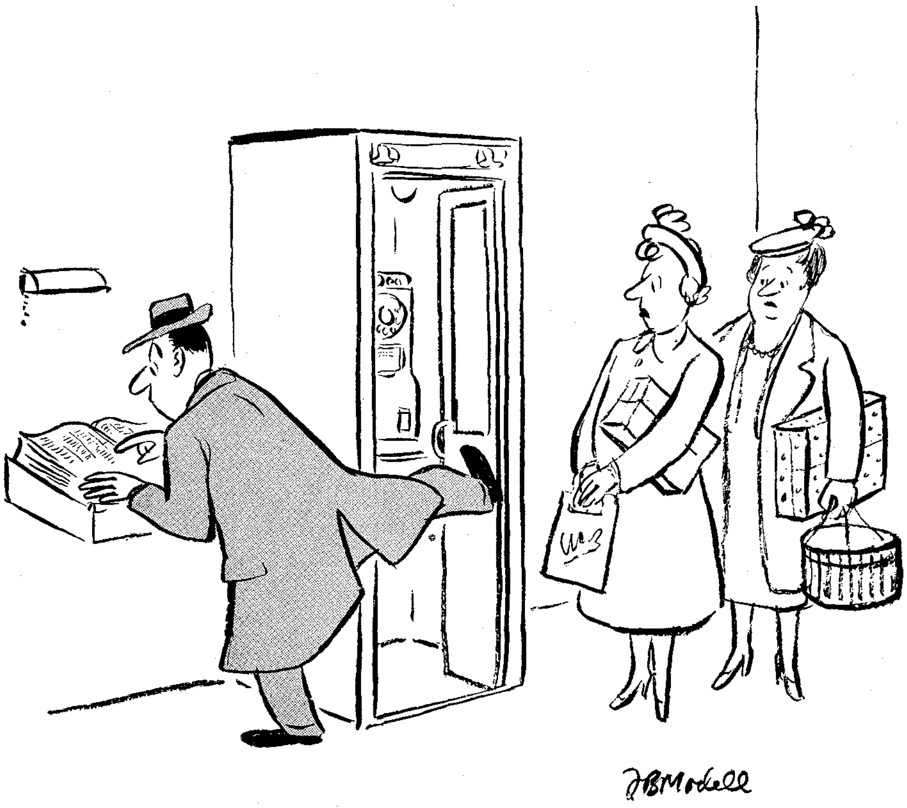
Where else but New York would they have a Mayor whose name you not only cannot spell, but also can't even pronounce? Impelleretti. Bet you can't spell it correctly 10 minutes from now.—*Cincinnati Post.*

It's no worse than Cincinatti.



THE PEOPLE YOU MEET

OF the twenty plays that Larry Howe, the producer, sent him to read that winter, Harold Perry thought that "Backstairs" was the only one with any promise, and after reading it over a couple of times he telephoned Howe and said that he was willing to direct it. The author was a woman named Grace Spencer, whom no one had ever heard of, and a couple of days later Howe and Perry had lunch with her agent, and the agent told them that Grace Spencer was a housewife—her married name was Mrs. Harold Knighten—and that she lived in a town called Frenchman's Bridge, near Buffalo. Her husband was a schoolteacher, she had three children, and she had never written anything before. Perry had worked with all kinds of playwrights and he didn't find anything unusual in a housewife. He even enjoyed the idea, for he was a charitable man, who liked to bring the innocent and the poor into the largess and excitement of the theatre. When the contracts were signed, Mrs. Knighten wrote Perry an enthusiastic letter from Frenchman's Bridge. "Harry and I are so excited that you are going to direct my play," she wrote. "It seems too good to be true. We've seen several of your plays and all your movies and we think of you as the Master of Farce and as a figure from the golden age of American entertainment." This last remark offended Perry vaguely, for while thirty years of double takes, slammed doors, and billingsgate had left him feeling elderly, he didn't like to be reminded of his age.

Perry had no direct word from Mrs. Knighten again until the middle of the summer, when the dates were set for casting and rehearsals. "There's no one I can leave with the children," Mrs. Knighten wrote him, "and so I wondered if it would be all right if I left the casting up to you and didn't come to the rehearsals. My mother has promised to stay with the children in October for three weeks, so that we'll be able to go to Boston for the opening, and if there's any rewriting to be done, why can't we do it then?" This suited Perry. There was a lot of rewriting to be done, but in exchange for being able to cast and direct without interference he was willing to leave this until after the opening. He rehearsed the show for three weeks in New York and then took it down to Boston on a Tuesday for a Saturday opening.

Mrs. Knighten didn't get to Boston until Saturday morning, and Perry met her for the first time at the theatre that afternoon. He guessed that she was in her forties. Her brown hair was streaked with gray, and while she was not stout, she was beginning to show the heaviness of age. Her brown dress and her hat and her coat were sensible and, he guessed, cheap, and when he glanced down at her brown walking shoes, he noticed that her ankles and her legs were slender, and he thought that she might have had a good figure twenty years ago. Her husband was with her. He was a little shorter than his wife and he had a round, friendly, and self-important face. At the outside, Perry thought, they would have two thousand dollars in the savings bank, a seven-room house, one bath, and an old car. They looked like any other middle-aged couple of slender means, and their innocence, their politeness, and the obvious affection they felt for each other appealed to him, and when he thought of the probable change in income that awaited them, he felt like Robin Hood.

Everything delighted and impressed the Knightens. They liked the empty theatre, the set, the lighting, the producer's jokes, and the actors. Mrs. Knighten went up onto the stage and shook hands and said "Pleased to meet you" to every one of the twenty-four members of the cast. There was no rehearsal that afternoon, but a few cues were run through for timing, and Mrs. Knighten laughed helplessly at her own jokes. In order to sound out her attitude on revision, Perry suggested the deletion of a couple of her most arch ripostes, and she agreed so eagerly and with such self-effacement that he looked forward to a coöperative and easy spell of revision. When he had finished with the cast, he asked the Knightens to come over to the Ritz and have a drink with him.

They drank Scotch and ate a good-sized dish of peanuts, and Mr. Knighten showed Perry photographs of their three children. It was a family in which Mr. Knighten obviously had the upper hand, and his wife seemed content to have him speak for her. The bar filled up with the fixtures of an out-of-town opening. Friends of the cast, agents, and apprehensive backers greeted one another, and in this atmosphere Mr. Knighten described in some detail the pleasures of their simple life in Frenchman's Bridge. His wife was a wonderful cook, he said. She could make a sour-cream goulash and a salad with hot dressing that were the best in the world. She did her writing in the kitchen, he went on. She wrote the play on the kitchen table in three weeks. If it was a hit, they were going to build a wing on the house, with a room for her to write in, and buy a summer cottage on some lake. Their modesty and the clarity with which they reflected the life of a small town touched Perry and he asked them to have another drink. Mr. Knighten refused. They were going to have dinner with some relatives of his who lived in Malden and they were late. Perry said he would see them backstage after the show.

PERRY had dinner off a tray in his room and telephoned his wife. At a little before eight, he walked over to the theatre and checked on the box office. They had taken in eight hundred dollars for the opening, but there was no advance sale. This made him feel sad. He went down a side aisle and sat in one of the empty boxes. The feeble orchestra was playing a medley from "South Pacific," and by craning his neck he saw that the second balcony was nearly empty. Then the music stopped and the lights dimmed and the curtain went up.

"Backstairs" was a farce. Doors slammed, men lost their pants, and people shouted "Son of a bitch!" at one another whenever things got slow. It was not a good play, but Perry felt that if it was salted with enough goddams and slammed doors, it would get by.

The first act was fair, but in the second there was real trouble. A sequence of eight jokes, upon which Perry would have staked his reputation, misfired. This threw the cast off their timing—doors were banged out of turn, lines were fluffed, and the principal actress raced through her part. The curtain came down at the end of the second act in an atmosphere of dense mortification, and when Perry went out to the lobby, people were shaking their heads. The person he felt most concern for was poor Mrs. Knighten. He looked for her to give her some encouragement, but she had evidently not found the strength to leave her seat. The curtain bell rang, and he returned to his hiding place in the box. The third act was worse than the second, and after it was over, he waited in the box until the audience had escaped from the theatre. Then he went backstage. The Knightens were there with a family group. Mrs. Knighten had an orchid pinned to the shoulder of her brown dress, and Mr. Knighten was wearing the double-breasted gray suit he had worn that afternoon. To Perry's surprise, they did not seem at all depressed.

Mr. Knighten was explaining to his relatives that when they heard dishes broken offstage, they weren't really broken. He introduced Perry to the relatives, and they said politely that they had enjoyed the play.

"Well, it went badly," Perry said, "but I've had hits do worse on opening night in Boston." He drew Mrs. Knighten aside and showed her a sheaf of notes he had made during the performance. "Now you're going to see a side of the theatre that doesn't get much publicity," he told her. "The rewriting, the revision, the rehearsing—the hard-work part of it. I think I know what's wrong and I think we can fix it up. It's all fresh in my mind now"—he tapped his handsome brow—"and if you want to speak to the cast, why don't you—I think they'd appreciate it—and then come over to my hotel, and we'll get to work?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I won't be able to do any work tonight," Mrs. Knighten said. Her husband came to her side, and she turned to him. "Mr. Perry wants me to come up to his room and work tonight," she said, "and I've just told him I couldn't."

"Well, I'm afraid Grace won't be able to work tonight," Mr. Knighten said. "She's terribly tired—aren't you, darling?—and she isn't strong. Why don't you come over to our room tomorrow morning at nine—we're at the Belvedere—and do your work then?"

"We can't work tomorrow morning," Mrs. Knighten said. "We have to go to church."

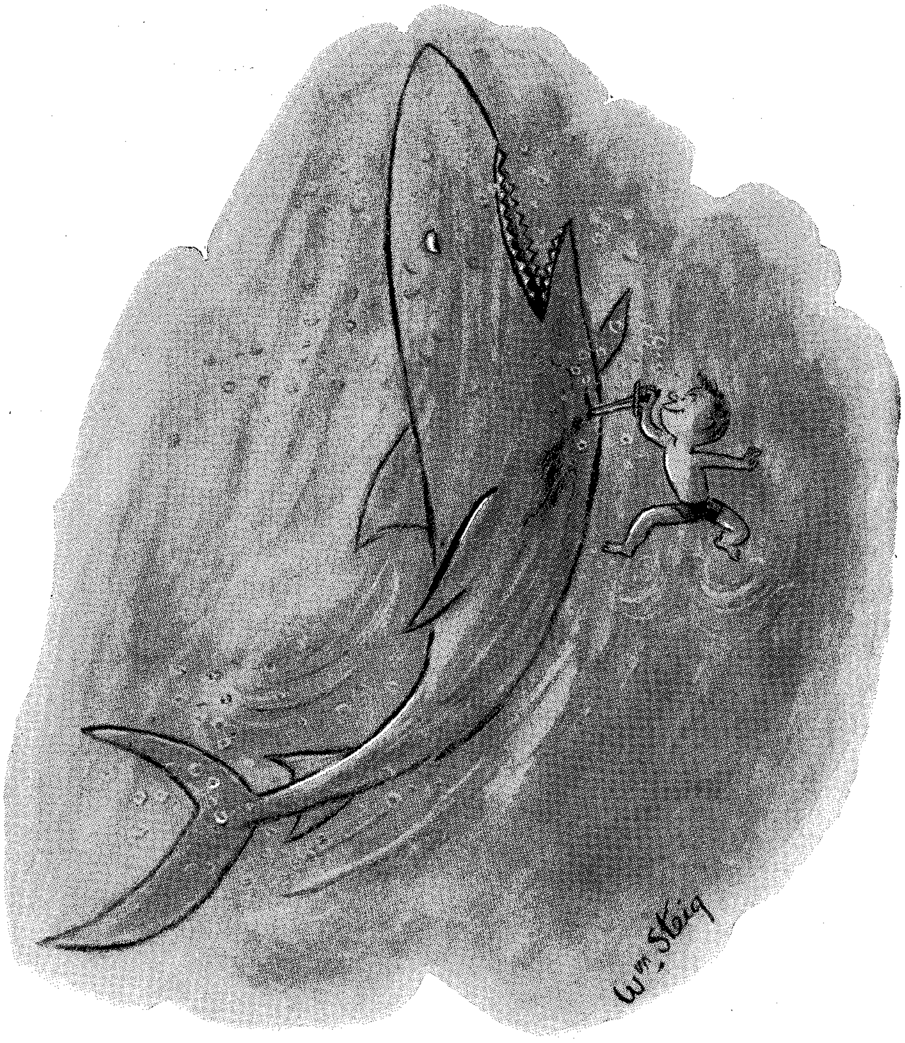
"Well, tomorrow afternoon, then," Mr. Knighten said.

"There is seventy-three thousand dollars in this show," Perry said. "The show is terrible. I'm prepared to work hard to repair it, but I'm not prepared to work at your convenience, Mr. Knighten."

"Well, I don't see what's wrong with the Belvedere tomorrow afternoon," Mr. Knighten said. "You come over there at about one, after lunch."

"I've never been in the Hotel Belvedere in my life," Perry said, "I've never seen such God-damned impertinence."

He walked off the stage and out of the theatre. Larry Howe called to him from the box office, but he was too sore to talk with anyone. When he got back to his hotel room, the telephone was ringing. It was Mrs. Knighten. He took a deep breath and realized the foolishness of continuing to quarrel with her. He had five thousand dollars of his own in the show. Mrs. Knighten apologized. She said that she was terribly tired, and asked if she could come to his room at one the next afternoon. He agreed to this. Then he telephoned his wife, but one of the maids answered and told him she was out. There was no sense in waiting up for the reviews—they would be terrible, he knew—so he drank some hot milk and went to bed.



DREAMS OF GLORY

Pearl Diver

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At one o'clock sharp the next afternoon, the bell to Perry's sitting room rang, and when he opened the door, there were Mrs. and Mr. Knighten. "I'd get lonely over there in the Belvedere," Mr. Knighten said as he took off his hat, "and so I just thought I'd sit in a corner and read while you two artists do your work." He had a copy of *Life* with him, and he sat down by the imitation Florentine fireplace and began to look at the pictures. It was all done so quickly and the situation was so unfamiliar that Perry lost his chance to protest. He sat down by the typewriter with Mrs. Knighten and showed her his notes. Now, Perry had never had any experience that had accustomed him to write in front of a spectator, and the presence of Mr. Knighten in the corner—sighing and striking matches—irritated him and inhibited him in the suggestions that he wanted to make. The work went slowly, and when the Knightens left, at five, even the relatively minor first-act patching hadn't been finished. Perry asked if they could return in the evening, and Mr. Knighten said that they could. They came back at about nine. Mr. Knighten had a copy of the *Reader's Digest* with him, and without saying anything he sat down and began to read.

They had probably never been separated, Perry thought. It was probably one of those marriages; they were good and simple people, and he would have to meet them on their own simple terms. The work went slowly again, and when the Knightens left, at midnight, Perry decided that if Mr. Knighten showed up in the morning, he was going to object. He had his speech all prepared when the bell rang at ten the next morning, but when he opened the door, Mrs. Knighten was alone. Her husband, she said, had gone out to Cambridge to look at Harvard. She came in and sat down, and then she got up and opened the door into the hall. Perry got up and closed the door.

"What do you want the door open for?" he said.

"Oh, I thought it was a law," Mrs. Knighten said. "I mean if you're a single man and you're entertaining a woman in your room, I thought you had to leave the door open."

"Well, I'm not a single man and I'm not entertaining you," Perry said pleasantly. "So let's leave the door closed, shall we, and get to work?"

They had been working for about an hour, and working well, when they were interrupted by a pounding on the door.

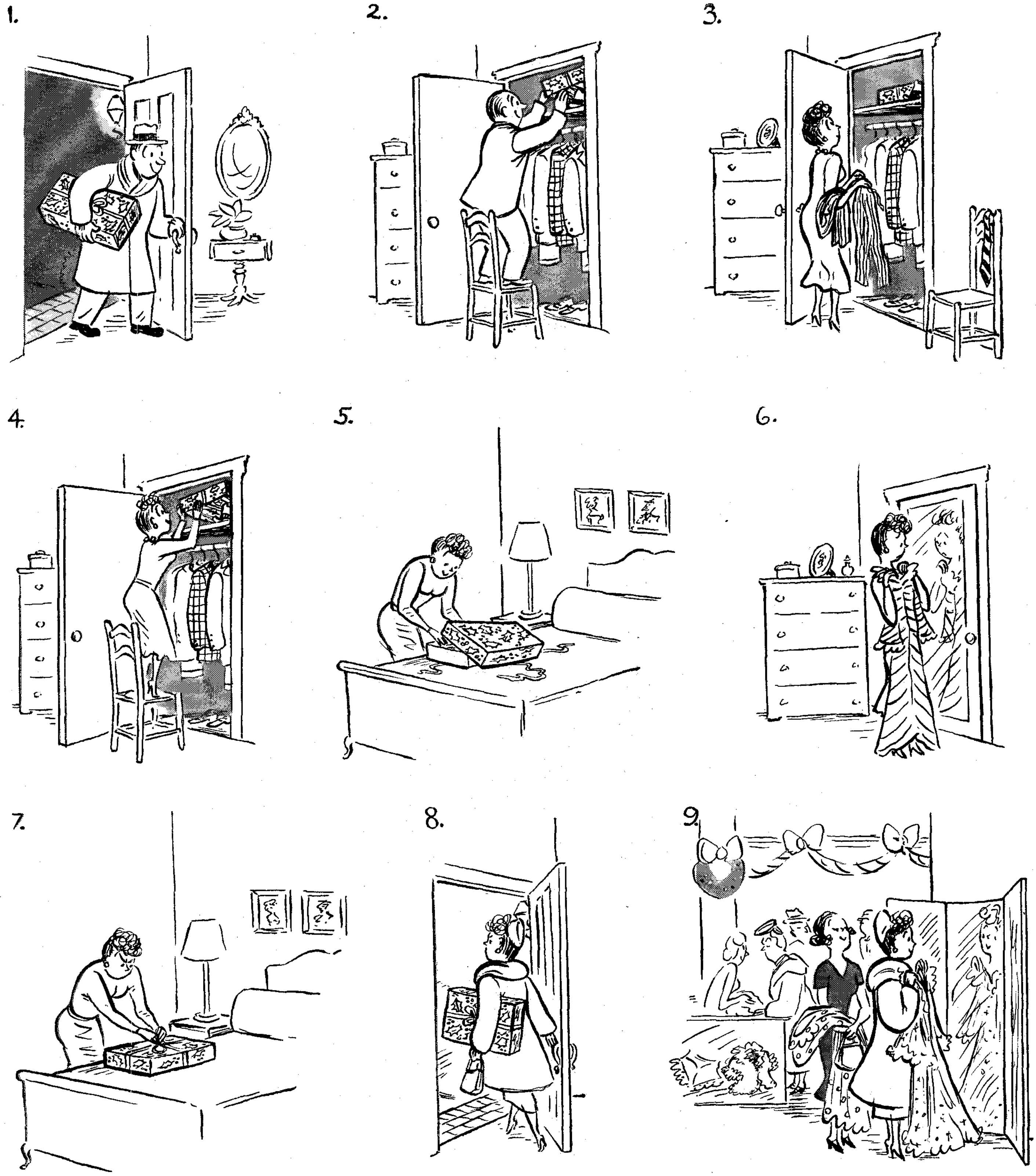
"Let me in! Let me in!" Mr. Knighten shouted.

"Come in!" Perry shouted, and Mr. Knighten burst into the room.

"What's all the pounding for?" Perry asked.

"I thought the door was locked," Mr. Knighten said.

"Well, it wasn't," Perry said.



"Did you see Harvard, Harry?" Mrs. Knighten asked.

"I saw some of it," Mr. Knighten said. "I didn't have much time."

"Well, why don't you go out and look at the Public Gardens or something?" Perry said. "Your wife and I have a lot of work to do, and we can't afford any more interruptions."

"Well, if you people are going to work, I'll sit down and read," Mr. Knighten said.

"All right, Harry," Mrs. Knighten said.

"Now, look," Perry said. "I'm very sorry, but I can't work with a third person in the room. I'd like to have you here and I know that you want to be near your wife, but I can't work while someone is sitting in a corner reading a magazine."

"Grace can't stay here unless I'm with her," Mr. Knighten said.

"Now, be reasonable. *Please* be reasonable," Perry said. "We've got a lot of work to do, and a lot of people are counting on us to do it. You have the investors to think of and you have a cast of twenty-four good people. On top of this, you have yourselves to consider. If the show makes good, you'll have an income of around sixteen hundred dollars a week."

"Come on, Grace," Mr. Knighten said.

She didn't answer, but she got up obediently and put on her hat and coat. They stood together by the door.

"Now where in hell do you think you're going?" Perry asked.

"Grace and I have been married for twenty-two years," Mr. Knighten said. "We met when we were in second-year high school and we fell in love right off. We've never stopped loving one another ever since then, but I guess you wouldn't know much about that kind of love. When Grace finished this play, we had a long talk. We agreed that we'd like to be rich, but we promised one another that if it meant a threat to our happiness, we'd rather have our happiness than success or wealth."

"All right, all right," Perry said. "What's the matter with your happiness?"

"You've been married four times, haven't you, Mr. Perry?" Mr. Knighten asked.

"Sure," Perry said. "Sure I've been married four times. My first wife died, my second wife was a fool, my third wife insisted on living in France, and at present I am very happily married, and have been for ten years."

"Oh, you make it sound all right," Mr. Knighten said, "but if you think I'd leave my wife alone in a hotel room with a man who's been married four times, you're crazy." He drew his wife after him into the hall and closed the door.

Perry took an ashtray—a full ashtray—and pitched it into the fake fireplace. Then he went into the bathroom and looked at his face in the shaving mirror. When he was younger, he had been considered handsome, and his massive and regular features were still nearly that. Then he went to the telephone and put a call through to Larry Howe, who had returned to New York. When he told Larry what he had been accused of, Larry began to laugh. "She weighs at least a hundred and forty-five pounds!" Perry shouted angrily. "She's got gray hair. I never made a pass at a homely woman in my life. My girls have always been good-looking, every damned one of them. I've never even taken a homely woman to lunch. You know that. Well, I'm coming back to New York. Bring it up for arbitration if you want. I'm coming home. I'm tired." He hung up and began to pack, and an hour later he was aboard a small plane moving slowly through the clouds above Providence. He took a taxi in from LaGuardia and was driven through a neighborhood whose architecture and whose wastes reminded him uneasily of a theatrical warehouse. The small, attached dwellings, with their gables and parapets, their baronial doors and false towers, and the wash lines and ashcans in their bleak back yards, gave him the same sense of misspent money and energy that he always had when he saw the trappings of a theatrical illusion in any other than the rosy lights in which they were meant to be seen.

When he reached home, a maid told him that Mrs. Perry was out shopping. He went upstairs and mixed himself a drink. Then Larry Howe came over and pleaded with him to go back. Then his wife came home, and she, too, urged him to go back. Then, at around seven, the telephone rang. It was Peggy Townsend, one of the girls in the cast. She was speaking for the cast, the stagehands, and the press agent. Then the business manager got on the phone and told him that the orchestra and two-thirds of the first balcony were sold out for the evening performance. Then he said he'd go back.

PERRY returned to Boston on the nine-fifteen plane, and had a bottle of whiskey sent up as soon as he got into his hotel room. He was having a drink by himself and brooding on the play when the doorbell rang. It was Mrs. Knighten. He looked up and down the hall, but Mr. Knighten wasn't anywhere. She had some papers with her and said she had been reworking the play along the lines he had suggested and thought that he might want to read the revision.

"Where's your husband?" he asked.

"Downstairs."

"How did you get away from him?"

"Oh, it hasn't been easy, Mr. Perry," she said. "He's downstairs, but he's

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CREDITS
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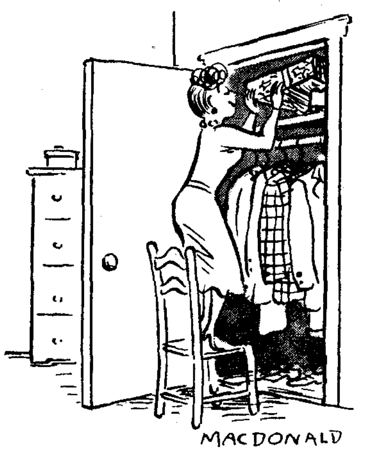


coming up in a little while." She came in and sat down, and folded her hands in the lap of her brown dress. "I'm sorry about what he said about leaving us together," she said, "but there's nothing I can do about it. I know how foolish it is. I know that a man like you could never care for someone like me. I'm a plain woman, Mr. Perry, and I know it. I've always been plain. Even when I was a young girl, I was plain. Harry's the only one who ever looked at me twice. I've never had any trouble with men. I mean they've never bothered me or molested me. During the war, I went down to New York by myself to visit my sister, and I stayed alone in a hotel near Times Square, and the streets were full of soldiers and sailors, and you know how they were, but nobody ever spoke to me. I can walk up dark streets alone, I could travel all around the world by myself, and nobody would speak to me, except perhaps a few women of my own age."

There was a knock on the door, and Perry retreated into the corner and told Mr. Knighten to come in. He forced himself to recall the faces of the neediest members of his cast. He imagined the sum of seventy-three thousand dollars in bills of small denominations, and thought of the traditions of self-sacrifice and hardship that belong to the theatre.

"Well, I'm glad to see you back, Mr. Perry," Mr. Knighten said. "They told me over to the theatre that you'd gone to New York. I see you got the same suite again. You know, some of these suites have television sets. I was talking with a fellow down in the lobby, and he said—"

"Your wife and I have some work to do," Perry said.

"Well, don't let me bother you," Mr. Knighten said. He took off his double-breasted jacket and sat down. He had nothing to read, so he just sat and watched the collaborators. He had chosen a hard chair, perhaps to keep himself awake, and he had a terrible struggle with sleep. He succumbed at about three. Perry and Mrs. Knighten worked until dawn, and finished the second act. When they were through, the air was full of tobacco smoke and outside the windows there was the intense-blue light and the stir of a city morning. Mrs. Knighten woke her husband. Sleeping in a hard chair hadn't seemed to trouble his spirit, although his eyes were inflamed and his face was gray. He said good night, courteously, to Perry. They came again after lunch, and Mr. Knighten read a copy of *Newsweek*. Perry and Mrs. Knighten worked that night, and Mr. Knighten dozed in the hard chair until dawn. This finished the revision, and when Mr. Knighten drew his tired wife out into the safety of the hall for the last time, Perry watched them walk down the hall and thought that the man was insane. It was some kind of harmless and incurable craziness, he thought, as they got into the elevator. He didn't see the Knightens again until the opening in New York.

UNDERNEATH GRAY WINTER SKIES

Against dull sunset, daily growing duller,
As winter freezes the last hint of color,
Black branches interlace in stiff despair,
As though they'd never known a kindlier air,
And I, in wool like any sheep incased,
Regard the wintry landscape with distaste;
Reluctant rustic, pastoral renegade,
I yearn for ostentation and parade,
Vast corridors, soft carpets, half-veiled eyes
Of sleek suburban matrons in disguise,
Vain, silken creatures—or, more likely, rayon—
And other follies satire loves to play on.

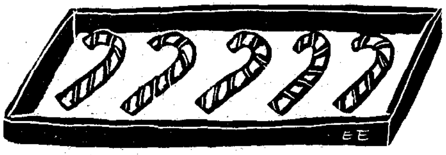
O doorman, twirl for me revolving doors
Back to the people I once shunned as bores!
In some discreet palm garden let me sit
With Mrs. Dowdy, plain and void of wit,
She whom in summer's pride I left to swelter
Glows in my memory as a kindly shelter;
Or in the bar, may Colonel Bland accept
My lame excuse that friendship overslept,
And blessedly unblest with brains or rancor,
Forget that I'm a bard and he's a banker.
Oh, nothing human's alien to me
Who freeze alone beneath a frozen tree.

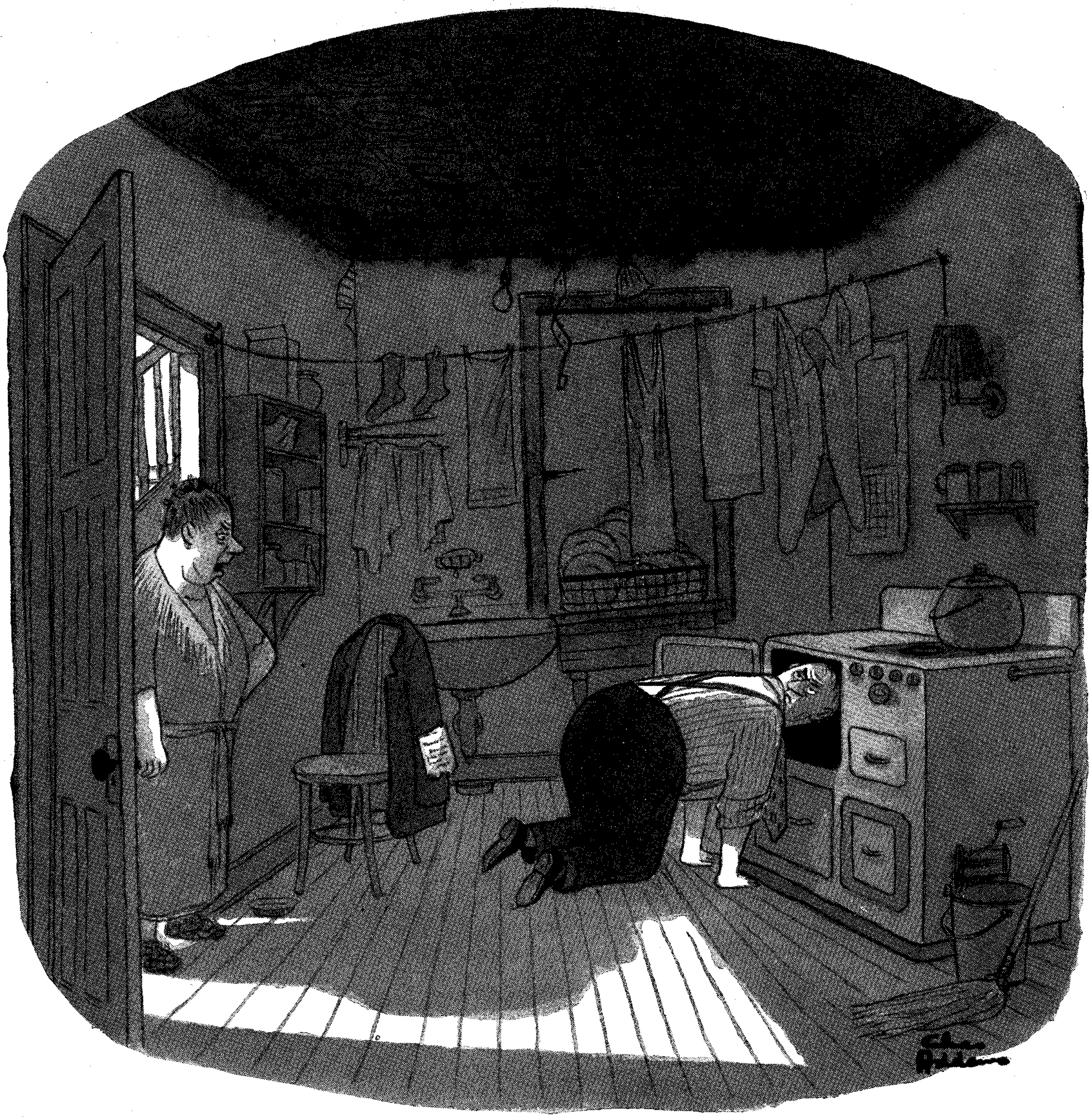
Long, long ago, when the old Waldorf stood
At Fifth and Thirty-fourth Street (as it should),
I was a bold, imaginative child
Who liked my winters bronchial and wild.
To city ignorance of winter's malice
Shopwindows seemed the aurora borealis,
The hissing snow a summons to my soul,
The Waldorf a snug igloo near the Pole.
Could I with equal ease and more acumen
But change this blasted heath to something human!
Nature is indestructible, alas;
It is the cities that too quickly pass.

—ROBERT HILLYER

* * *

MRS. PERRY liked opening nights as much as her husband dreaded them, and they had agreed to take separate ways on these evenings. Perry ate dinner alone and watched the performance from the last row of the second balcony. Ten minutes after the curtain went up, he felt that they were safe. The performance was good, the audience was responsive, the old jokes fired, and when he went out for a cigarette at the end of the second act, all that he heard was excitement and praise. He went back to the balcony and stayed there until the final curtain, and then as the theatre emptied, he went down into the lower lobby. Mrs. Perry and her party had evidently paid their compliments and gone on, for they weren't around. Mr. and Mrs. Knighten were there with the producer and six or seven other people. Mrs. Knighten had an orchid pinned to the shoulder of her dress again, and Mr. Knighten was still in his double-breasted suit. He was standing beside his wife, and when Per-





"Mr. Mitchell! You know you don't have kitchen privileges."

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ry came up to congratulate her, Mr. Knighten put his arm around her waist protectively, jealously, and Mrs. Knighten smiled at her husband as if she had come to believe, at last, that there was some reason for his vigilance.

After Perry had spoken he backed his way to the edge of the gathering and watched. Mr. Knighten was looking into his wife's blunt and earnest features as if he had divined some beauty there that had escaped everybody else in the world, and Perry nearly laughed aloud at the poor man's powers of self-deception. Smiling broadly, he watched the romantic and middle-aged couple climb into a taxi. They were followed by their friends. Then he looked around the lobby for an acquaintance and, to his intense disquietude, found that he was alone.

He called for the producer, he called for the press agent: but they had all gone. There was no one in the box office but an old lady. He thought of his wife and her friends, and he suspected that at the restaurant where they had gone there would probably not be room for him at their table. His smile died. If the Knightens were so damned funny, he thought, where then were all his friends, his wives, where were all his wonderful girls, why was he alone? The hint in this predicament that he had something to learn from Mr. Knighten—something discerning and subtle—made him angry, and he pushed open one of the doors and stepped out onto the sidewalk. The sidewalk was empty, and while he stood there the marquee lights went out. "Taxi," he shouted, "Taxi," but even the taxis had begun to bypass the dark theatre. Presently Perry walked home alone—it was a cold night—and went alone to bed. —JOHN CHEEVER

ANNALS OF CRIME

LONDON MASQUE

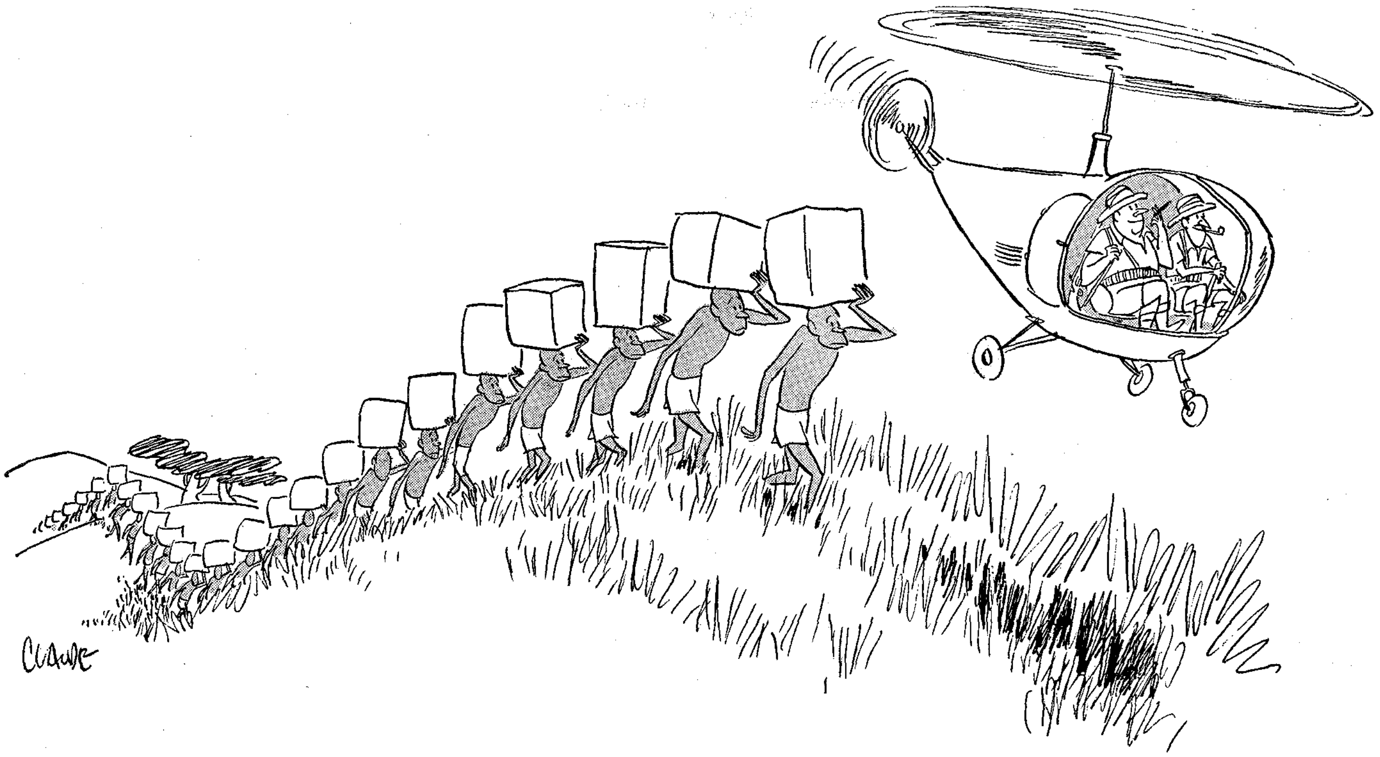
I—MR. SETTY AND MR. TIFFEN

THE murder of Mr. Setty was for us in England important, because he was so unlike the man who found his headless and legless body. It was news, after the pattern that was established when the Wise Men came out of the East and questioned their way to the stable where the King of the Jews had been born, for they were, of course, neither kings nor philosophers, as has often been pretended, but newspapermen. They had seen no star, of course, but had received the call not heard by the ear but felt by the nerves which announces that somewhere there is news. For news is always an incarnation. Interest comes when people start to act out an idea, to show what a thought is worth when it is worked out in flesh and blood, and both Mr. Stanley Setty and his discoverer, Mr. Tiffen, were engaged in such dramatization.

Mr. Setty would not appear to have been a very interesting person by transatlantic standards. But he was one of those cases of abnormally unlucky precocity followed by abnormally lucky maturity which, though the good luck adds up to nothing impressive, nevertheless present modern England with a disquieting problem. He was born Sulman Seti, in Baghdad, in 1903. He was brought to England by his parents when he was four, and at fourteen was working in a Manchester cotton mill, as the law then permitted. Two years later, he and a slightly younger brother set up in business there as shipping merchants with a registered capital of something like nine thousand dollars. After two years, a receivership was ordered against the little lads, who owed about seventy-four thousand dollars and had only twenty-five dollars in assets. As Mr. Setty was only eighteen, he could not be made a bankrupt, a status reserved for adults. Four years later, in 1926, he had saved fifteen hundred dollars and started up in business again, again calling himself a shipping merchant but dealing in every kind of merchandise he could lay his hands on. A year later, he had piled up thirty-five thousand dollars in debts, and, abstracting six hundred dollars from the till, he took off for Italy, where his father lived, in the hope of getting help from him. But blood ran thinner than water, and he was back in Manchester the following spring without a penny. He tried to mend his fortunes by gambling on horses and dogs, and he soon acquired another ten thousand dollars in debts. Meanwhile, his affairs had again been put into the hands of a receiver, and in August, 1928, at the age of twenty-four, he was sentenced by a Manchester court to eighteen months' imprisonment, after pleading guilty to twenty-three offenses against the Debtors and Bankruptcy Acts, such as having kept no proper accounts, having left his place of business with the intention of defeating or delaying his creditors, and having used the six hundred dollars with which he went to Italy for his own purposes instead of handing them over to his creditors. His counsel made a moving plea for Mr. Setty, putting the blame for his misadventures on the community, which should never have allowed him to be a master or employer, because he had “evidently not the mentality to deal with sums of money or large quantities of goods.”

Ten years later, in 1938, Mr. Setty appeared before another court, a shabby and woeful figure. He applied for his discharge from bankruptcy, explaining that he was working as a dealer on commission and that his earnings were pitiful, amounting to twelve or fifteen dollars a week, and that he wanted to raise some capital and start up in business again. This ambition he could, of course, not gratify until he got his discharge, for an undischarged bankrupt cannot legally have a business banking account and cannot obtain goods on credit without disclosing that he is an undischarged bankrupt. Now, it is not difficult for an English bankrupt to get his discharge. He has to submit to an inquisition concerning his means and his character that he is likely to remember with a smart of shame for the rest of his life, but the findings of the inquisitors are not unmerciful. If a man seems to have failed through ill luck or a local or historical crisis, or if he has worked really hard to pay off his creditors, he can usually get his discharge long before he has paid his debts in full. A percentage of between fifty and sixty is often considered acceptable. But the judge to whom Mr. Setty made his application apparently found reason to harden his heart beyond the habit of his kind. He gave Mr. Setty a blank refusal, remarking grimly that he appeared to be planning to set up in business “in a way which might or might not be for the benefit of the business community.”

It would be interesting to learn the subsequent income of the counsel who pleaded that Mr. Setty had “evidently not the mentality to deal with sums of money or large quantities of goods,” or of the judge who refused him his discharge. There is not a chance in the world that the judge, anyway, could have enjoyed anything but a fraction of the lordly income that, when the clouds of war cleared away, Mr. Setty was seen to have been enjoying. True, the address on his notepaper was not so impressive as it might have been. He was not so grand in this respect as his brother, who lived in an apartment close to the American Embassy, in Grosvenor Square, which in my childhood was inhabited exclusively by peers of the realm and bankers. But there was perhaps more restraint in his choice of the apartment he shared with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ali Ouri, soberly distant from the flashy West End, in the stately gray-stucco district north of Hyde Park. It was an address that had its own quiet correctness; one of the most decorous of Scottish peeresses lived on the floor above him. He did nothing to disturb the sedate atmosphere. He did not drink much, he gave few parties, he dressed very expensively but quietly. However, he never carried less than a thousand pounds on him, and it was known that if he was given an hour or two of notice he could produce five times that sum. But he still had no business banking account. He was still an undischarged bankrupt. He still had no office. Because his ostensible business was dealing in second-hand automobiles, he had a garage in Cam-



bridge Terrace Mews, a dead end of old coach houses converted into garages which lies hidden between the tall houses that look on Regent's Park. Chiefly, he carried on his trade on the pavements and in the public houses and snack bars of Warren Street, which is one of those warm, busy, robust, morally fastidious areas that show that Dickens' London is the eternal London. This meant, of course, that he was hard to tax. The Inland Revenue must have found it very difficult to determine what his profits were and assess him. But it meant more than that. Warren Street is the center of the second-hand-automobile market, and therefore a curious medley of the legitimate and the illegitimate. Countless automobiles are bought and sold here without blame in the sight of God and man, but there is also a trade in English automobiles that are designed for export and should not be sold in the home market, in foreign automobiles that have been illegally imported, in new automobiles that (under a regulation set up to avoid a cornering of the market by profiteers) are not allowed to be resold for twelve months after the purchaser gets them from the factory, and in stolen automobiles.

Mr. Setty was active in the purely legitimate trade, but even there something strange was suggested. He was said, by those who knew him only as an automobile dealer, to do business on a scale implying that he had capital in the amount of about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He bought many cars, and he often paid high prices for cars that used a large amount of gas at a time when the ration of gas was small, and he had to keep them for a considerable period before he could resell them. Yet in 1938, when he had asked for his discharge from bankruptcy, he not only pleaded that he was earning from twelve to fifteen dollars a week but a court that was scrutinizing his affairs with a hostile eye said nothing to indicate that it disbelieved this story or that it believed he could afford to pay out a dividend to his creditors. It is hard to imagine how he could, by 1949, have accumulated capital of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Taxation alone would seem to have made that impossible, no matter what gifts he might have developed in the meantime. And there was no registered company behind him, and he apparently had no business partners.

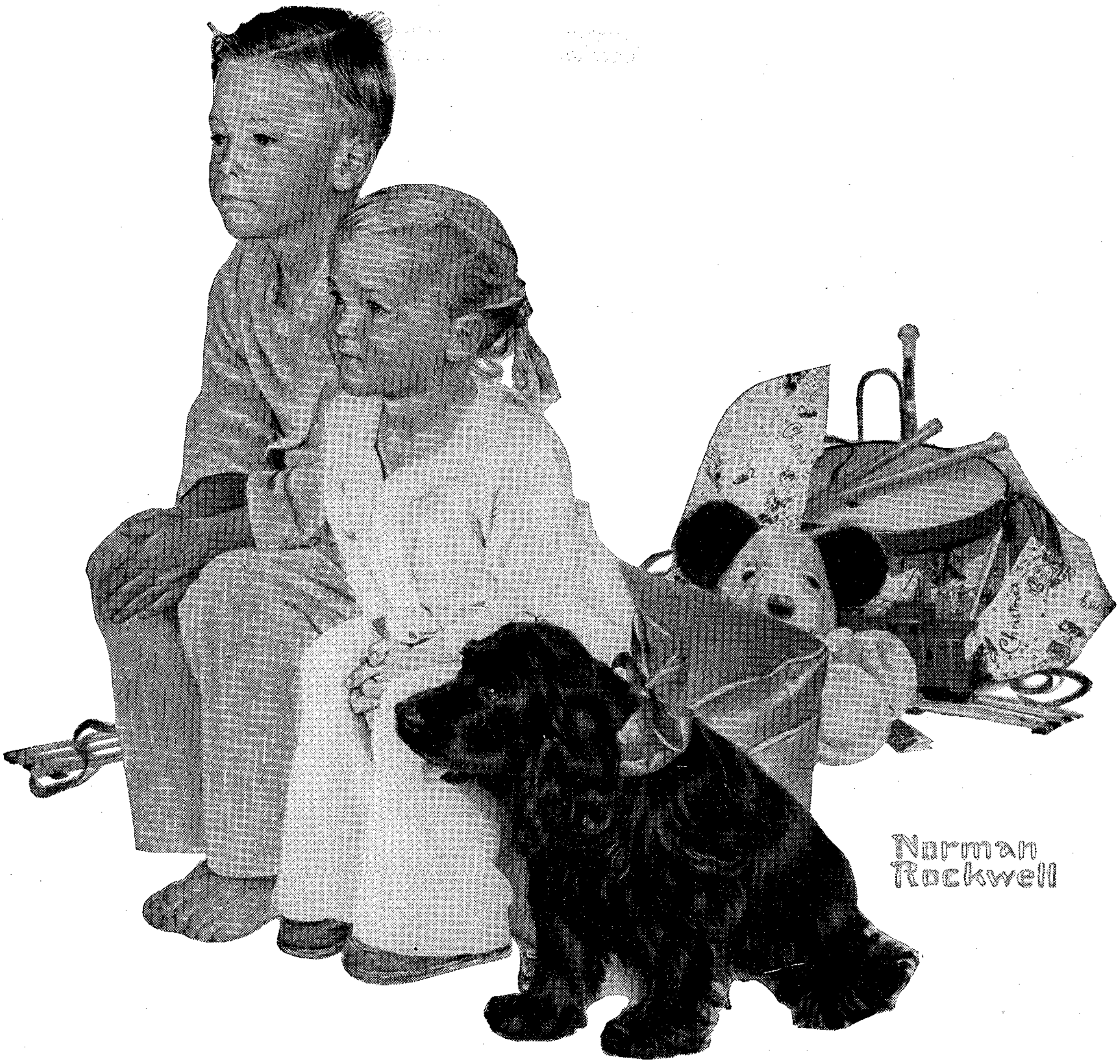
Mr. Setty was also a curbside banker. People who wanted to cash a check without passing it through a bank came to him, and he gave them money for it at a discount, which he never made unreasonable, and passed the check on to an associate who had a business banking account. Here again is a field where the legitimate and the illegitimate are mingled. The most honest of undischarged bankrupts may like to have some means of cashing the checks he receives in the way of business other than by explaining his status over the counter of his customer's bank, and we in England also have a legacy handed down from the Czardom. Up through the first five years of this century, Great Britain took in countless immigrants from Russia and Poland, and many of these, partly because of the inferiority complex the alien feels before the native and partly because of a peasant fear of being swindled by lettered men, never used a bank. Survivors of that generation and some of their children go on cashing their checks with the man who has never let them down yet and is always to be found outside the Three Feathers between five and seven, even when those checks run into thousands of pounds. But of late the curbside banker has been used more and more by people who want to evade taxes or cover up illegal transactions, and if he has ambition he is apt to take a hand in the currency racket, accepting checks in London from British subjects who will find the equivalent waiting for them when they go to France or Switzerland or Italy or the United States, or who are paying for illegal imports that have slipped in on false invoices. Nobody can tell now what branches of the banking profession were cultivated by Mr. Setty, since he kept no records. The figures were all in his head, which is perhaps why in the end it was cut off. But certainly every day he handled thousands of pounds.

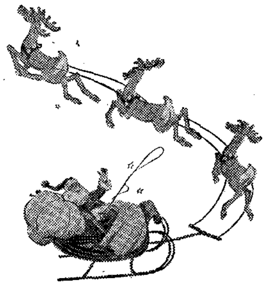
Thousands of pounds are still not many dollars, and Mr. Setty had no political connections, not even with the smallest unit of local government. From a distance, he must surely look small beer. Yet though he was a colorless person, with no remarkable qualities except industry and an unexuberant but steady generosity to such of his banking clients as needed loans, he seemed as dangerous to the British as a figure formed from the smoke of a witch's caldron. He had amassed means at a rate almost impossible to a law-abiding citizen at that time. He had done it by dealing in markets where it was very difficult to track down illegalities, because of the large amount of legal traffic with which they are entangled. In any case, the tracking lays work on the police force which strains its capacity to the limit, and possibly beyond, for this is a new crime here; it has sprung up where there was innocence before, because it is the consequence of conditions not existing till the war. It consists entirely of evasion of taxes and controls, and taxation was not so murderously high till 1939, and controls were hardly thought of before that date. Yet taxation cannot be reduced in England by any sizable amount, since we must pay for the war and our social services and our armaments, and controls cannot be abolished, because we cannot afford to import foreign cars or keep our own to sell at home or spend unlimited sterling on foreign holidays. But the fate of Mr. Setty suggested that however necessary this economic discipline may be, it can do social harm.

It could be taken for granted until recently that the English racketeer was less well acquainted with violence than his American counterpart. He and his friends exchange endless cruelties, they cheat each other and squeeze each other in blackmail and railroad each other into prison, but they rarely draw a gun. A beating-up is the farthest most of them ever go, and that is not common. However, Mr. Setty, who may or may not have been a racketeer but certainly worked among racketeers, all during the summer of 1949 showed serious signs of nervousness. Nothing would induce him to get into any automobile but his own, which is an unusual reluctance in an automobile dealer, and he went less and less to his own garage, which lay across the closed end of Cambridge Terrace Mews, for Cambridge Terrace Mews at certain hours might seem uncommonly like a mousetrap to a nervous person. Going in or coming out of his garage, he could be covered by one enemy. He would not go into a strange garage, or go upstairs into an office or warehouse. His clients had to seek him where he stood in the open street, or in a public house. All the same, on October 4th of last year he disappeared. He told his family that he was going to look at an automobile in Watford, which is a suburb eighteen miles outside London, and drove off in his Citroën, which later was found abandoned near his garage. His family were curiously quick to take alarm. Very soon they offered a thousand pounds reward to anybody who could find him for them, dead or alive. Remoter relatives, including a cousin with the name of Mrs. Sadie Specterman, converged on the apartment house, the other tenants of which were startled by their new knowledge of their neighbor. Such a case needs gams. They were provided for the photographers by Miss Constance Palfreyman, Mr. Setty's fiancée, who said that no, a day had never been actually fixed for the wedding, but they had hoped it would be soon. While this group palpitated, the police remained quite calm. Three days after Mr. Setty's disappearance, his sister and her husband reported a bizarre circumstance: They went out for the afternoon, turning the key in two mortise locks in the front door, and came back to find the door swinging wide open. Coldly the police issued a notice to the effect that they had found no indication that the apartment had been entered. There was as cold a tone about all their announcements. Indeed, they inspired an announcement that was bound to leave any newspaper reader suspecting that they thought that Mr. Setty had come to no harm and had left home for his own purposes.

Then, suddenly, part of Mr. Setty appeared. Off the Essex coast, some distance north of the Thames Estuary, there is a marsh, a springy cushion of mud and grasses, patterned with a net of rivulets, that is frequented by a great many duck and widgeon. On October 21st, Mr. Sidney Tiffen, who was a farm worker taking a week's holiday but not leaving home for it, went out in his punt to get some game. He saw something gray being lifted off the hummocks by the tide and thought it was a drogue, the target, not unlike the wind sock of an airfield, that a training plane trails behind it in fighting exercises. As he had earned five shillings often enough by picking up drogues and taking them back to the R.A.F. station not far away, he paddled over to it. When he got there, he found that it was not a target but a gray bundle tied up in a thick piece of felt, like the carpet of an automobile. It was so carefully secured with such stout rope that he thought the packers must

“Or is she maybe a creature of many moods?”





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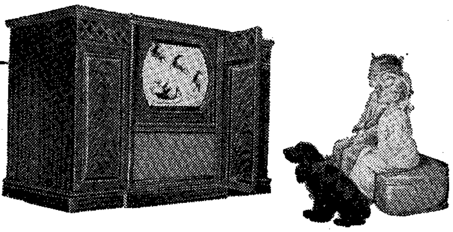

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have considered it valuable, and wondered if it was flotsam from a wreck. As it was too heavy and unwieldy to take in his punt, he cut it open and found himself looking on a body, swaddled in a cream silk shirt and pale-blue silk shorts, from which the head and legs had been hacked away. He drove a stake into the mud and tied the torso to it, then paddled ashore and went two miles over the marshes to fetch the local policeman. Eventually, the body was carried ashore and its fingerprints were taken. The murderer who hopes to commit the perfect crime should exchange references with his victim. Evidently, Mr. Setty's enemy had not known that he had ever been convicted of a crime, for he had not taken off the hands, and thus Scotland Yard was able to identify his body in a few hours. Six days later, a man of twenty-nine named Brian Donald Hume, the managing director of a small factory producing gadgets for domestic and workshop use, was arrested and charged with the murder of Mr. Setty. In court, he was accused of having dropped the body on the marshes from an airplane.

SOON the experienced newspaper reader began to suspect that Mr. Tiffen was, in some way, an exceptional person. The legal restrictions on crime reporting in Great Britain are far beyond American conception. If a gentleman were arrested carrying a lady's severed head in his arms and wearing her large intestine as a garland around his neck and crying aloud that he and he alone had been responsible for her reduction from a whole to parts, it would still be an offense for the press to suggest that he might have had any connection with her demise until he had been convicted of this offense by a jury and sentenced by a judge. Therefore, the veins swell up and pulse on the foreheads of reporters and subeditors, and somehow their passion seeps into the newsprint and devises occult means by which the truth becomes known. The experienced press reader can run his eye over the columns of newspapers that are paralyzed by fear of committing contempt of court (and this fear has justification: Within the year, the editor of a tabloid was sentenced to three months in jail for stating, quite truly, that a man had confessed to a murder for which he was afterward hanged, and served every day of it) and he can learn with absolute certainty, from something too subtle even to be termed a turn of phrase, which person connected with a case is suspected by the police of complicity and which is thought innocent. It was at once apparent that Mr. Tiffen was regarded by the police as guiltless of any part in Mr. Setty's murder, although his story was precisely that which would have been told by an accessory after the fact who had been paid to take Mr. Setty's body out to sink on the flooded marshes, had found it more difficult to do than he had anticipated, and had in panic resolved to try to clear himself of suspicion. There was also discernible to the eye of any newspaper reader the sort of block around Mr. Tiffen's name that comes when a reporter would like to write more fully about a person or an event but is stopped by some consideration, most probably lack of space but sometimes a matter of emotion.

Soon enough, those who had had their curiosity about Mr. Tiffen aroused by such shadows on the surface of a report were given a legitimate reason for visiting him. The Setty family did not immediately pay him the thousand pounds they had offered to the finder of Mr. Setty, alive or dead, though their solicitor issued a statement that his clients quite appreciated that Mr. Tiffen ought to have something for his trouble. Perhaps they feared that if they paid him a thousand pounds just for the torso, it might happen that the head and legs would be brought in by finders who would also each claim a thousand pounds, or perhaps they felt that whether the head and legs were brought in or not, and every day it became less likely that they would be, it was still unjust that they should be asked to pay for a part what they had offered for the whole. It was no use asking them their reason, for they were overcome by sorrow, and even if the heart did not forbid it, there is nothing to be gained by pestering the sorrowful. But perhaps Mr. Tiffen might talk, and that excuse made it worth while setting forth on the journey to his home, which was rather more of a journey than would be conceived possible, considering that it lies only about fifty miles from London.

If one lives to the northwest of London, as I do, one has to get to the place by driving nearly all the way to London, past Northolt Airport, which is to all of us a gateway to pleasure and exasperation, also a remembered fortress, a grave with a flag stretched over it, a certificate that things are never so bad as they seem, a certificate that they are far worse. There we step into great silver fish that take us to foreign countries, often defeated countries, where we can eat and drink better than we can at home, and though we know that we are living poorly with a purpose in view, and that purpose no less than the establishment of a juster state than there has ever been, the old pride irks. There, in the days that were acutely and not chronically distressing, we used to drive along beside the airfield under the arches that were then set up to prevent German planes from using the highroad as a runway; we used to look up at the squadrons as they went out to fight that day's installment of the Battle of Britain, or see a plane coming home and giving a roll before it grounded, to show that it had made a kill, and we would feel that we were fighting well and so had gained a victory apart from victory. But at the corner of the airport and the highway is the memorial to the Polish pilots who flew and fought with our men in those squadrons—now either dead or shabby and shabbily treated refugees. The war has left us in full sordidness. All the same, this stretch of road recalls how, one day, from the pitch where the Home Guard halted us lest we drive into gunfire, it seemed that two separate shoals of small silver fish fought it out in a small patch of sky framed between an oak and an ash.

Some miles farther on, our November quest of Mr. Tiffen led to the left, along a singularly hideous thoroughfare called the North Circular Road. It is ugly in itself, in its curves and its camber, because it links the great highways running northward from London. It traverses an area that till the First World War was good farmland, remarkable for supporting a large songbird population that seemed to have no objection to living a hill away from a metropolis. There were some fields over which the larks used to hover like so many stars of sound, though from their height they must, using their exceptional opportunities for getting a bird's-eye view, have been able to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Now this land is close-set with insipid little houses that are the same even in their determination to be different in some small matter like a balcony, apartment houses that are as similar in their aping of Georgian architecture and their failure to find a formula for this age, and main streets lined with chain stores that give up at the start, make no attempt to be different, and achieve identity and monotony the easy way. The dwellings have, of course, the inferred beauty that all homes have. As the November afternoon darkened, the lit windows proclaimed that here in this house were heat and warmth and shelter, specially prepared for certain persons, and for them only. These proclama-

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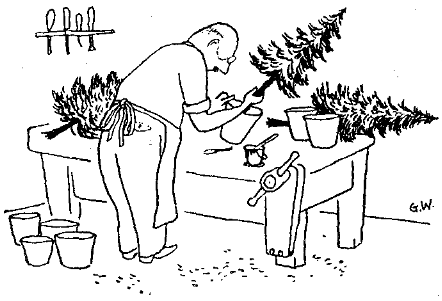
tions had perhaps an extra beauty, because in this area a number of people are getting a second chance after being felled by an economic catastrophe. A large part of the population poured down between the wars from the distressed areas in the North of England and got work in the new light industries of the South. Nevertheless, this is a raw and new civilization that might spring leaks and open holes down to barbarism. It was on a main street in this northern area, in an apartment over a greengrocer's store, that Mr. Brian Donald Hume had lived and had, it was alleged, cut up Mr. Setty into his component parts, to the great damage of the carpets and upholstery. Much, indeed, had come to an end here besides Mr. Setty: the song of the larks and some portion of the highly conditional glory of war. For Mr. Hume was said to have been a pilot in the Battle of Britain, and active in doing all that a hero should do. He had quitted the airfield and turned left and come here. And now look at the damned thing.

At last, our headlights whitened the glades of Epping Forest, that odd sylvan survival that shows the opposite of a forest fire in action. The suburbs of London curl around the woodlands and lick them destructively, like mistral-blown flames closing in on a Provençal village. Then we got on to the Southend Arterial Road. After twenty miles or so on the straight, we took a winding road that ran between hedges up and down little hills, while the night grew softer and softer about us, because of a sea mist. We came to a little town and got out in the high street; in a tower, a big pale-orange circle like a harvest moon, bright above the low mist, told us that it was too late to look for Mr. Tiffen in the hidden landscape. It appeared that this was a polite town. The inn where we must stay the night was on the harbor and difficult to find, and strangers came out of the shadows and guided us, telling us that if the place was closed for the winter, they would take us someplace where we could at least get ham rolls, and they would look around for beds. It was as if we were back in the kindliness of the blitz, and in the inn it was the same. The manageress received us with smiling calm, though she had much that might have excused at least a slight bitterness. She had an amazingly beautiful head, carved strongly and deliberately, like a Greco-Roman bust, and her coloring had been by nature the ideal to which cosmetics work, but she was no longer young. Her degree of beauty should have bought her some great position; she was the keeper of an inn in a small yachting resort. But plainly she accepted destiny as if it were weather and argued no more with her inadequate lot than if it had been the chill of the evening.

The dinner was good, which was more to the manageress's credit than might be supposed in other countries. The steaks we ate were legal fodder, but all the same they must have meant prompt payment of bills and, beyond that, much cajolery. Even today, little is got in England simply. After we had eaten, we went out to find a public house where Mr. Tiffen might go, for it was Saturday night and not impossible that he might have come in from his village for a glass of beer and a game of darts. We found a public house where they had heard of Mr. Tiffen, but he was not there, so we settled down to watch a game of darts. Only gradually did I realize that we had strayed into a part of the public house which was by custom reserved for the use of some friends who met there every Saturday night to play darts. They had seen that we did not know, so they had made us welcome. These people were as different from the people among whom I live in a shire not a hundred miles away as the Spanish are from the French. My neighbors are quick and nervous and secretive, as is natural for the natives of a land that had to be sparsely cultivated until the twentieth century carried the pipe-water system through the length and breadth of England, because our chalk soil absorbs all water and leaves neither stream nor pond. My people are also on edge because they live in a woodland country where for the last two hundred years gypsies have been settling to make wickerwork chair seats, and have confused society with their alien ways, and confused more and more individuals by giving them an inheritance of alien blood. But these Essex people are slow and stately and open, as those are bound to be who live on flatlands under a sky that sees all. At an easy pace, they spoke beautiful English, and what they said reminded me of what I had heard a Macedonian say about a village high on his mountain: "There the people are very courteous, the men and women all speak like the kings and queens of old time."

The next morning showed us the river like gray glass, with a hundred or so small boats lying in the harbor basin. On the opposite bank, the sea walls that keep the estuary from doing harm were darker gray; trees rising above them were black and without depth, like so many aces of clubs. We drove away from the inn through the little town at the very moment when the lie-abed leisure of Sunday morning changes to the churchgoing bustle, then into a countryside that was the simplest arrangement of soil conceivable. It was as featureless as the flats of Holland and Belgium it was facing across the North Sea. Some force had patted this piece of it into rising ground, but not very hard; the plateau was quite low. It was cut up by hedges into green pastures and fields of fat black earth. There were few trees, some farms and cottages, no great houses. It could be seen that a ragged coastline had kept the railways out of this corner of England, and the sea winds and heavy soil had limited the size of the settlements. Here society had remained simple, and we saw what simplicity can do if left to itself when we stopped at a cottage to ask the way, and a woman, young but quite toothless, with several tubby children at her tubby skirts, stared at us without answering, without ill will, without good will, neutral as dough. I wondered whether the reporters' pencils had halted on Mr. Tiffen's name because he belonged to this recessive phase of the bucolic, and it had struck them as painful that the worst of town life, in Mr. Setty's murdered body, should in its finding have come in contact with the worst of country life.

Before long, we had found Mr. Tiffen's village, which at first had no apparent charm. Yet it had the makings of culture. It questioned; it had its dissenting chapel in which men gathered together who would not take truth blindfold from their masters. We passed a prim edifice, with "The Peculiar People" painted across its stucco forehead, toward which some lean and straight-backed men and women were walking with an air of conscious and narrow and splendid pride. This strange faith, which has no creed and no church organization but believes simply in miracle, in the perpetual re-creation of the universe by prayer, is about a hundred and ten years old. Each death that has



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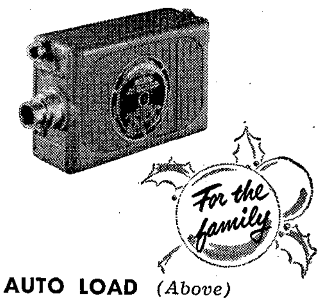

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occurred during that period is a defeat for it, since all sickness should be prayed into health by the faithful, but these people walked with the bearing of victors. These romantics, these explorers, were here balanced by the classicists, the colonists of explored territories. People were streaming toward the village church, too. We stopped a boy of twelve or so, whom we knew to be a choirboy because he was carrying a surplice, and asked him the way to Mr. Tiffen's house. He had to hurry if he was to be in time for church, but the same training and innate turn of mind that made him consent to being a choirboy also made him feel obliged to put himself at the service of strangers if they asked him for help. So he paused to give us full directions, detailed enough to take us to a housing project that illustrated a new phase of this village, indeed of England. A few houses built of yellow wood stood among others built of alternate slabs of concrete and breeze blocks on land that had unquestionably been a field till about five minutes before. The occupants of these houses had not gone to church or chapel or the house of the Peculiar People, and were therefore free to rush to their windows and abandon themselves to an obsolete fantasy about our automobile. It happens that in 1938 my husband bought a four-year-old Rolls-Royce from an incautious seller for two thousand dollars. We have driven it hard ever since, and history has dealt hard with it, what with the blackout and American Army drivers who knew nothing of twisted lanes. It matters not; this battered bargain sprang from the loins of Rolls-Royce and is therefore unalterably a symbol of wealth and power. If a smaller automobile or a commercial vehicle bumps into us, class-conscious members of the public hurry forward to inform its driver that they are ready to give perjured evidence against us, no matter how handsomely he is owning himself in the wrong, simply because they are inflamed by a belief, long rendered absurd by the passage of time, that our Rolls-Royce is far more valuable than the smaller automobile or the commercial vehicle. Moved by the same error, the inhabitants of this housing project surged out into the streets, as if they were, like Mr. Setty, natives of Baghdad, and I were Harun-al-Rashid. They told me which house was Mr. Tiffen's, and I went to it with a fantail of them spreading wide behind me.

When the door was opened, it was by a young woman who seemed never to have heard of any but the most formal and elegant of social relationships. She was at the opposite end of the scale of rural society from the family made of dough. She explained that she was Mr. Tiffen's married daughter, and kept house for him, and was sorry, Dad had gone to see Gran; he always did on Sundays. We asked where Gran lived, suggesting that we might follow him, and though she was careful not to discourage us, lest she should be implying that Dad would not find our company agreeable, her gaze softened with pity. She did not think we could follow him. Gran lived four miles off, in the old coast guards' cottage. Well, that was all right, we had an automobile, four miles was nothing. Yes, but the cottage was on the sea wall. Two miles was as far as we could go by road; after that, the way was across the drained marshes, muddy and hard to find. Oh, but we went anywhere. And how long ago had Mr. Tiffen started? Half an hour? Was he driving as far as the road went, or did he ride a bicycle? Oh, no, he walked. We reflected on the remarkable filial piety of Mr. Tiffen, who walked eight miles every Sunday to see Gran, and hurried off, saying that we would catch him up. But we never did. He was not on the road, and he was not in sight when we left the Rolls among the hayricks in a farmyard on the edge of the marshes. We could see Gran's home in the distance, a small coal-black square under the sharp, pie-crust edge of the sea wall that bounded the landscape, and there seemed to be no living thing between us and it. This was, of course, an illusion. The air was alive with the cries of countless marsh birds. All here was lively. To town dwellers, winter is a season of death, but here it was a brisk cleansing process. The earth was being tilted, so that the heat that had collected during the summer drained away; freshness was flowing in. Growth had not stopped. Through the black fatness of some fields, the winter wheat and oats were sending up green blades bright as paint; the plowed fields lay cut up into dark, shining clods as obviously nourishing as butter. But on that nutrient material we slid and skipped and fell as we worked our way across the flatlands to the sea wall by the sides of the deep irrigation ditches. We kept at it hard, pausing only once, when we came on a dead fox, which looked less pathetic than would seem possible for a dead animal, because he was still a trim and barbered wise guy. We crossed an irrigation ditch, jumping from one slope of dark butter to another, and got to

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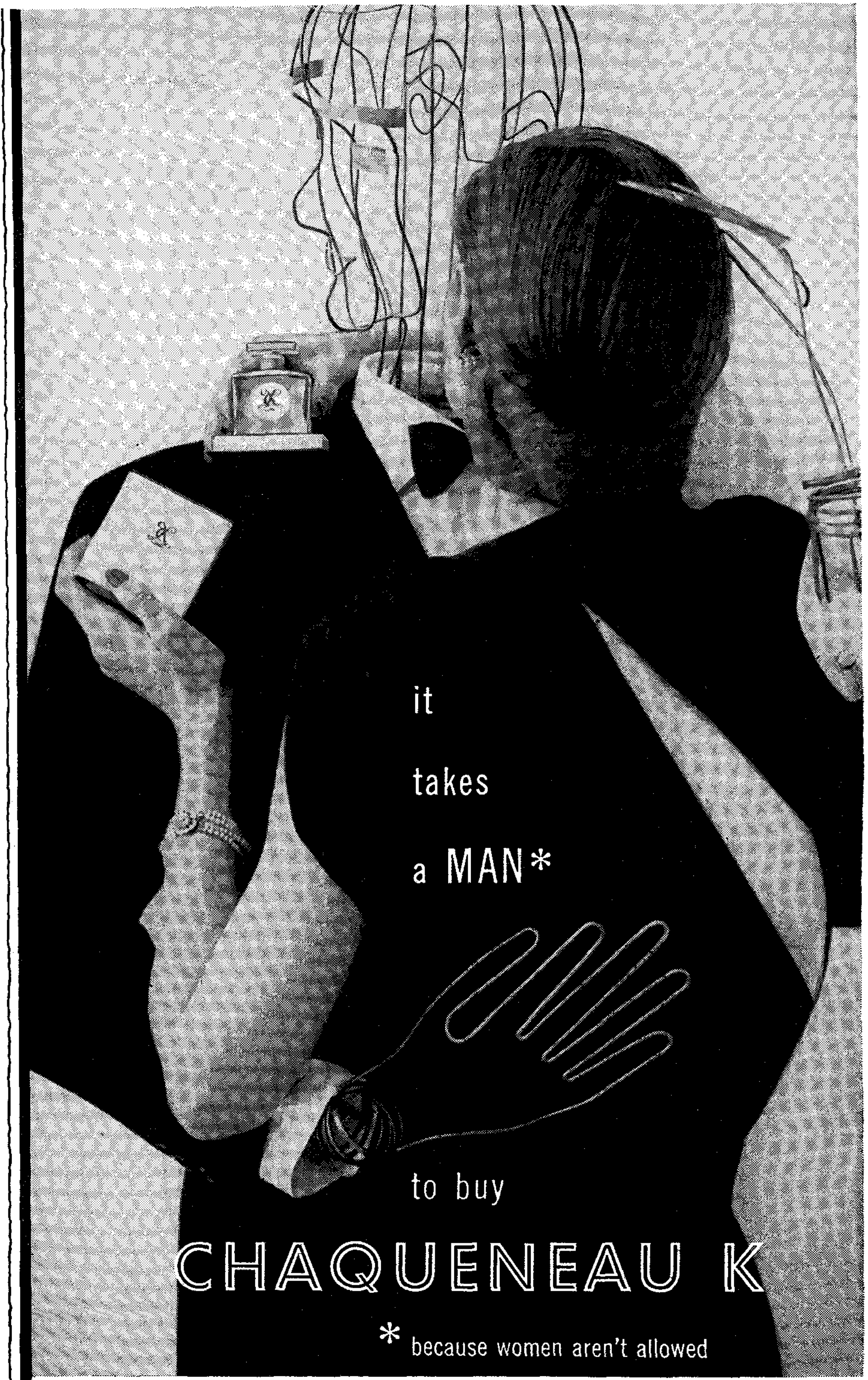
the sea wall and clambered up through the long, wet grasses that clothed it.

The tide was out. So far as the eye could see, there stretched the matted bents of the mud flats: a soft monotony that was blended of gray and green and blue and purple. It had a quilted look, for the thousands of rivulets that cast a network over it followed the same course day in, day out, and had worn down the mud into channels some feet deep. At the bottom of these, the tiny streams, only a few inches wide, had their established, deeply graven waterfalls, their rapids that tested to the utmost the gallantry of straws, and lakes with bays and beaches; and on the islands grass roots found purchase on the mud by gripping it and each other so that they grew into packed jungles, one plant rising on another like minute vegetable pagodas. The scene was incised and overstuffed with profligate ingenuity, and it was odd to think of all this elaboration's being wiped out twice in every twenty-four hours, the rivulets losing their identities in the rough inundation of the tide, the springing grasses, so obstinate in their intention of making dry land out of mud, becoming the bottom of the sea. There was the same spendthrift and impermanent fabrication going on down there as there was over our heads, where great clouds, momentarily like castles, temples, mountains, and giant birds, were blown by the cleansing winter wind to the edges of the sky, here not clipped away by hills or streets and astonishingly far apart. There could not have been a more generous scene, or one less suited to receive the remains of Mr. Setty, who from infancy had been so deeply involved in calculation, and so unhappily, who had tried keeping figures outside his head and got sent to prison for it, and who had kept them inside his head and got killed for it.

Gran's cottage lay about a quarter of a mile away on the landward side of the sea wall: not small, containing at least eight rooms, but nonetheless a deplorable habitation. It was a double house, built of brick covered with tarred weatherboard, which was falling away in splinters, and the windows of one half of it were broken. The only approach to it was by a couple of planks laid across a drainage ditch. It seemed unlikely that Mr. Tiffen would allow Gran to live there, or that she would consent to do so, unless they were sunk so deeply in poverty that they had forgotten how to make demands. The young woman who had received us at



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Mr. Tiffen's home was perhaps a sport from a rough stock, or, just as probably, we had mistaken for gentleness what was really the inanition of anemia. We fumbled at a door, but of course it only led into a woodshed, for it was on the seaward side, and the front door would have to face landward, or on many days it would be impossible to open and shut it against the gales. As it was, so strong a gust blew on us as we knocked at the right door that we were pushed inside, and thus were suddenly confronted with the character of the Tiffen family, and gaped. It did not matter. They were expert in all forms of courtesy, and knew how to receive guests, and how to give themselves time to recover if they had lost their self-possession.

They were sitting in a room that was surprisingly warm. The house was much better than we had thought: It kept the weather out well, this room had a pleasing and individual shape, the fire was drawing well in the grate. There were four of them, sitting around a table, drinking tea and eating mince pie. Gran, who was eighty-four, had been a beauty. She was still pleasing to the eye, with abundant white hair and a very white skin, and a plumpness that seemed an accumulation of satisfactions. Her daughter sat beside her, red-cheeked and blunt-featured like a Breughel peasant, but as sophisticated as any town dweller, as any aristocrat, because of her unusual powers of perception. Beside the fire sat the girl's husband, and it could be seen that she had taken to herself a man who might have been outside the tribe but was one of the same kind. He had a good head and body, he bore himself with dignity, he made sensible remarks in beautiful English. It was to be noted that on the walls there hung two religious prints, one of them a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and numerous photographs of weddings, in which both bride and bridegroom looked thoroughly pleasant human beings. Clearly, the Tiffens had been carrying on successful experiments in eugenics on quite a large scale. There remained Mr. Tiffen, who was sitting over in the window, instantly affording a complete answer to the problem of why the reporters' pencils had checked when they came to write of him. He was a small man, with dark hair that was tousled, because he constantly ran his hands through it, in wonder. It could be seen that he was not a rich man, because his spectacles were the cheapest kind that are made, but he needed nothing, he could get everything he wanted out of what he had, save certain things that the nature of things denied him. But he was thinking of that denial in a way that made it something other than a frustration.

I asked Mr. Tiffen whether he was going to get the thousand pounds reward that Mr. Setty's family had offered to the person who found him, or if there had been some hitch in the transaction. He gave a vague answer, which sounded as if it were what he had been told to say by his solicitors. I framed the question in a different form, and he gave the same answer, and plainly it was so painful to him not to speak frankly that I dropped the inquiry. Instead, I spoke of the pleasant warmth of the house, and it turned out that Gran's tenancy of it was quite a story. She had gone there as a young woman, because her husband had been a coast guard, a member of a marine police force, recruited from time-expired naval men, that used to be quartered at regular intervals along the British coastline but has been superseded since the advent of the combustion engine by smaller, mobile forces operating from the harbors. In the old days, there had been a row of these houses, and she had had plenty of company. When the coast guards were disbanded, the pensioned men and the widows were allowed to stay on, and as they died off, the houses were pulled down. "And quite right, too," the women agreed, their voices rising. They were not archaic, accepting sluts. They were part of the modern England that is building itself anew. "No woman ought to be asked to live like this," one of them said. "There's no water here except the rain water in the cisterns on the roof." Now the family who had lived in the other half of this house had gone; that was where the windows had not been mended, after having been broken by the winter gales. So Gran was the last one to linger here, and a mercy it was she had held her ground and not gone up to the village when she could have, before the war, for now her son-in-law and daughter were living with her, and glad they were to have a roof over their heads, for they had lost their home while he was serving in the Navy during the war. Of course, it was very hard on the son-in-law to be down here on the sea wall, for he was a builder and never worked nearer than the village and sometimes farther away, so in the winter he had to do the two-mile walk across the marshes in the darkness of early morning and late afternoon. But goodness knows what they would have done if Gran had not been able to take them in, and she could do that only because of the trouble that had fallen on Mr. Tiffen.

Sorrow ran through the group like wind through the branches of a tree. It was because of that trouble that Mr. Tiffen had been so upset when he found Mr. Setty's body. He could not get over it, even after all that time. I did not care to question them as to what that time had been; I fancy about three years had passed. He had had a wife, the mother of the girl I had seen in the village and of some sons. She had been forty-two years old and had had hardly a day's illness in her life, except for childhood troubles. She and Mr. Tiffen and the children had all lived with Gran, and all had gone well; none of them had a care in the world. One day she went shopping in the village and seemed full of unusual happiness. "I've never seen you looking so well," the grocer had said, and she had answered, "I don't know what's the matter with me; I feel on top of the world." The grocer was not the only one; everybody she met that morning remembered how she had laughed and joked. Then she turned homeward across the marshes, and Gran and the children, looking from the windows, saw her pause as she stepped off the plank over the ditch and fall to the ground. They found her lying among the parcels spilt from her shopping bag, dead of heart failure. The faces of these four people asked why there should be all this fuss about murder when death is the real wonder, such an exception in itself that no exceptional form of it is special cause for wondering. A living body is in the state in which all living bodies are, and shows no signs of alteration; it is loved, many people wish it to go on living. Suddenly it is dead; it becomes necessary for those who love it to let the undertakers take it away and bury it. This is much more difficult to understand than somebody's dying because he has been stabbed or shot or poisoned by somebody who hates him. Natural death is far less natural than unnatural death.

After Mr. Tiffen's wife died, he could not bear to stay in this house. He saw her everywhere in it. So he moved into a Council house in the village, which we had visited that morning. He had had to pay a great price for it, for Council houses are rented only to farm laborers. He was a fisherman and a fowler, and had been so all his days and loved that life, and he hated agricultural work. But to get one of these Council houses he left the water and took a job with a nearby farmer. It irked the family that had he got over his feeling about the haunting of Gran's

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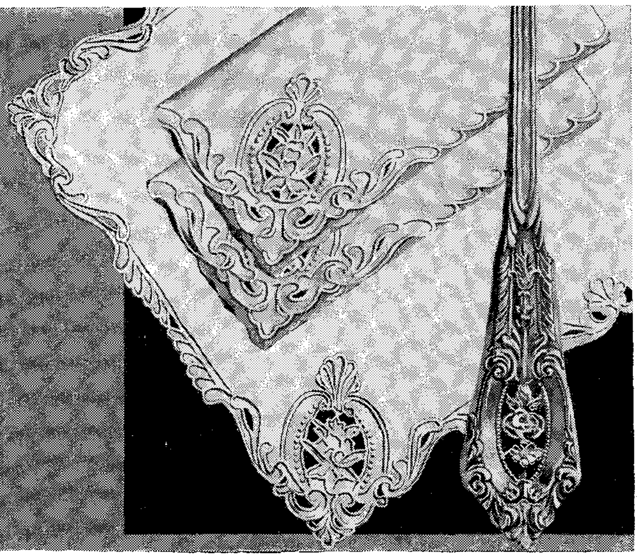

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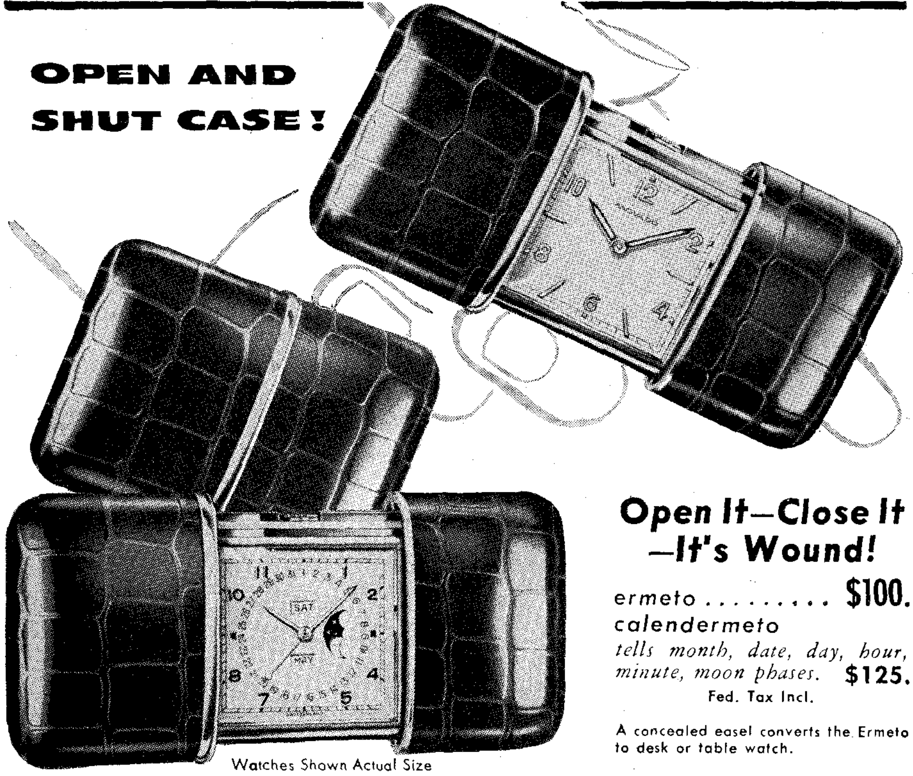

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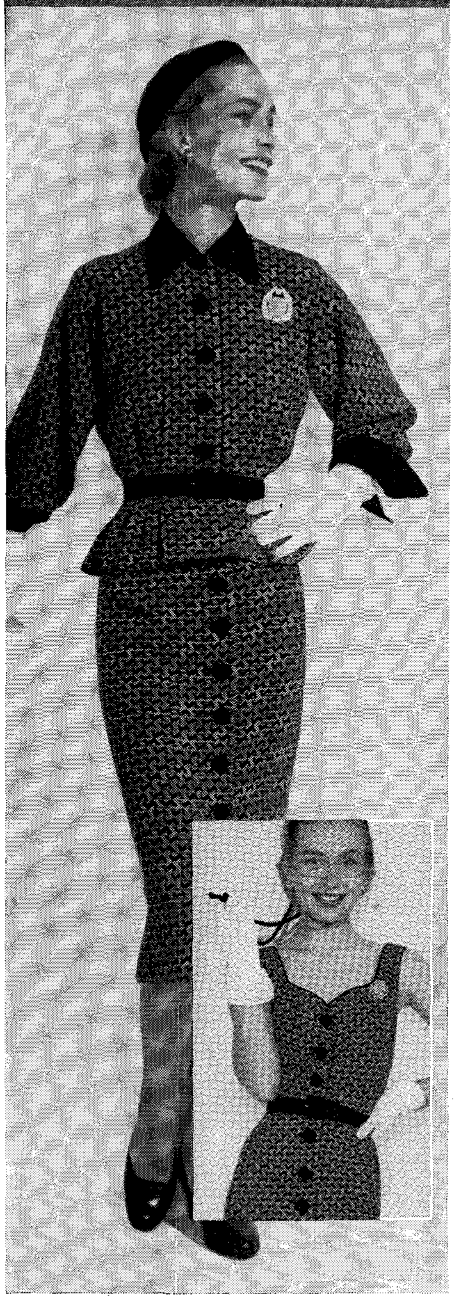

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house and wanted to come back there, he still could *not* have exchanged quarters with his sister and brother-in-law and handed his Council house over to them, who would have found it most convenient for the husband's building work. The regulation that gave these houses to farm laborers could not have been set aside, and this is reasonable enough, for there is a much greater dearth of farm laborers than of builders, but it is hard for people of independent character, as fishermen tend to be, to accept gladly something that so overrides their wills. But it was an academic problem, for in fact Mr. Tiffen still missed his wife so much that he could not bear to come back to this house. That was why he had turned so squeamish over this body, and had not been the same man since he had had to touch it. He had been of two minds about taking any notice of it, but it was such a great parcel that someone might have set store by it; it wasn't just a thing you could let go, and once he had seen what it was, he had had to do his duty by it, though nobody likes handling that sort of thing, really. It was not simple to handle, either. He had got the stake to tie it to into the mud easy enough, and then he had tried to get the rope between one arm and the body—it made a neater job that way—but then the arm had dropped off, and to keep it he had had to put the rope around both the arm and the body, and that was quite a business. Then he had paddled his punt back to the sea wall—about a hundred yards, it was—and he had found a constable in the station—about midday, it was—and he had brought him down to look at it. They both sat in the punt and looked at the great thing held up above the gray waters by the stake, and the constable said to Mr. Tiffen, "There's something wrong here," and Mr. Tiffen answered, "Yes, I think there's something wrong here." Then the constable said, "It's my opinion this is a murdered body," and Mr. Tiffen said, "Yes, I do think it is a murdered body."

These comments on a torso that had been found wrapped in felt and tied up with rope might seem comically obvious, but they were said for a purpose. The constable and Mr. Tiffen saw the remains of a human being who had been dispatched without mercy, and they had neither of them ever seen such a thing before, and they knew that if too many of such things happened, it would be the doom of their kind. They were deeply moved and had a sound instinct to find words to express their feelings, so that they would commemorate their emotion and make it more powerful. Doubtless they fumbled in their minds among the texts from the Bible and verses from the church hymnal and tags from Shakespeare they carried there. But murder is so rare an event that there is no widely known formula for expressing the feeling it arouses, and so they had to do what they could for themselves. They did it well enough, for, as Mr. Tiffen solemnly repeated what they said, their holy loathing of murder was manifest, and as I listened, I was moved back several stages nearer the first and appropriate shock caused by Cain. Mr. Tiffen told, then, of the fatigue and tedium that follow catastrophe. The constable had said that it was not for him to handle the body and that he must telephone headquarters, and then there was much running backward and forward, which went through that day and into the next. Darkness had fallen by the time the great ones were all assembled and ready to take Mr. Setty in, and then they could not find him, and had to wait till he showed up across the flats on his stake through the morning light. Mr. Tiffen acted as guide, made a statement to a Scotland Yard inspector, learned who the dead man was and that he had reason to expect a thousand pounds reward, and went home feeling deadly tired and unwilling to think of the parcel but hoping that a sleep would get him over that. But it did not, and the next night a chill came on him. He shivered and piled the bedclothes on, and his son-in-law brought him his Army greatcoat to lay on top of him, but still he shivered so that the bed rattled. In the morning, his son-in-law brought him a cup of tea, and he said he did not want it, but his son-in-law said, "Go on, try it, Dad, you must have something," but he only brought it up. He was like that for a week, and all that time he was away from work. It was as if he had a real chill, but it was not that; it was the shock of handling the body. Of course, he had brought in bodies before. In the war, he had found the bodies of several R.A.F. men and a couple of German sailors out on the marshes, but that was only helping them to Christian burial; you didn't think anything of it. This was different. Mr. Tiffen's brother-in-law agreed that it was different, something apart. He had

brought in a suicide, a woman who had drownded herself (they all four used the old form of the past participle), and had thought nothing of it, but he would not have done what Mr. Tiffen did, not for anything.

"Come to think of it," said Mr. Tiffen's sister, "have you seen anything in the papers about them burying the body? I haven't."

"They ought to lay it at rest," said Gran.

"Well, I suppose it's awkward for them having only the one part of it," said the sister. "It'd be better if they got the whole of it. I go up all the time to Mum's room with the binoculars, to look if I can see another parcel coming in, but I never see anything."

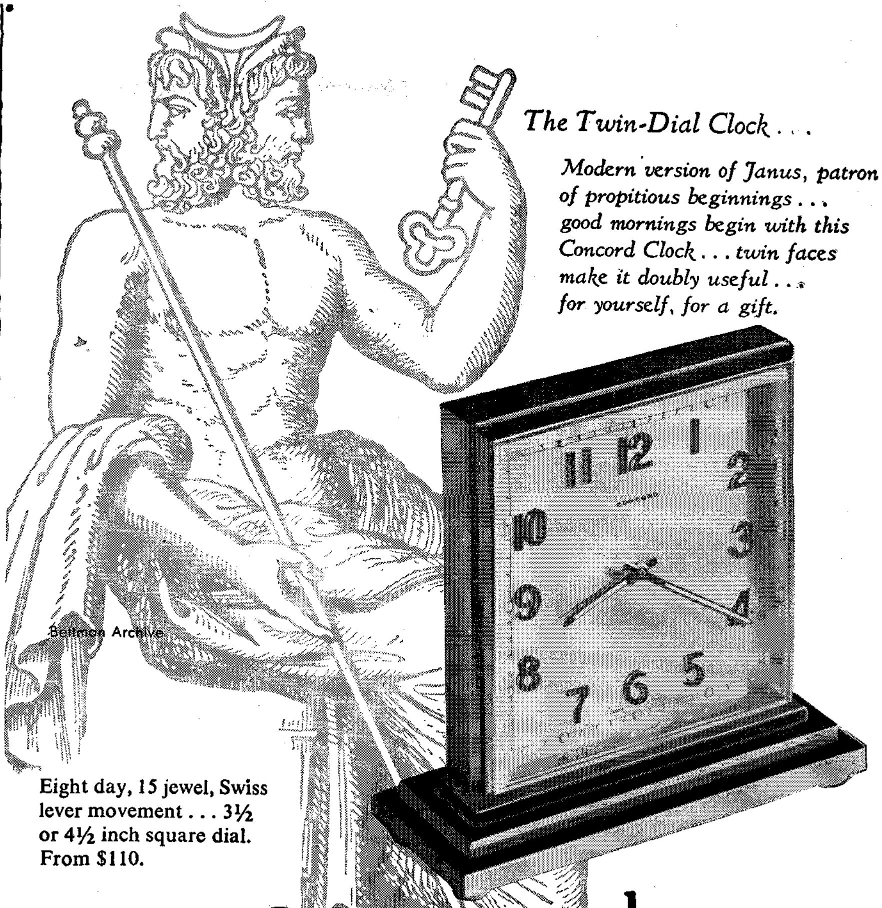
"You never will," said Mr. Tiffen. "All the rest is at the bottom of the sea. And it is awkward for the family. Nice people, they seemed, too. They were at Bow Street when I went up to give evidence. Mr. Setty's sister's husband came right across the room to shake hands and thank me for the trouble I'd taken. Very civil."

Death was a sacred mystery to these people and a loathsome obscenity, but also it had sometimes to be inflicted, and the risk of it suffered, in the way of duty. Gran had brought in cups of fresh hot tea, and for a minute or two we all drank and were silent. My eyes went to two photographs of destroyers on the walls, and Mr. Tiffen's brother-in-law said, "My ships in the war. We're all in the Navy here." "All in the Navy," said Gran, nodding, and sure enough all the bridegrooms in the wedding groups wore naval uniform. So death was not altogether terrible here, for it was part of a familiar and accepted discipline. Indeed, they had subjugated it still further, for it was domesticated, a part of household economy, not taken too seriously, carelessly dispensed to the birds and beasts and fishes, along with love.

"It came of being my holiday then that I came on this thing," grieved Mr. Tiffen, "for, it being my holiday, of course I went down on the marshes and got out in my punt. That's what I like to do, have a bit of shooting in my punt."

"He is a proper wonder in his punt," said his brother-in-law. "Nobody can do more with a punt gun than he can."

Mr. Tiffen said sadly, "Only time that I ever had anything to do with the police before all this fuss and bother was to go to the police station and get a license for my gun. Duck we can get," he said more happily, "and widgeon. There's many like widgeon better than



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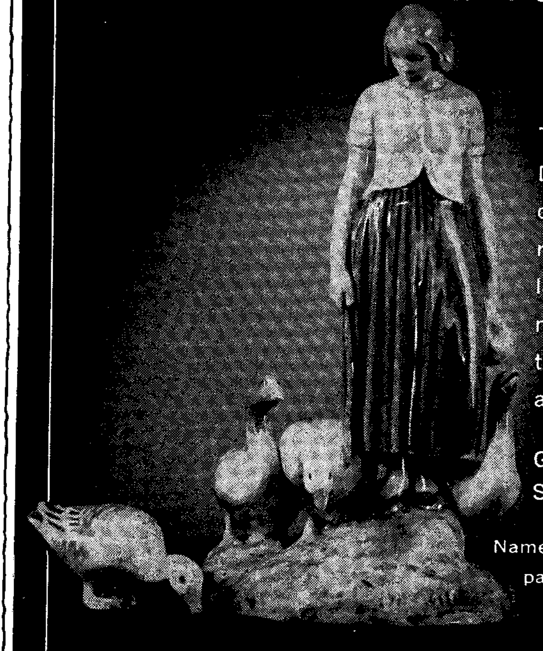

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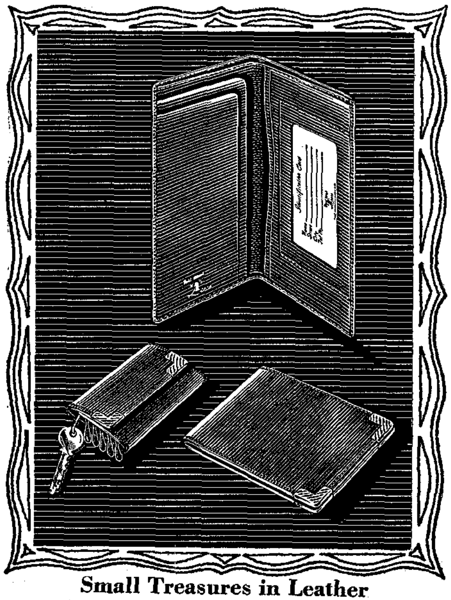

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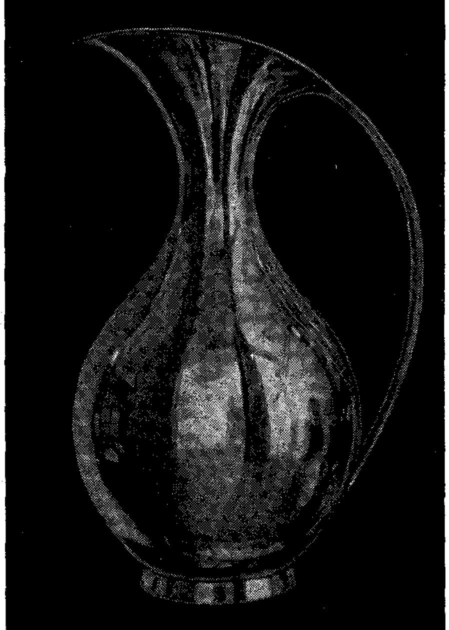

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"Twenty or thirty he gets at a time," rejoiced his brother-in-law.

"We keep what we want," said Mr. Tiffen, "and we get rid of the rest easy enough. I don't even have to send them to market. I just take them home to the village and sell them up and down the street. People are glad to have them to make up the meat ration."

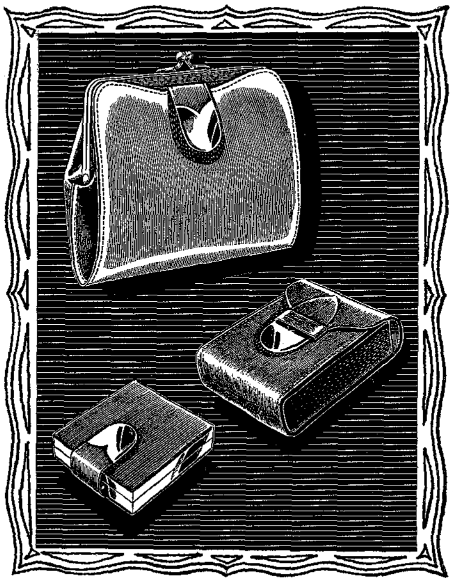
"He has his fun and makes good money out of it," said the brother-in-law.

I asked him questions about this gun that brought down twenty and thirty birds at a time, and they were foolish questions, since I had never shot from a punt. I was worried about the kick of such a wonder-working gun, because I thought it must be fired from the shoulder, like other guns. "No, no," said Mr. Tiffen. "You haven't got this right. The boat takes the kick, not my shoulder. It isn't near my shoulder. It's lying on the floor of the punt; there's a couple of ropes like a cradle at the back of it, like, to take the kick. It's got no sights; I just look along the barrel, and when I get it lined up on the birds, I ship a paddle and pull the hammer trigger with my hand. But you come out and see for yourselves the way it is."

"Yes, you ought to have a look at that punt and that gun," said the brother-in-law. "You won't see better."

"I never saw better," said Mr. Tiffen. "I don't know who made them. They belonged to an old man used to live round here. I bought them when he died. I was young myself then. Come and have a look at them. It's just a step along the sea wall."

OUTSIDE the warm house, the air came cold through our clothes to our skins. It was as if we had dropped into a swimming pool. We shivered and said "Brrr," but liked it. We walked in single file along the top of the sea wall, Mr. Tiffen going first. His feet were very small, and he put them down lightly and firmly, as if he were a ballet dancer. Like us, he had come over two miles of drained marsh, but not by the route we had taken. He had explained that we had not overtaken him on the



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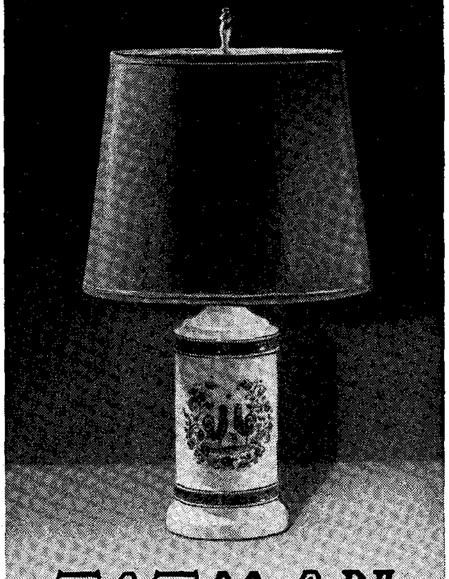

TATMAN
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road because he had come by a short cut of his own. Though we were muddied to the knees, there was hardly a speck of dirt on his neat brown boots. We stopped to look over the blue-green mud flats and listen to the cry of the sea birds. It was as if the still air were striped vertically with the pure, thin ascendant notes. "The teuks those are," said Mr. Tiffen. "Some call them redshanks." Staring out over the sea, which, under a cloudy sky, was now just visible as a dark, shining line on the horizon, he ran his hand through his hair and said, "An unnoticing man he must have been, a most unnoticing man, this Hume, the man they said has done the murder. You see how it happened that the body was laying about so that I found it? He dropped it from the plane where we saw deep water. That's why I say he must be a most unnoticing man, for they tell me he was round here during the war with the R.A.F. He should have noticed that all round the coast here there's places where it's deep water just twice in the month, when there's a full moon and a new moon, and all the rest of the time it's shallow water. When he dropped this parcel here, the sea was flooding over the flats—it was near to the top of the sea wall, I grant you that. But the water runs away; after that there's only a foot or two of water even at high tide; that parcel was bound to lie about on the mud when the tide was out, for anyone to see, and to bob about on the waters when it was high tide, same as it was doing when I found it. You'd think a man would know more about tides and such than to do a thing like that, wouldn't you, specially when he's been in the neighborhood, like?" The face he turned on us was deeply lined by the strain of acute observation carried on all his life long, of a constant conversion of the knowledge he thus gained into wisdom. For once, he was inquiring into something that would remain forever unknown to him. It was not for him to understand the North Circular Road, and the peculiar bargain it drove with some of its inhabitants: teaching them to perform one enormously complicated operation, such as flying a plane, but in exchange taking away their knowledge of certain very simple things, such as the pull of the moon on the sea and the unlikelihood that a man can kill another man without being found out, or even what killing is.

The punt was lying in one of the channels, and we went out to it over the mud, again appreciating how neat Mr. Tiffen was on his feet. If we followed

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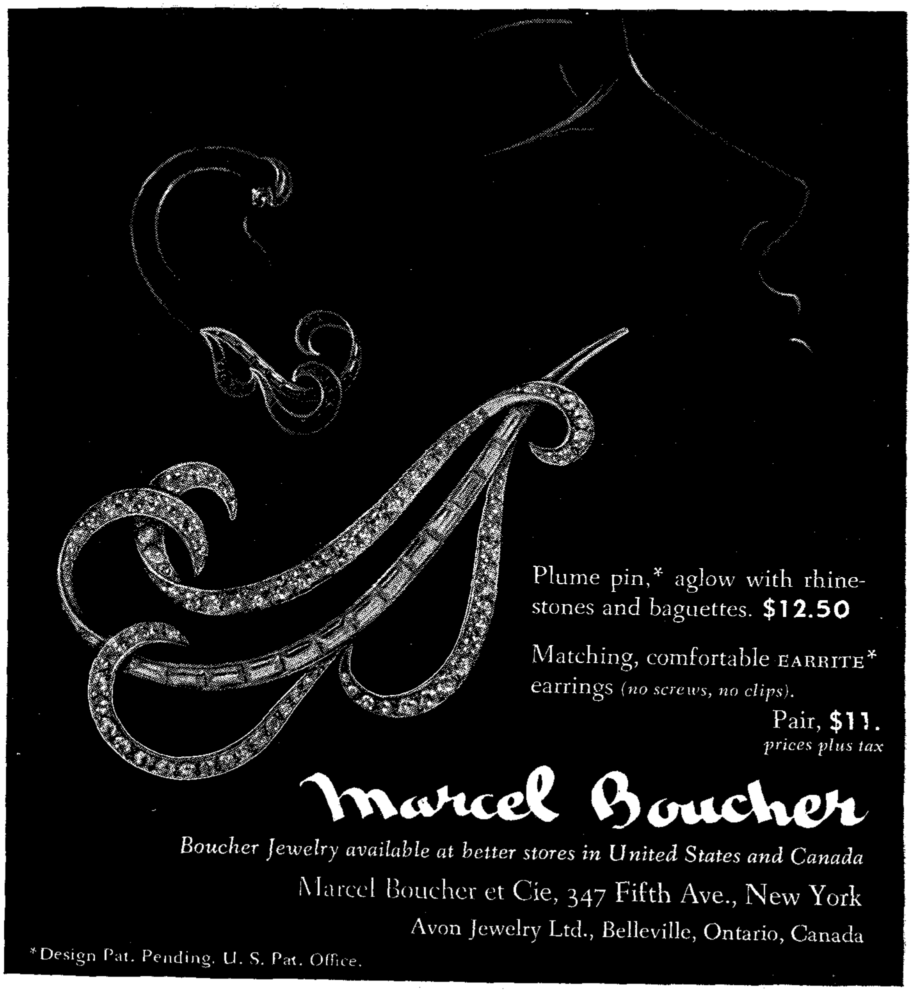

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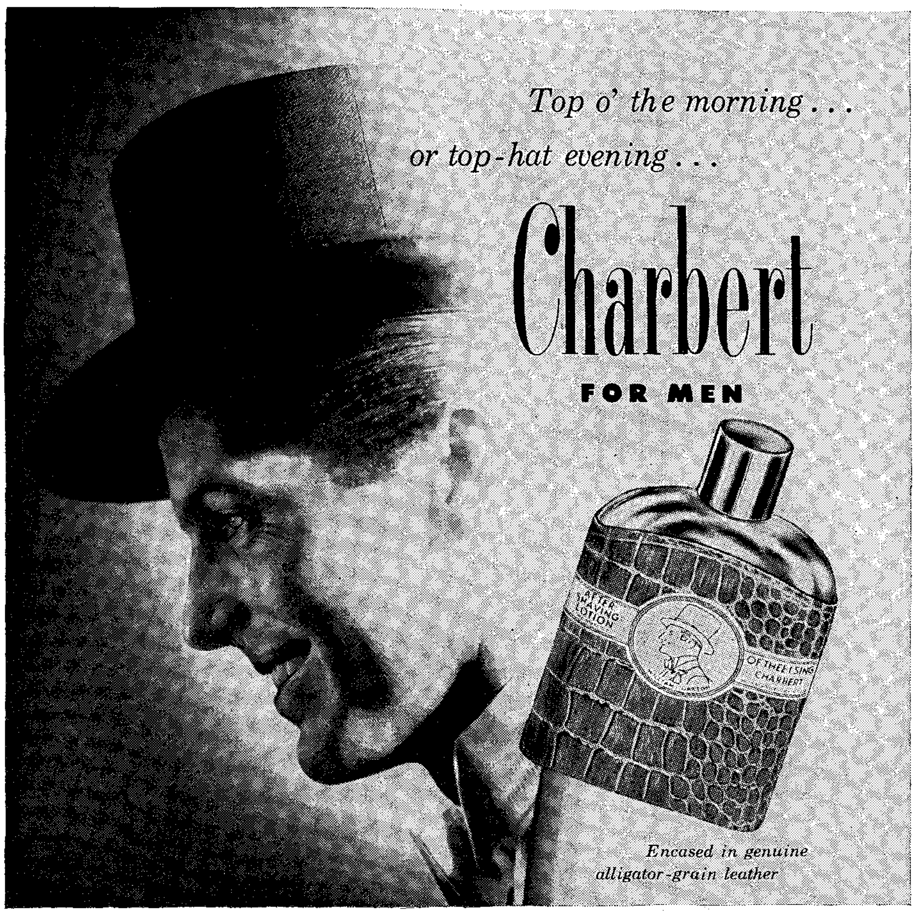

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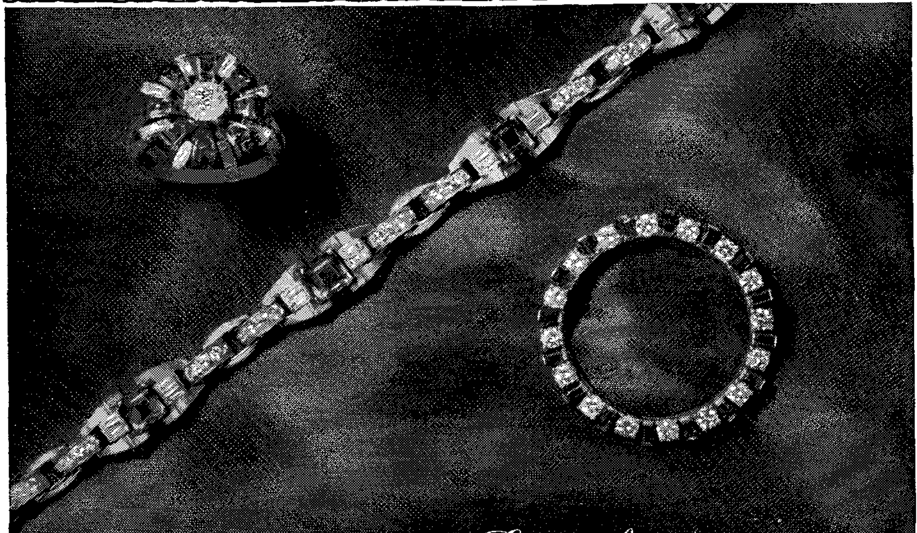

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his trail exactly, treading on the tufts of grass where he had trod, we remained dry-shod; if we strayed, we slid on stuff like toothpaste. For a little, we hung over the punt and made clucking noises, as if it were a baby. It had that mysterious secondary color, apart from its paint, that very old boats have, and it looked very fragile to carry its gun, which resembled a drainpipe. "Do you ever capsize?" I asked. "Well, I did when I was very young," said Mr. Tiffen, and laughed as if he remembered a story against himself.

Just then the clouds broke. Circles of amber brightness travelled toward us over the mud flats and broadened out, and we were suddenly in full sunshine and quite warm. We were surprised, but Mr. Tiffen told us, "It often gets hot like this down here, even in the wintertime. The coastline runs all twisted here, and the way this bay lies, the sea wall shelters you from the east wind. Why, it wasn't long ago—we were right into November—that I came down here and found a great seal sunning himself in that channel over there. The punt was here, and he was over there, sitting up against the bank as if it was his own armchair. I said to myself, 'Well, I've never shot a seal and now I'm going to get one,' and I had my shotgun lying down here at the foot of the wall, and I came back and fetched it, and I was creeping up on him when he looked round at me, and started shaking his head. You know, moved it from side to side, the way old people do when they're just sitting and are comfortable. Like this." Mr. Tiffen made a movement that brought before the mind's eye all the seals in zoos and circuses that look like old gentlemen, all the old gentlemen that look like seals. "After that, I couldn't shoot him. I hadn't the heart to take his life. Not after he'd looked round at me and shook his head that way. I lowered my gun and let him be." His face still creased with smiling tenderness, Mr. Tiffen gazed about at his marshes, his sky. "It was a nice day, just like this," he said.

—REBECCA WEST

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

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MISS TOTTER, MEET MISS DAVIS; MR. WINCHELL, MR. SULLIVAN.

Armand Deutsch will wed Audrey Totter.—*Ed Sullivan in the News, Oct. 30.*

Armand Deutsch is challenging the field for MGM's Nancy Davis's heart.—*Walter Winchell in the Washington Post, same day.*

THE THEATRE

BOUQUETS, BRICKBATS, AND OBITUARIES

I DON'T think I ever had more fun at a musical comedy than I had the other night, when an association of strangely gifted men put on a Broadway epic known as "Guys and Dolls." There have been loftier moral and aesthetic experiences, like "Show Boat" and "South Pacific;" there have been more enduring musical accomplishments, like "Porgy and Bess;" there have been occasions when the humor was clearly on a more ambitious level, like "Of Thee I Sing;" there have been more sensational individual performances, like practically anything involving Miss Ethel Merman. There has, however, been nothing I can remember that sustained a higher general level of sheer entertainment than the operation at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. In form and content, the closest thing to it was "Pal Joey," but even that fine essay in jocular corruption had its moments when I wished the cast would move on to something else. There were none such—for me, at least—in "Guys and Dolls." The credits on the program note that the piece was produced by Cy Feuer and Ernest H. Martin; that the book was adapted, by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, from a story by the late Damon Runyon; that the music and lyrics were the work of Frank Loesser; that the settings were designed by Jo Mielziner and the costumes by Alvin Colt; that the dances were staged by Michael Kidd; and that George S. Kaufman was responsible for the direction. There isn't a man on this list who hasn't my deepest admiration and gratitude.

I haven't any idea how closely the story Mr. Swerling and Mr. Burrows have chosen follows the original, since it is one of the holes in my culture that I have read very little Runyon, whose idiom I always suspected—wrongfully, I'm sure—of being more or less synthetic, like Milt Gross's approximation of the vernacular of the Bronx, and whose plots, or at least the few with which I am familiar, leaned heavily on the old O. Henry switch at the end. Both these faults, if they are faults, are visible in the play version. The speech employed by the characters is a heightened parody, and not a very accurate one, of that used by the Broadway types, including a good many horseplayers, of my acquaintance, and the switch is certainly present, especially when the toughest gambler of them all turns up as a member of a mission band. I don't think these things make any difference, and it may even be that what were flaws in fiction are virtues on the stage, where broad strokes and slapstick techniques are practically obligatory.

Mr. Swerling and Mr. Burrows, to get down to a rough outline of the facts, are primarily interested in two romances—one between Nathan Detroit, the impresario of the oldest floating crap game in New York, and a blonde, to whom he has been engaged for fourteen years, who heads the floor show in a joint called the Hot Box; the other between the gambler mentioned above, whose name is Sky Masterson, and the young lady in charge of the mission. Detroit, who needs a thousand dollars to rent a suitable site for his crap game, makes a bet for that amount with Masterson, who gambles on his ability to persuade the girl from the mission to accompany him to Havana. He succeeds, but, yielding to a soft impulse brought on by love, gallantly denies that he did, thus enabling the boys to get on with their game. Somehow or other (the details would just mix you up), everything works out satisfactorily, at least from the feminine point of view, and the final curtain falls on a rash of weddings. It is as simple as that.

I can list only a few of the brilliant and hilarious things that ornament this framework. Vivian Blaine, as the night-club singer, has two numbers, one explaining how emotional frustration can give a girl a bad cold in her head, and the other an indignant ditty known as "Take Back Your Mink" ("to from whence it came"), that are as funny and as impressively delivered as anything you'll hear this season. Isabel Bigley, as the evangelist, has a face, a voice, and a figure that are all astonishing, to put it mildly, and her material, especially two sentimental songs called "If I Were a Bell" and "I'll Know," and a frivolous duet with Miss Blaine labelled "Marry the Man Today," is well worthy of all these talents. There is a memorable scene in which fifteen or twenty gamblers are tricked somehow into the mission and presently find themselves carolling something called "Follow the Fold," and another, involving some excellent dancing, in which they are all happily congregated in a sewer, shooting dice. The guys and dolls, in addition to

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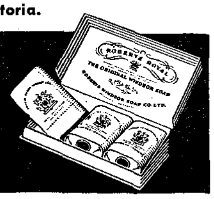
those already named, bear such names as Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Benny Southstreet, Harry the Horse, and Angie the Ox. They are all hoarse in their speech, disreputable in their ways, and seriously misguided in the matter of shirts and ties. The actors who impersonate Detroit and Masterson are Sam Levene and Robert Alda, respectively, and they are superb at capturing that indefinable blend of terrible sentimentality and brassy sophistication that characterizes the Times Square man of distinction. The others include Stubby Kaye, Johnny Silver, Tom Pedi, and B. S. Pully, and I found each of them awe-inspiring, too. Among the virtuous members of the company are Paul Reed, as a hard-boiled detective; Netta Packer, as the commanding officer of the mission band; and Pat Rooney, Sr., who, as one of her lieutenants, sings a song, called "More I Cannot Wish You," that is one of the pleasantest things in the show.

LOOKING back on "Ring Round the Moon," Christopher Fry's translation of a comedy by Jean Anouilh, some twenty-four hours after its opening at the Martin Beck, I seem to recall it more as a collection of isolated bits and pieces, many of them really enchanting, than as anything in the nature of a whole and coherent play. The high point for me, I think, was a spirited tango executed by a young man who vaguely resembled Noel Coward and a young woman who called back some of my fond memories of Irene Castle. It was an absurd and stylish dance, but what made it especially a delight was that the performers accompanied it with an indignant discussion of their love life, which appeared to be remarkably untidy. This item, featuring Georgina Cookson and Michael Evans, both strangers to me, was the best, a fine comic inspiration that will unquestionably be widely and tastelessly imitated in seasons to come, but there were a lot of other surprisingly agreeable moments. Lucile Watson, as a tart dowager anchored to a wheelchair, demonstrated in a series of speeches, dealing mainly with her rich and disorderly past, that she is one of the most extraordinary comediennes in the theatre, impeccable in timing and delivery, getting her effects with a wonderful economy of gesture and admirable vocal restraint. There was a scene in which Brenda Forbes and Cynthia Latham, representing two ladies more or less down on their luck, sang a funny and charming little song about the happier days when they went to concerts together. There



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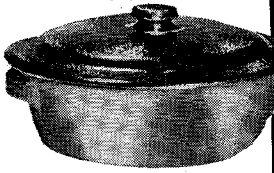

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was another in which Oscar Karlweis, as a millionaire who laid all his melancholy to money, and a strangely beautiful girl named Stella Andrew, as a high-minded ballet dancer, tore up a fortune in bank notes and tossed the pieces gaily about the stage. Francis Compton, always a highly satisfactory performer, made several winning appearances as one of those butlers never astonished by the goings on of the worldly guests, and Philip Tonge, another excellent actor, did well as a wispy patron of the arts. All these gifted people went through their essentially separate routines in what is certainly the handsomest set we have seen since “Lady Windermere’s Fan.” This piece, the work of Georges Wakhevitch, abetted by Raymond Sovey, portrays a winter garden attached to a château in Auvergne. It is a bright and airy masterpiece, and the 1912 costumes, provided by Castillo, almost match it in wit and distinction.

The play itself is a curious and haphazard affair. There are two brothers, identical twins, both played with miraculous agility, if not, in my opinion, with quite the requisite style, by Denholm Elliott, another newcomer to Broadway. The plot has something to do with the efforts of the more sophisticated member of this combination to break up his duplicate’s engagement to an icy heiress, a tall, bad-tempered girl, extremely decorative in the person of Neva Patterson. His idea is to introduce the young ballet dancer at a houseparty in the hope, as I got it, that if she doesn’t win his brother’s heart, she will at least cause a certain amount of embarrassment by showing a hollow society that with a little coaching a child from the slums can easily become the belle of their ball. It was a cloudy project at best, and it was so further confused by subsidiary characters and irrational subplots that in the end it appeared to make almost no sense at all. Thanks, however, to M. Anouilh’s Gallic knack for civilized comedy and Mr. Fry’s ability to invest whatever he does with a unique poetic quality, the lines are almost always bright and shapely, and I was only intermittently convinced that the whole thing would have been even more persuasive if it had been cast in the form of a musical comedy.

IT would be nice to be able to say that time (two and a half centuries) has done little to impair the quality of “The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger,” Sir John Vanbrugh’s comedy of Restoration manners, which was offered by the Theatre Guild last week at the Moros-

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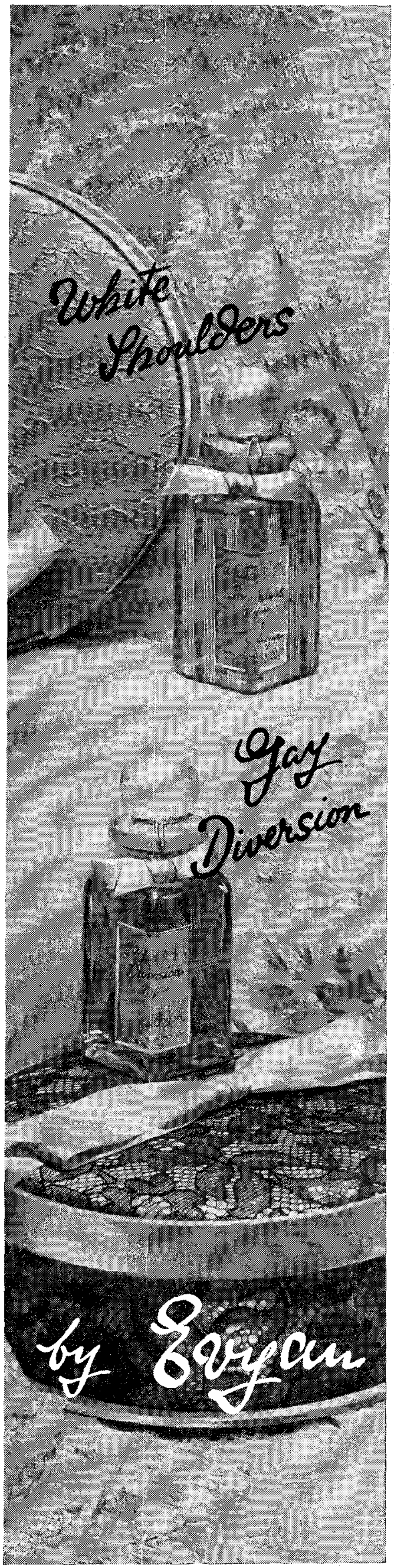

The most precious of all perfumes "White Shoulders" and "Gay Diversion" - and an exquisite American Lace Handkerchief of the early 18th Century from the Lace Collection (16th to 19th Century) owned by Evyan

co. In my case, however, the evening was rather a trial. Except for a flash here and there, the wit of 1695 seemed forced, complicated, and almost unendurably arch; the bawdy passages, while doubtless suited to the lusty temper of their times, struck me as too tough and explicit, too robustly aware of their own daring, to be altogether effective in this effete age, whose standard of vulgarity is different, if not necessarily higher; and the plot, a maddeningly intricate discussion of sex, involving four men and three women, was as hard to follow as Shakespeare at the peak of his tangled ingenuity. There were two or three scenes—a terribly fashionable interlude in Lord Foppington's dressing room; a sort of Hogarthian nightmare, a conclave of grotesques, in an old castle; a drunken and maniacal bridal party in London—that amused me within reason, but each of these was strictly a triumph of acting, direction, and elaborate scene and costume designing over the elementary humors of the script. I am aware that a lot of people will consider this bilious judgment as something of a heresy, there being many who regard practically anything excavated from the sufficiently remote past as the work of giants, exempt from criticism, exempt even from the obligation to be entertaining on any level that can be clearly defined. Having outgrown my own enthusiasm for primitive artwork—the common amazement not so much at the fact that children draw well but that they draw at all—I can only say that I was chilly with boredom through most of "The Relapse." In spite of its carefree attitude toward adultery, perversion, and associated matters, it was just too naïve for me.

Among the principal characters listed in the program are Loveless; Young Fashion; Tugg, a waterman; Lord Foppington; Mendlegs, a hosier; Mrs. Calicoe, a seamstress; Coupler, a matchmaker; Syringe, a surgeon; Sir Tunbelly Clumsey; and Miss Hoyden. They are visible in thirteen scenes and seven sets, successfully designed, as are the costumes, to capture the spirit of Sir John's ancient romp. There is some incidental song, also pleasant enough, and the makeup employed features more beauty spots, extravagant wigs, and putty noses than I ever saw on one stage before in my life. This, I should say, is approximately all you need to know about the plot. The performers are headed by Cyril Ritchard, whose wonderfully precise enunciation and stylized behavior, as Foppington, often make his material seem a lot funnier than it is.

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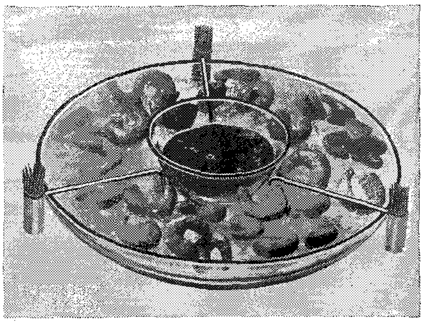

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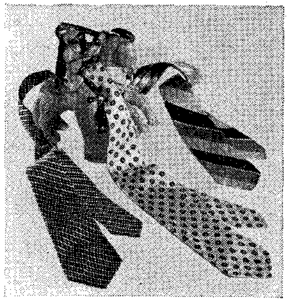

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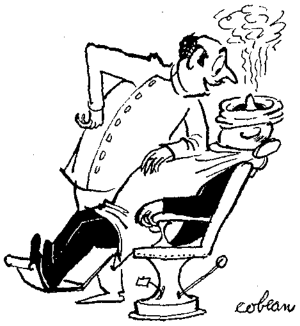

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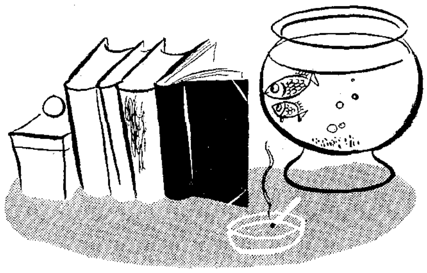
Of his accomplices, whom he also directed, the ones I liked best appeared in rather minor roles—Jerry Kilty, as an effeminate marriage broker; Jan Farrand, who was beautifully uninhibited as Miss Hoyden; and Carl Don, as a man-at-arms, clearly a seventeenth-century progenitor of the Jukes. The more or less featured players included Madge Elliott, John Emery, Ruth Matteson, Murray Matheson, Robert Fletcher, Bryant Haliday, Thayer David, and Philippa Bevans. They were accomplished, too, but on the whole Vanbrugh was too cute for them.

"EDWINA BLACK," by William Dinner and William Morum, is a carefully plotted, intelligently written, but not too eventful British mystery, apt to remind you more of the talents of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes than those of any of our native practitioners. The only death in the play takes place before the curtain rises; there is no real threat of further carnage and no villain in the usual sense; the forces of law and order are represented by a stolid family man whose chief enthusiasms appear to be gardening and tea; and the solution, though ingenious enough, is not, perhaps, entirely unexpected. Nevertheless, I found the offering at the Booth acceptable enough in its quiet way, and I hope it is able to survive the views of most of my colleagues, who seem to have thirsted for more gore. "Edwina Black" isn't, I'm sure, anything to be compared with such superior items as "Angel Street," "Kind Lady," and "Ladies in Retirement," which somehow managed to combine an air of intense respectability with an effect of always imminent doom, but it is still an adequate product of the same school, and I think it should appeal to those who, like me, have a weakness for these little studies in muted suburban violence, conducted by gaslight, under the disapproving eyes of the vicar and his wife.

The action of the play takes place in 1895 in an old, dark house just outside London. Edwina herself never appears, since she is lying cold and dead, the repository of enough arsenic to kill a regi-



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ment, in an upstairs room, and the living cast is a small one, consisting of her widower, a schoolmaster; her companion, who is also his mistress; the Scotland Yard operative previously described; and a Cockney housekeeper, grimly attached to the dead woman's memory and determined to make things difficult for the survivors. The story is simple. In the beginning, Black and his inamorata are very happy in their new freedom and, thanks to the prospect of a sizable inheritance, full of cheerful plans for a trip to Lake Como and other points of interest. Soon, however, the detective arrives with his searching questions; small discrepancies develop in both their stories about the events leading up to Edwina's taking-off; and gradually the pair are brought to suspect one another. This naturally rises to quite an emotional pitch when the girl gets a pinch of poison herself and is convinced that her lover administered it to her. She is mistaken, but, in a manner that the childish rules of my trade won't allow me to disclose to you, her hysteria is mainly responsible for clearing up the mystery.

The acting, I think, is more than satisfactory. Signe Hasso, the most appetizing Scandinavian contribution to the entertainment world since Sonja Henie, gives a fine, fierce performance as the woman in the case; Robert Harris is suitably harried as her rather ineffectual admirer; Michael Shepley does a nice, robust impersonation of a policeman; and Marjorie Rhodes, as the dull, vindictive housekeeper, really succeeded in alarming me once or twice. Leo Kerz's sombre and cluttered drawing room is excellent, but his lighting effects, at least on opening night, seemed to call for a little more rehearsal.

IT is my sorrowful duty to report that Josephine Hull, who has probably given me more pleasure, pound for pound, than any other actress extant, is now part of a conspiracy to bore even her fondest admirer to tears. This sinister endeavor, described as a comedy, has been engineered by Samuel Spewack, who wrote and directed it, and his wife, Bella, who has seen fit to produce it on the stage of the Fulton. It is called "The Golden State," a cynical reference to California; in addition to Mrs. Hull, its cast contains such usually diverting performers as Ernest Truex, Jocelyn Brando, John Randolph, Polly Rowles, Lou Polan, Ben Lackland, and Frank Tweddell, and if it is not the most aimless and exasperating play offered so far this season, it at least gives

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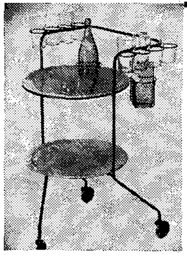

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"A Story for a Sunday Evening" quite a run for the roses.

The plot—a word I type in a sardonic spirit—revolves around an elderly lady (Mrs. Hull) who operates a sort of boarding house somewhere in the vicinity of Los Angeles. Residing in this establishment are two insolvent young couples; a crooked promoter, at the moment on parole; and a sprightly and alcoholic old prospector. Somewhere in the first act, this antique gets the idea that there is gold in his landlady's back yard and the inmates form a company to mine it; somewhere in the second act, it turns out that this is a mistake and the general dream of getting rich overnight collapses; in the third act, there is some effort to prove that real happiness hasn't much to do with money, a ludicrous proposition if ever I heard one.

Mrs. Hull and Mr. Truex call on all their best mannerisms to inject a little gaiety into these sorry monkeyshines, and the others work conscientiously, too, but the theatre, unfortunately, offers no rewards for dogged heroism, and I'm afraid they can console themselves only with the reflection that their present embarrassing employment can't last for long.

OWING to my low familiarity with mystery fiction, I was able to identify "Pride's Crossing," which closed after eight performances at the Biltmore, as an adaptation of a book called "Midsummer Madness," which appeared last spring, without causing any undue excitement in the field. The author's name was given as Langdon Dodge, but subsequent investigation has disclosed that it was actually written by Victor Wolfson, who was also responsible for the play. The plot and the characters were substantially the same, and so was its stature as a work of art. "Pride's Crossing," that is, was a rather elementary psychological thriller, based on a lurid and highly improbable situation, containing about the sort of prose you'd expect in the skull-and-crossbones department of letters, and offering, as its protagonists, a group of people not likely to be confused with any genuine residents of this globe, living or dead. The play was, in fact, considerably inferior to its source, in that, because of the limitations of the theatre, the most stirring action took place offstage and was only reported by couriers, breathlessly steaming in from the wings. It may be, indeed, that Mr. Wolfson chose the wrong occasion for anonymity. In my opinion, he would have been wiser to acknowledge the

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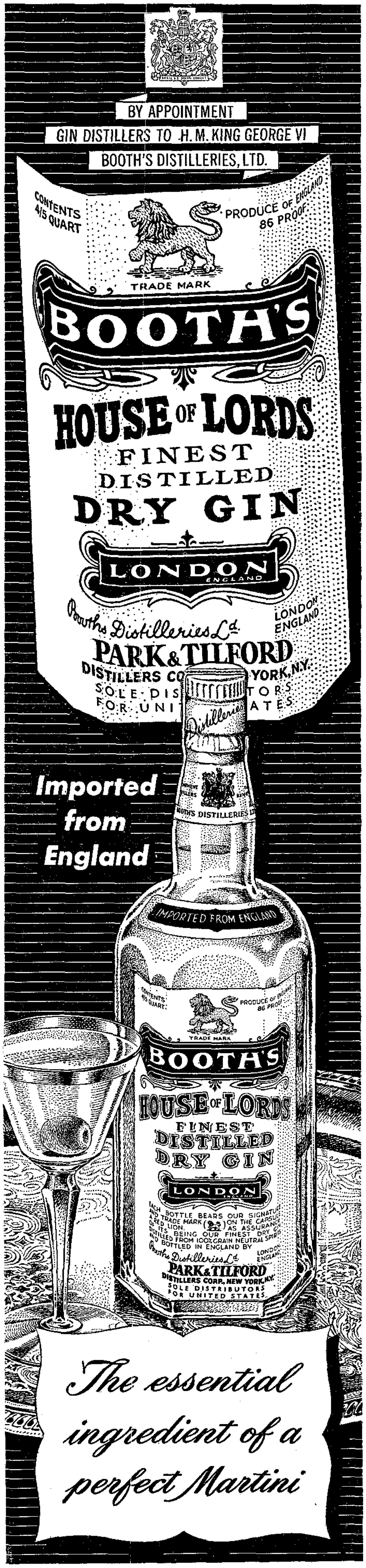
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novel, which was a competent specimen of its genre, and reserve the pseudonym for his melodrama, which broke down into roughly equal parts of glum exposition and frantic, dark, and largely incomprehensible activity, with only traces here and there of legitimate theatrical excitement.

The acting was more or less distressing, too, being generally over-vehement in execution and continually punctuated, at least on the part of the adult members of the cast, by curious little barks of mad laughter. Mildred Dunnock, who gave such a superlative performance in "Death of a Salesman," wrestled heroically with a singularly monotonous role and frequently contrived to bring a measure of charm and conviction to it, but the others—Tamara Geva, Katharine Bard, John Baragrey, and two not notably precocious small boys—conveyed chiefly a sense of desperation, certainly forgivable under the circumstances but still a bit uncomfortable to watch.

"A STORY FOR A SUNDAY EVENING," which opened and closed a while ago at the Playhouse, was written, directed, and, in a manner of speaking, starred in by Paul Crabtree, a young man with dark, curly hair and unmitigated confidence in his own attractions. The doings on the stage, informal to a point where it occurred to me that I might better have observed them while sitting on a cracker barrel and smoking a corncob pipe, were concerned loosely with an actor and his struggle to choose between two ladies employed in the same grisly trade. The style was a composite of such harrowing stencils as "You are a creative person, David" and rather anxious little jokes, usually contained in asides to the audience, which stood up under them with considerable fortitude. Though cruelly handicapped by the script, Cloris Leachman, as the actor's wife, and Henry Jones, as an understandably harassed stage manager, gave very fetching performances. The scenery, strongly whimsical in design, was lugged on and off by stagehands, who had a somewhat moody air about them. A lady with gray, curly hair and a singularly kind heart, whom I later met on the sidewalk, remarked that "A Story for a Sunday Evening" struck her, on the whole, as a pathetically defenseless enterprise. I guess that sums it up.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

• •

THE END CROWNING THE WORK

Some clumsy men, and I am one,
Build what they have to build as though
They hated all its wooden guts,
And botch it together anyhow,
Landing the hammer on their thumb
Not once but at least twice. I built
A feeding post that way, for birds,
Hardly expecting the birds to come,
And got the thing stuck in the ground
And poured sunflower seed on top.

Birds used to pass it every day,
Going to eat elsewhere, while the
Wind blew and rain washed the seed away.
I dumped more seed, relentlessly.

This morning, after a dust of snow
Pointed the tips of the brown grass,
I heard a blue jay screeching in
A spinney of spruce, and watched, and saw
Him land to eat. And while I watched,
Another jay came diving from
The tall cedar at the field's end,
Fast, fast, and flattened out,
His wings spread in a climbing glide.
That way, as if returning home,
He stuck out feet at the furthest edge
And stalled there on the deck—my deck;
Where gray and blue and white he shone
As if wet, in cold and early light.
And the post never even shook.

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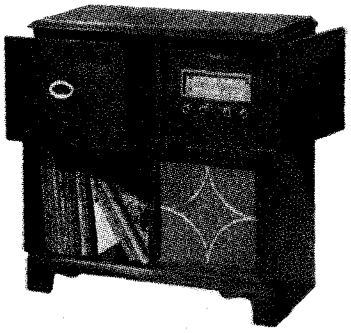

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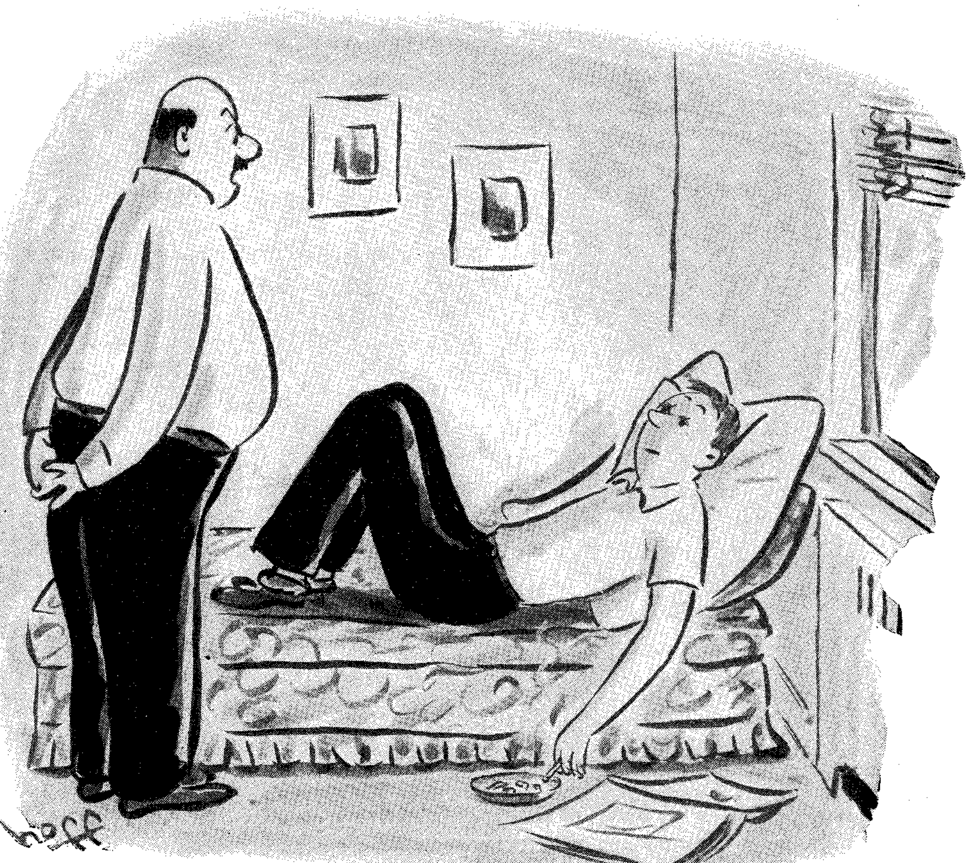
Not long ago, Mr. Pack invited me down to Dagsboro to see his chickens. "Any time suits," he told me over the telephone from his home. "How about tomorrow? Meet me at LaGuardia at noon and I'll fly you down and you can spend the night. I happen to have my own plane. It's only a Beechcraft four-seater—what they call a Bonanza—but it gets me there and back. I've had it out to the Coast. Maybe you'd better have lunch before. I never eat any. I used to be too busy to bother and I lost the habit. I'll be somewhere around the Port Authority office, at Gate Eight. That's where I'm cleared. You'll know me because I won't be wearing any hat. Or would you rather make it the day after? I'm flexible." I said tomorrow would be fine. "O.K.," he said, and hung up.

I got out to LaGuardia the next morning at about eleven-thirty and had a sandwich in the lunchroom. Then I made my way down to Gate 8. Mr. Pack was already there, rooted like a rock in an eddying current of wayfarers. He is a tall, handsome, heavy-shouldered man of forty-seven, with a genial scowl, an indistinct mustache, and a tangle of scanty, graying hair. He had on a blue plaid suit, a scenic necktie, and blue suède moccasins. He was mopping his brow with a transparent handkerchief, and he looked harried. When I raised my hand in recognition, he gave me a welcoming smile, and vanished through the Port Authority office door. As I came up, he reappeared, carrying a bulky tier of pastry boxes. "All set?" he said. "Had your lunch? . . . Good. I don't know about you, but crowds give me the willies. Let's get going." A dim tunnel led us onto the field. We headed across it toward a rank of small planes shimmering in the sun, and I remarked that it was something of a treat to be called for by plane, like this. Mr. Pack gave a deprecatory laugh. "Think nothing of it," he said. "I make this jaunt all the time. Georgetown, where I keep my plane, isn't but an hour and a quarter from here—less with a tail wind. And that's practically home. Dagsboro is only about fifteen miles southeast of there. I enjoy flying. I started in five years ago and it hasn't palled yet. It's different from the average hobby. I've tried them all—photography, home movies, fishing, television. Flying holds your interest. To tell the truth, I love it better every day. There's something about sitting up there in your own plane. It's more like business. You might say it builds up your ego. You get a sense of accomplishment. It's hard to explain." He shrugged. Then he motioned with his head. "Mine's the red one here on the left," he said. "Let me have your grip." He opened the door, tossed my bag and his pastry boxes into the back seat, and slid under the control wheel. I followed him in. "Besides," he said, clamping on a set of headphones, "I had to come up to New York today anyway." He grinned. "My wife got hungry for some of Lindy's cheesecake."

WHEN we had scaled the stacks and steeples of Brooklyn and were throbbing out over the Lower Bay, Mr. Pack pulled off his headphones, leaned peacefully back, and lighted a cigarette. "I don't mind New York," he said, "but I'm always glad to see it fade away. The funny thing is, I dreaded to leave it."

"Aren't you a Delawarean?" I asked.

"It's hard to say what I am," Mr. Pack replied. "You might call me a Russian. I was born in Odessa. My parents



"Just wanting to observe the human pageant isn't enough, Walter."

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came to this country when I was a baby, though, and I grew up in Astoria, over in Queens. I've lived in quite a few different places. Before I finally hit the Peninsula, in 1938, I had a year in Jersey, and I even spent some time in the hillbilly hills of North Carolina. I was raised in the Jewish faith, but I haven't been in a synagogue for years, and my wife's a Roman Catholic. So are our two girls. About the only thing I've always been is in the chicken business. My father had a little chicken market in Astoria. He killed kosher for the wholesale and retail trade. Pack's Live Poultry, he called it. My earliest recollection is watching the women come in and feel every bird in the place and then go somewhere else. Chickens were all that my brothers and I ever knew. I'm the oldest of five. If we weren't at school or home in bed, we were helping around the market. We had to. It wasn't Pop's fault. He was a good man and he worked like a slave. He never let up. But you know how it is—somebody's got to be the underdog. The trouble was there just weren't enough Jewish people in Astoria in those days. Of course, it's different now. We were desperate most of the time, but I don't think I ever heard Pop complain. He had calmness of spirit. He was a philosopher. 'When your time comes to make money,' he used to say, 'nobody can stop you. When it's your time to lose, nobody can help you. Wait it out. The sun shines once in a while.' Pop died in 1946 and Mother lives in Florida now, but the last few years of his life, they made their home with us. It gave me a lot of satisfaction to see Pop taking it easy in the sun."

Mr. Pack was silent for a while. The soft roar of the engine filled the plane. I gazed down at the sagging piers and battered breakwaters of the New Jersey shore. There were fishermen squatting on most of the piers. Mr. Pack cleared his throat. "I stayed in the market with Pop until 1930," he said. "By then the others were coming along, and I was married, and the business wasn't big enough for the whole bunch of us. My brother Dave and I broke away at about the same time. We went in together and opened a chicken market of our own in Brooklyn, in the Williamsburg section. My brother Mike got out before us. He put his savings in an egg farm over in Jersey. After a couple of years, he switched to raising broilers. Mike had foresight. I don't know how much you know about the broiler industry, but as a year-round business it's one of the newest there is. Up to about thirty years ago, a fresh-killed broiler was a seasonal luxury. They were on the market only in the spring and summer. Nobody could grow them in cold weather. The year-round industry got its start, down here in Delaware, in the early twenties. That's when all the pioneer work in breeding and nutrition and scientific housing was done. Then the idea took hold in the Middle West, where the feed was closer at hand, and for a while that was the main production area. In the late twenties, the industry began to move back East again. It turned out to be more profitable to be near the biggest markets. Well, it was just beginning to boom when Mike went in. He evolved with it. By 1936, he had a little processing plant, and a shipping business on the side, and he invited me to join him. He couldn't grow enough chickens to keep his plant going, and he wanted me to go out in the field and buy for him. I was such a dumbbell, I hesitated. I almost said no. Dave and I were beginning to see daylight with the market and we had a few comforts, but it wasn't that. And it was O.K. with Dave for me to leave him. I guess it was just fear of the unknown. I'd always stayed pretty close to the city."

"What made you change your mind?" I asked.

"I've given a lot of thought to that," Mr. Pack said. "Incidentally, that's Cape May up ahead. We jump across Delaware Bay there. Then we're home. It was some time before I found the answer. The reason was subconscious. Deep down, I hated New York. I was fed up and disgusted with the trickery and the finagling and the saying one thing and meaning another. I used to wake up in the morning in Astoria and a curtain of depression would descend on me. It was the same in Brooklyn. I'd think, Oh, my God, I've got to go down to West Washington Market and match wits again! Everywhere I looked, everybody was above me. I lived on edge. The only concept of life I had was to keep your feet pointed different ways. I thought that was the way things were. The truth never really dawned on me until I saw the Peninsula. That was in the summer of 1938, a year or so after I'd finally decided to join Mike. I'd been down in North Carolina trying to round up some new sources of supply for him, but that country was stone-dead. All they wanted to raise was moonshine. On the way back, I stopped off in Delaware to see what the picture was there. Well, it was exactly what we had been searching for. The industry was developing by leaps and

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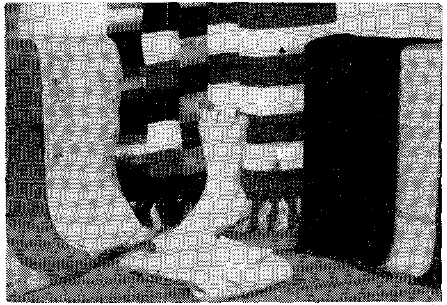

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bounds. But what I noticed most was the people. The growers I met were like a different race. The only person they resembled was Pop. They were straight. They didn't even know any tricks. I don't know how to put it, but all of a sudden I felt relaxed. I felt at home. It was where I belonged."

Mr. Pack shook his head, apparently in gratitude. "I had a talk with Mike," he said, "and he agreed that the best way to get the business was to be on the spot. A couple of months later, I found a house in Dagsboro and moved my family there. They were as satisfied as I was. Especially the girls. They took to it like natives. I guess they're real natives now. Both of them married Delaware boys. At first, all I did was tend to business. I just bought chickens for Mike's plant and didn't pay much attention to the details of growing. I never had. But gradually I began to get fascinated. I thought it might be interesting to start a few chickens and see what happened. So I did. I rented a little farm and bought some biddies, and—bango! The bug bit me. The next thing I knew, I had the fever. I began buying and renting farms one after another—all going concerns. Mike didn't try to hold me back. He probably realized it was hopeless. I went hog-wild. It wasn't the money. It was a few years before I began to accumulate. To be frank, I still feel the same way. You reach a point of view where money isn't so important. You want satisfaction out of life. Chickens are the stupidest creatures in the world, and the most contrary and the most everything else, but there's something about them. You like to watch them grow."

While Mr. Pack was talking, we had jumped the Bay. Below us now stretched a meadow of treetops. He leaned forward and peered through the windshield. "Here we are," he said. "Better fasten your belt. It looks like I'm going to have to bank." His fingers tightened gently on the control wheel. The woods tilted, the sky rolled up and away, and an angular oasis of dust and concrete sprang into view. A runway raced under my nose. There was a bounce and a lurch, and a diminishing rush of wind. We jogged sedately past a gasoline pump and a row of hangars and up to a green-roofed building with a wide veranda. A man in shirtsleeves sat on the steps, drinking a bottle of Dr. Pepper. Beyond the building were three or four parked cars and a road creeping off through the trees. As we climbed out, Mr. Pack glanced at his watch. "Sixty-seven minutes," he said. "Not

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bad.” Then he exchanged a tranquil salute with the man on the steps and led me over to a grimy new Lincoln sedan. It was hard to tell whether it was black or gray, but it was a beautiful car, and I said so. “I suppose it is,” he replied, plucking a crumpled copy of *True Crime Comics* from the front seat. He pitched the magazine in back with the stuff we’d brought with us, yawned, and slipped behind the wheel. “It was my wife’s idea, though. She picked it out. A car is just a car to me. If I had my way, I’d drive a Ford or a Chevvy. Be more practical. Some of my farms are a little off the beaten trail. As you’ll see. The first of the two I’ve got picked out to show you is on that order. Two is about all we’ll have time for. My farms aren’t any too close together and I want us to get home in time to relax a little before dinner.”

WE drove off through a scented twilight of straight-boled pine. After about a mile, the road joined a highway. Then the trees began to thin out, shrinking away into brakes and groves to the horizon, and we emerged into a bright and orderly countryside of withered corn and greening rye and an occasional huddle of farm buildings. Mr. Pack roused himself from some agreeable reflection. “You know,” he said comfortably, “I look back on those first few years, and I wonder. Some of the tumbles I took would have cured the average individual. It’s hard to say what might have happened if I hadn’t had my job with Mike to keep me afloat. At one point, I was three hundred thousand dollars in the hole. I owed that much—to the feed company, mostly, and the hatcheries. But you can go up in this business about as fast as you can go down—it all depends on the market—and I had my share of luck. Success is peculiar. You get more credit for it than you deserve. Or so it seems to me. It doesn’t take much braininess to get to the top in broilers. It’s partly luck and partly enough capital and partly something else. You’ve got to have the temperament. You might call it— well, nonchalance. I’ve been accused of that.” He gave me an equivocal smile. “Anyway, I hung on, and pretty soon the skies began to clear. What it boils down to, I guess, is the old American thing of not being fainthearted. By 1941, I was hovering around three hundred thousand birds a year. That let in a little daylight. It was fortunate, too, because about that time Mike decided to expand, and I was in a position to help. He wanted to set up a processing plant

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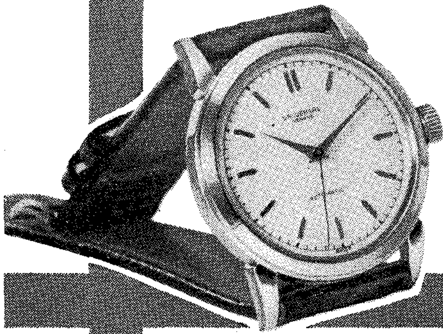

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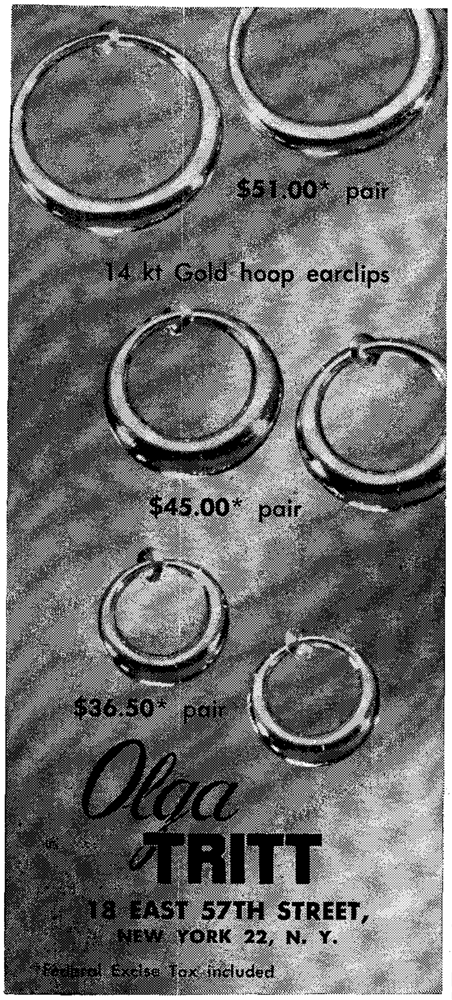
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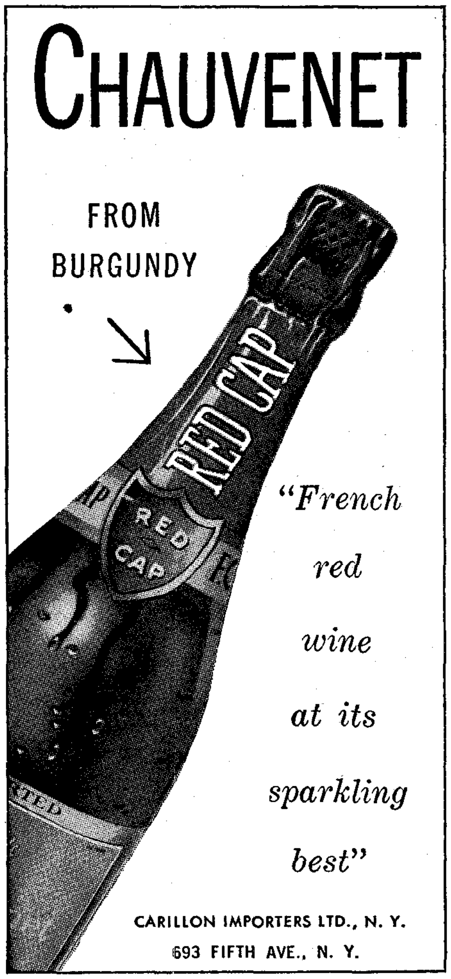
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on the Peninsula. Naturally, I encouraged him. There was a real need. We settled on Milford, up toward Dover, and got Dave down from Brooklyn to run it. He's done quite a job. We slaughter and pluck almost nineteen million chickens a year there. I guess it's the biggest plant of its kind in the world. There are four of us in on it now. Mike got restless a few years ago and sold out his share to Dave and me and our two youngest brothers, Louis and Manny, who had come in with us just a short time before. Louis had been in the Army—he ended up a lieutenant colonel—and Manny was at Curtiss-Wright, but they both had the background, the same as the rest of us. Here's where we turn off." Mr. Pack pointed a proprietary thumb at an approaching wall of woods. "Dave and them all live in Milford, and the plant is more or less their responsibility. I concentrate on growing. I do get some income from the plant, but growing is my main income and my main interest. It's my main everything."

Posted on a tree just ahead was a small sign: "Angola Farm." Mr. Pack brought the car to a crawl. We inched off the highway and down a rutted embankment onto a faltering, tree-cramped lane. "This place is named for a village on down the road," he told me, wrenching the car around a pothole. "I suppose you saw that sign back there. As a rule, of course, real working farms—the down-to-earth type—don't have names, but my kind of operation is a little different. I'd never be able to keep all my farms straight without." A few moments later, the lane turned and we swung into a huge, shaggy clearing. On the edge of it sat a tidy white bungalow, and beyond, stretching off among weeds and stumps and spindly second growth as far as I could see, was row after row of weathered sheds. They were long and low and studded with stovepipe chimneys, and in front of each shed was a broad yard, fenced in with chicken wire. In one of the yards lay an elderly liver-colored hound. The others were empty. Mr. Pack drew up near the head of one of the rows. "If you're wondering where the chickens are," he said as we got out, "they're all inside. They're in the brooder houses, where it's warm. We don't let them out in the yards, even in weather as mild as this, until they reach six weeks and begin to get some feathers. You won't find anything here but week-old chicks. That's one reason why I picked Angola. I wanted you to see a bunch of biddies. At the moment, most of my other farms are either between flocks or their birds are pretty well along toward marketing age. I sell my birds at anywhere from ten to thirteen weeks. It more or less depends on when they hit three pounds. That's the weight I like." He pushed back a rickety gate that opened on the first of the deserted yards, and waved me through. "The other reason is Angola is about my biggest farm."

"How many acres is it?" I asked.

"Acres?" Mr. Pack replied. "Oh, around six hundred. This clearing is forty. The rest is all timber. But that isn't what I meant. I guess I'd better explain. The size of a broiler farm depends on the number of chickens it will house. I happen to have a little four-acre farm up near Cedar Creek that accommodates a flock of over forty-five thousand. Acreage isn't very important. It's housing capacity that matters. Angola is what we call a hundred-and-twenty-two-thousand-capacity farm. We can raise that many chickens here at a crack. On the average, we get a little better than three flocks a year. You might think we could get close to four, but life's too short. I like to allow a couple of weeks between flocks for cleaning up and giving the men a rest. When a man has given practically his whole time seven days a week for three months to pampering twenty thousand chickens, which is what a good one can handle, he's ready to sit down. But you've got to get at least three flocks a year. That's the minimum. Also, you've got to bring at least ninety per cent of your flock through. The minute your mortality gets above ten per cent, unless some miracle comes to pass, you've lost money on that bunch. The profit in broilers is all in volume. I doubt if over the years my profit has averaged three cents a pound. It's like everything else these days—you've got to be big to survive."

WE came to a halt before one of the sheds, and Mr. Pack tried the latch on the door. "There's not much point in going any farther down the line," he said. "These brooder houses are all exactly alike. Same size, same equipment, same number of chicks. We figure fifteen hundred to a house here. That's allowing close to one square foot of floor space per bird. I'm opposed to crowding—" He touched my arm. "Listen!" he said, cocking an ear. For an instant, there was only the anonymous murmur of the countryside. Then I heard it. It might have been the distant shrill of crickets—a small, quick, rhythmic clamor, pitched almost beyond the reach of hearing. Mr. Pack grinned, released my arm, and shoved the door open. There was a frantic surge of movement around his feet, like a scurry of leaves in a wind, and the tiny keening rose and swelled. I stepped gingerly after him into a low-ceilinged room, some fifty feet wide and half as deep, spangled with sunlight from a dozen dusty windows and carpeted with a yielding litter of sand and sawdust and manure. Shallow troughs, containing feed and water, stood here and there on the floor, and ranged along the far wall were three squat, faintly glowing pot-bellied stoves, each capped with a broad, umbrellalike hood of galvanized iron. Over the troughs and around the stoves and up and down the room flowed a squeaking, tumbling tide of yellow down. "Mob psychology," Mr. Pack said. "If one runs, they all run. They make a pretty sight, don't they? There's something about a bunch of biddies. In another couple of weeks, though, they'll be all neck and legs. Which is just as well. It doesn't pay to get too fond of them."

There was a pause. Mr. Pack probed the litter with a blue suède toe. "Well," he said abruptly, raising his eyes, "you're probably wondering about those stoves. I don't breed my own chicks, as I guess you know. Hardly any growers do. Breeding is a field in itself. It's a science. But we have the whole, entire job of bringing them up. They're hardly out of the egg when we get them from the hatchery. They're only a day old. The stoves are what you might call our substitute for the old mother hen. Those canopies—hovers, we call them—act like her wings. They hold the warm air close to the floor. Hovers vary in size. Each of the ones we use here will keep five hundred chicks as snug as a bug in a rug. The usual practice is to keep your biddies penned up in a circle around the stove for the first few days. After they've learned where the heat is and have begun to get some strength, we take down the pens and let them run. We maintain a general room temperature of around eighty at the start. It's eighty in here now, or should be. Then, as the birds get older, we gradually lower it down to sixty degrees. That's plenty warm enough for a healthy bird eight weeks old or more. Most of the farms you'll find on the Peninsula have this kind of heating setup. It was the standard thing until just recently. The last word now is central heating, and a system of ducts and blowers that keep a constant layer of warm air on the floor. I've got it in

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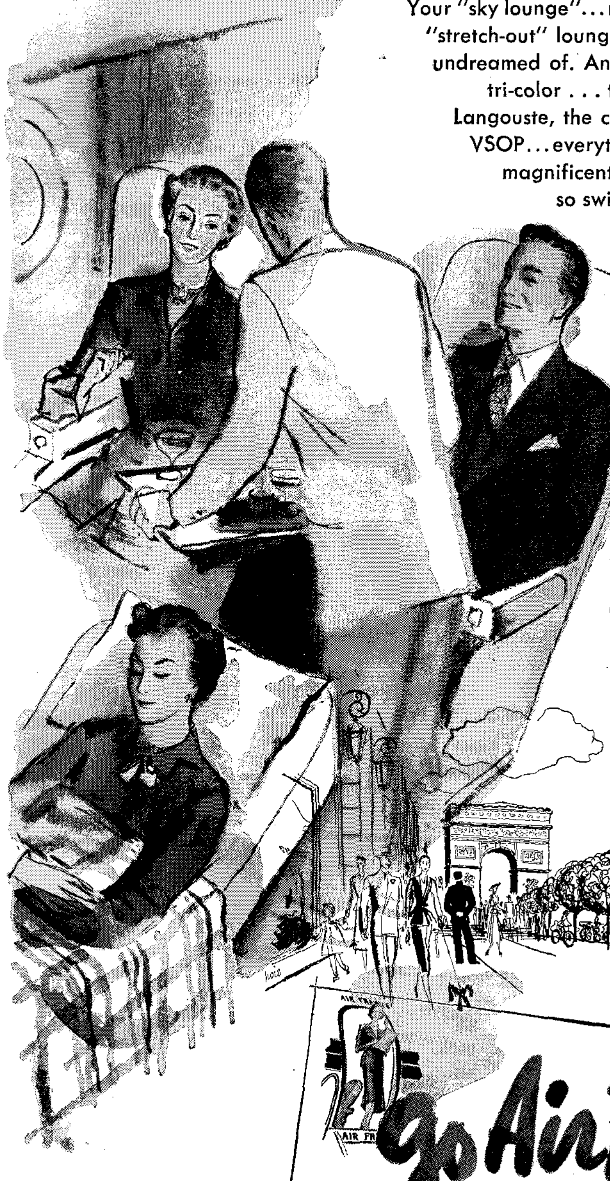

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my Cedar Creek Farm and in a couple of others I just had built. That makes Angola old-fashioned. It doesn't necessarily make Cedar Creek a better farm, though. There are more important things than up-to-date equipment. The way a farm is run is what counts.

"In that department, I'd call Angola a match for any of them. The people I have working here know their business. Everything about this house shows it. You can't disguise bad management. You can't hide empty food troughs, or water troughs slopping over and soaking the litter, or a couple of droopy birds that should have been culled hours ago still stumbling around and the rest of the bunch nervous and scary and piling up in the corners. You don't see that here. You won't on any of my farms. There's nothing scary about this bunch. They're restless, I'll admit, but that's only natural. It's partly their age and partly because they don't know us. We're strangers. A scary flock is something else. It doesn't take much to scare a bunch of chickens, irregardless of age, but they don't stay scared for long on a well-run farm. A good farmer makes a point of at least walking through his houses every hour or so. The oftener the better. It calms them down. Of course, he does more than walk through. He has his regular chores. For one thing, notice how soft and porous this litter is. We keep it that way by constant raking. It makes cleaner footing for the birds and also keeps it good and dry. Damp litter is murder. It can cause all kinds of trouble." Mr. Pack took a deep breath and shook his head. "I hate to even think about it," he said. "Disease has always been our major problem. You can't avoid a certain amount of it on even the best-run farm. I suppose it's the same with hogs or cattle or any meat. But the picture has brightened up considerably in the last few years. The universities have performed some real miracles. We're able to control most of the worst things now. I mean we can prevent them. That's what matters. We're not so interested in cures. In a mass-production business like this, you can't afford to stop and treat a few sick birds. It's cheaper just to cull the weaklings. Besides, I don't believe in marketing a bird that isn't the peak of perfection. None of us around here do."

Footsteps sounded in the yard outside and an unhurried voice called, "Mr. Harry?" Mr. Pack smiled. He gave an answering shout and, signalling to me to follow, headed for the door. Just as we got there, it swung open, and a solid, round-faced young man with a crew cut

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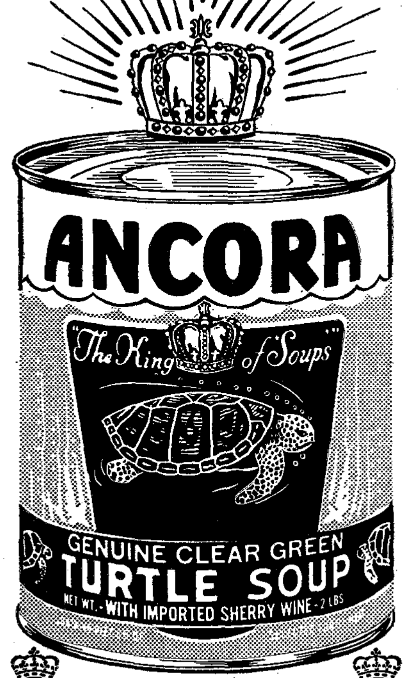

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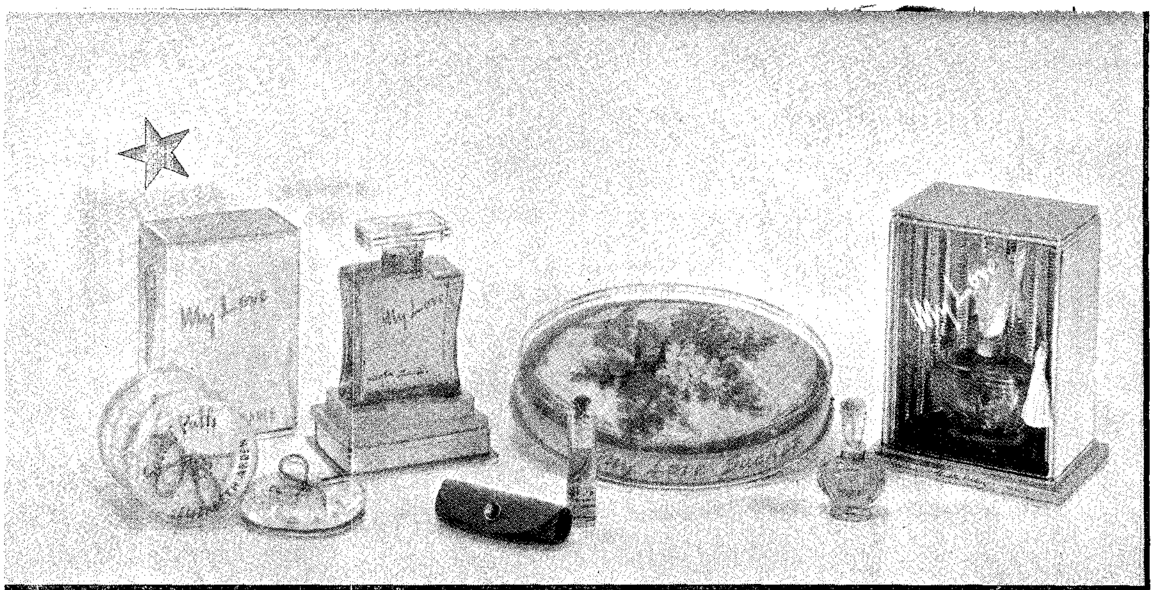

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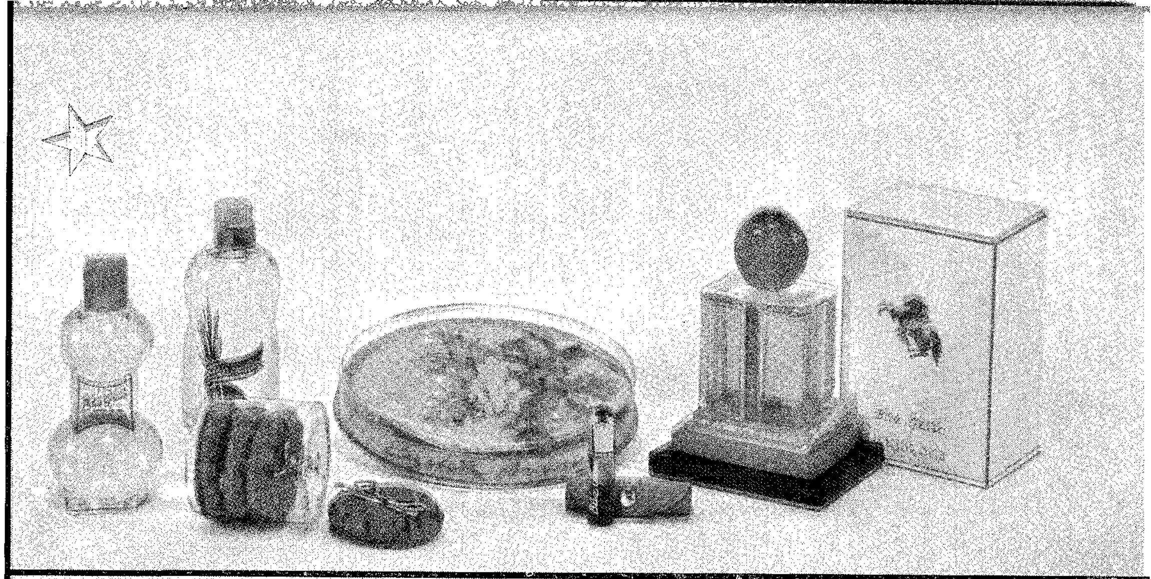

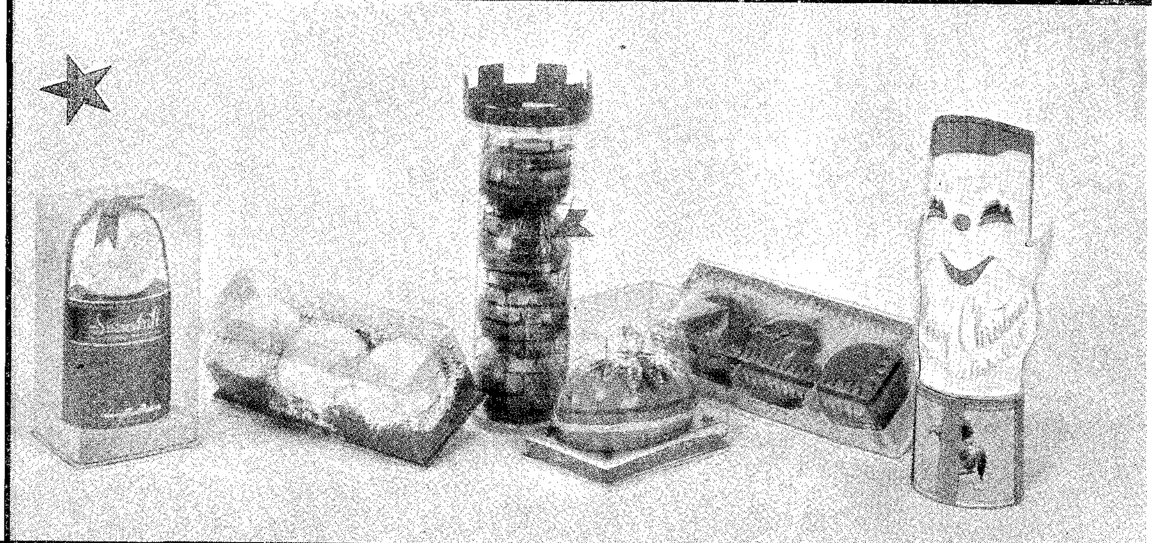

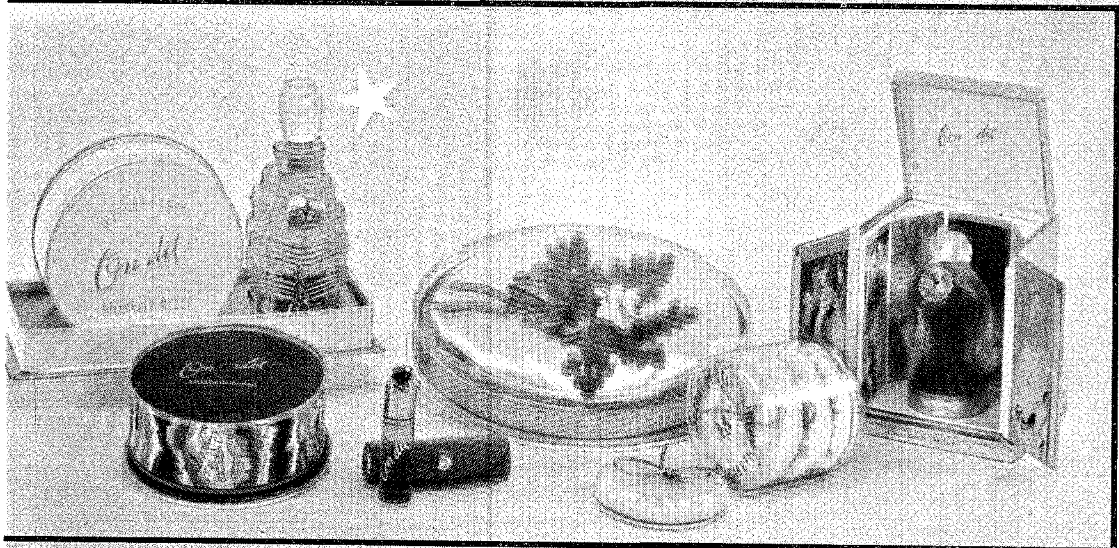

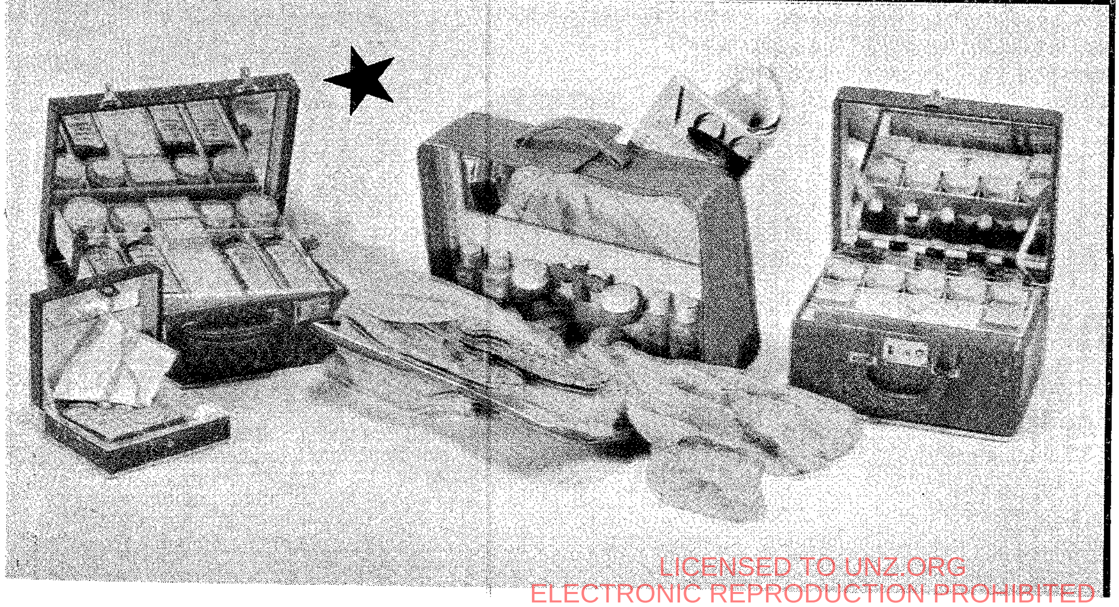

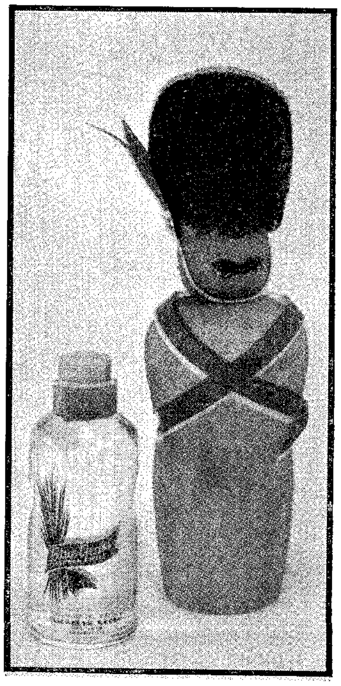

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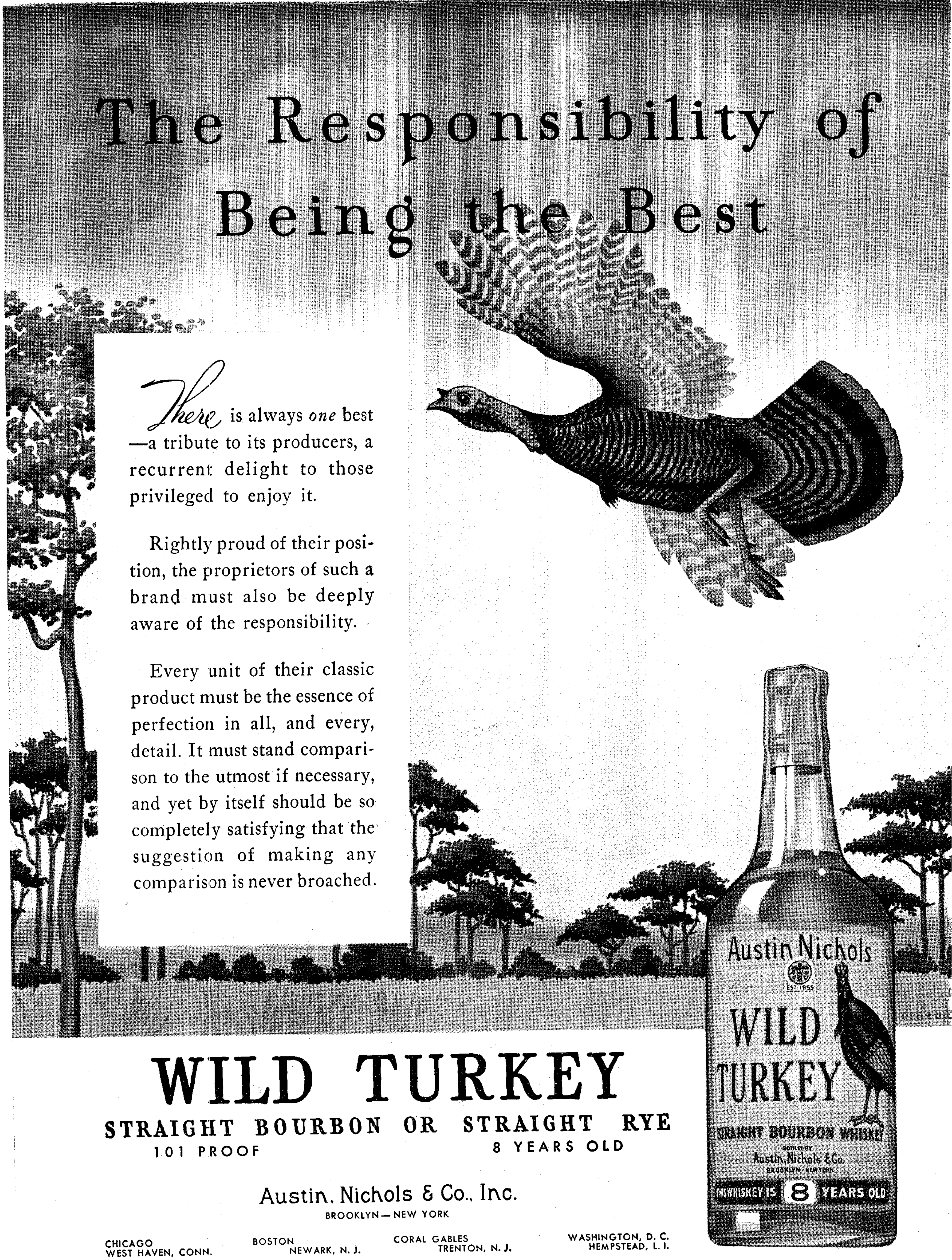
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and a stubble of sandy beard stuck his head in. "Oh," he said. "Pardon me, Mr. Harry. I didn't know you had company." He drew back to let us by. "One of the fellows told me your car was here. So I come up. Anything I can do?"

"Hello, Buddy," Mr. Pack said. "Glad to see you. But I guess we're about ready to move on." He turned to me. "Shake hands with Buddy Baker. Buddy's the manager of Angola. This is a friend of mine from New York, Buddy. I'm showing him how a good chicken dinner gets that way."

Mr. Baker chuckled. "Howdy," he said.

We all started back up the yard in the direction of the car, and he fell into step beside Mr. Pack. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers. "By golly," he said. "I almost forgot. You know that old rat that's been monkeying around Number Two?"

Mr. Pack nodded warily.

"Well, sir," Mr. Baker said, "the dogs got him. Last night. They cornered him under the feed house."

"Oh," Mr. Pack said, recovering his smile. "A big one?"

"He was, for a fact," Mr. Baker said. "Mean-looking, too."

"That's another of our headaches," Mr. Pack told me. "Predators. Rats, hawks, skunks, foxes, buzzards—we've got all kinds. The rats are the worst."

"It's the feed that draws them," Mr. Baker said. "But if they can get into a brooder house"—he shrugged—"they're like everybody else. They like chicken."

WHEN we reached the gate at the head of the yard, Mr. Baker stopped and we said goodbye. Then Mr. Pack and I walked on to the car. We drove back up the lane, the way we had come. "Buddy's a nice boy," Mr. Pack remarked as the woods closed over us again. "I'm glad you got to meet him. He's quite an exception. It isn't only that he's young to be managing a farm as big as Angola. Buddy's from around here, and, as a rule, the fellow who's grown up with broilers doesn't always make the best manager. Or even a good farmer. Not in my opinion. They're too set in their own ideas of how things should be done. They won't change with the times. When the universities say something, I listen, and I like my people to do the same, without arguing about the way their old dad did it. Most of the best people we have are those that came in cold. They're eager to learn and they'll follow instructions. I've got one first-class manager who never knew

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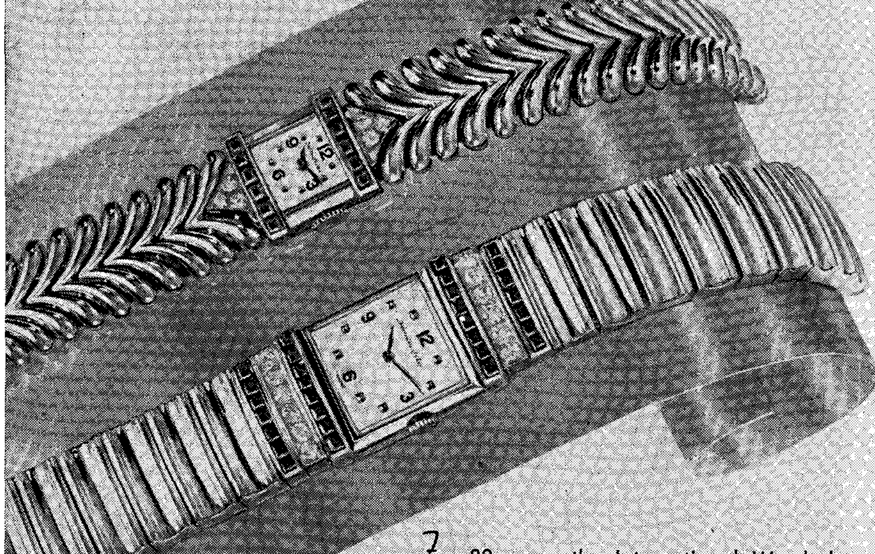

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anything in the world up to a couple of years ago except how to be a captain in the Polish Army. He was a D.P. my wife happened to locate, through the Catholic Welfare Guild in Wilmington. George Wolfgang, the manager of my Zoar Farm, where we're going now, is another good example. George used to be a coal miner. He turned up here five years ago from somewhere out in Pennsylvania, looking for work, and I put him on. He took hold like a streak of lightning. The reason was he didn't have anything to unlearn. Zoar is a little farm. It has a capacity of only about thirty thousand. But it's a big one for one man, and George runs it single-handed."

Almost all the farms along the highway now were broiler farms. Once or twice, I even caught a glimpse of a sagging row of chimneyed sheds behind a filling station or a humble crossroads store. "This is the heart of the broiler country," Mr. Pack said. "Practically everybody around here raises chickens, at least on the side. Even the lawyers. Most of the shoestringers are lucky if they can just scrape by, but every so often somebody catches the market right and makes a little killing. That's what they pray for." We shot around a curve and past a house in front of which, propped against a tree, was a faded sign: "Chickens. Don't Blow Horn." Mr. Pack followed my glance. "Must be an old-timer," he said. "That's been what you might call our main unwritten law for ever since I can remember. We just naturally think twice down here before we lean on the horn. Any sudden noise will start a flock of chickens piling up, and a blast from an automobile horn is one of the worst. A pileup is no joke—there's always some dead ones on the bottom. Neither is that sign. If I was to pull in anywhere along here and honk, we'd soon be looking down the barrel of a shotgun. I've seen it happen. To strangers, of course. The rest of us have got better sense."

TEN miles or so from Angola, a clapboard cottage of indeterminate age appeared on the right, half hidden from the road by a copse of cheerless pines. Scrambling among the lower branches of one were two tousled boys in overalls. Mr. Pack stomped on the brake. We nosed around a mailbox and up a lumpy, sun-streaked drive. With a yell of greeting or alarm, the boys dropped to the ground and raced for the house. Mr. Pack sped them with an amiable scowl and a wave, and we

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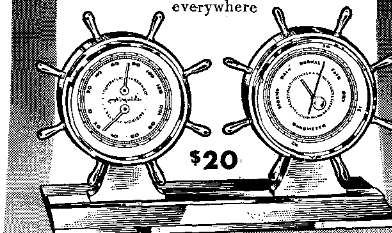

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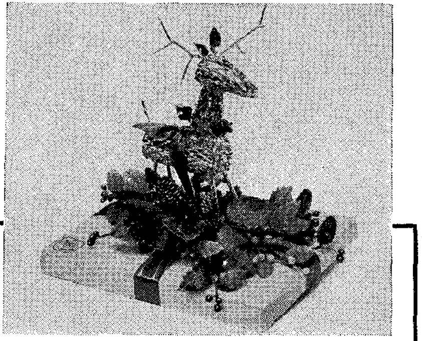

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lurched along to the rear of the house, where the drive petered out in an entanglement of clothesline hung with washing. Beyond it lay the farm—three block-long rows of brooder houses and their yards, foaming with a raucous multitude of half-grown chickens. It looked like all the chickens in the world. There were thousands upon thousands of them, as plump and alike as popcorn balls, and, except for the scarlet flame of their combs, they were as white as the sheets on the line. I glanced at Mr. Pack. His eyes were fixed on my face and he was smiling broadly. "Looks like a blizzard just struck, doesn't it?" he said.

As we climbed out of the car, a pale, wiry, bespectacled man of around fifty emerged from the house, wiping his mouth on a khaki sleeve, and hurried hospitably toward us. "George Wolfgang," Mr. Pack said with satisfaction. He hoisted a welcoming hand. "What's new, George?"

"Not a thing, thank God," Mr. Wolfgang said. "They're coming along nice, Harry."

Mr. Pack introduced us and we shook hands. Then, skirting the labyrinth of laundry, he led the way down to the nearest yard. At our approach, an acre of white stirred, splintered into a loud and graceless rout, and then calmly assembled again. There was a sign on the fence: "Please Do Not Enter. Visitors Can Carry Poultry Disease. Help Us Keep the Flock Healthy." "We'll only step just inside the gate," Mr. Pack told me, releasing the latch. "I don't think there's anything to worry about from either of us. Angola is as clean as a whistle. But we don't like to take chances."

"Harry's right," Mr. Wolfgang said to me. "It don't pay to fool around at this stage of the game. These birds are going into their twelfth week. They're practically ready for the broiler."

"Or the frying pan," Mr. Pack said. "Or the oven, or the stewpot, or anything else. That's the beauty of a good commercial broiler. He's an all-purpose chicken. Especially these birds right here. They're a brand-new breed that was developed on the Peninsula only a couple of years ago. What they are is a complicated cross between a Barred Plymouth Rock sport and a New

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"I feel the same way," Mr. Wolfgang said. "The last flock I had was the Barred Rock and New Hampshire Cross. They're a nice bird and the most popular, but there just isn't any comparison."

Mr. Pack had been gazing contentedly at the flock. Now he gave a sudden grunt and nodded toward a nearby yard. Sprawled in the dust at the entrance to the brooder house was a chicken, feebly kicking and its neck bent at a painful angle. "You been getting much of that, George?" he asked.

"I'll be darned!" Mr. Wolfgang said. "No—no more than usual. Hardly any."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Nothing to worry about," Mr. Pack said. "I mean it isn't contagious. It's a form of paralysis. You've got to expect a certain amount of it with the high-protein diet they get. It's too rich for the weaklings. They grow faster than their body can take."

"It must have just hit her," Mr. Wolfgang said. "I was along here not thirty minutes ago. I'll get her out right away. On the whole, they're eating good, Harry. I never had a peppier flock."

"Well, let's have a look," Mr. Pack said. He stepped abruptly into an advancing patrol. There was an explosion of shrieks and panic. An instant later, he stood alone in a settling flurry of feathers, holding aloft by the legs two thrashing, squawking, drooling, disgorging chickens. He sauntered back to the fence and handed one to Mr. Wolfgang.

"Not bad, eh, Harry?" Mr. Wolfgang observed, kneading a throbbing breast.

"They've got some meat on them," Mr. Pack said. "Nice and yellow on the finish, too."

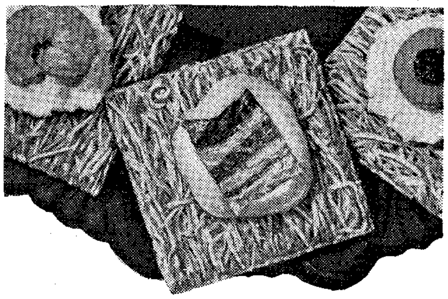
"Silky," Mr. Wolfgang said.

"The pullet's got the edge," Mr. Pack said, "but I wouldn't put either one five per cent under grade."

"I see what you mean, Harry," Mr. Wolfgang said. "The pullet— Yeah, there's a difference."

The two chickens looked exactly alike to me. They looked like every chicken in the yard. There must have been a baffled expression on my face, because my companions exchanged a glance.

"It isn't as hard as it looks," Mr.



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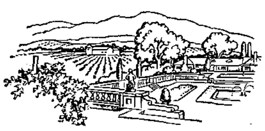

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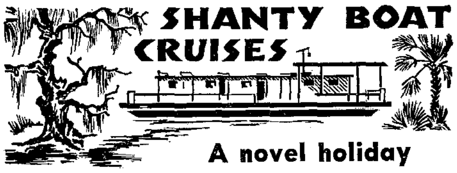

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Pack told me. He dropped his bird to the ground and Mr. Wolfgang flung the other after it. They scooted hysterically away.

"Not for Harry, maybe," Mr. Wolfgang said. "He's the champ. I'm still learning."

"It's what you might call an instinct," Mr. Pack said. "After you've been around chickens for a while, you get to know. You just absorb it. A good chicken has a certain look. I don't know—you can't describe it." He smiled and turned away to the gate. "It's like Pop used to say—'What's a pretty girl?' "

Mr. Pack's house, which he built in 1941, is situated a couple of sparsely settled miles west of the village of Dagsboro, near the head of Rehoboth Bay. A glitter of white clapboard and black shutters, it is big and calm and firmly Georgian Colonial, with a fragile columned portico and two low, spreading, balustraded wings. A circular gravelled drive, hedged with spirea and overhung by weeping willows, sweeps leisurely up to the house from the highway, a hundred yards or more distant, and surrounding it is a thirteen-acre park of groves and gardens and polished lawn. It was almost dusk when we swung in to the drive and up to the door, and in the haze of evening the grounds looked limitless. A soft light burned in the portico. "In case you're interested," Mr. Pack said, tossing me my bag and tucking his cheesecake under his arm, "this is a copy of an old Southern home that Mrs. Pack happened to see one time down in Carolina. She designed it for the architect from memory. If I told you what it cost, you wouldn't believe me. A few thousand dollars went a long way back there before Pearl Harbor." He ushered me into a plum-colored hall. On the right, through an archway half blocked by a Chinese screen, was a shadowy Italianate dining room. Opposite it was a tall, white, brass-knobbed double door. At the end of the hall was a staircase leading to the floor above. Mr. Pack opened one of the tall doors, reached in, and snapped on a lamp. "Make yourself at home," he said. "I'll be with you in a minute, as soon as I fix us a drink. Is a planters' punch O.K.? . . . Good. I'm not much of a drinker, but I like that. It's the only drink I ever found that was sweet enough."

I dropped my bag near the door and looked around the room. It was a considerable room, twenty-five or thirty feet long and almost as wide, with a row

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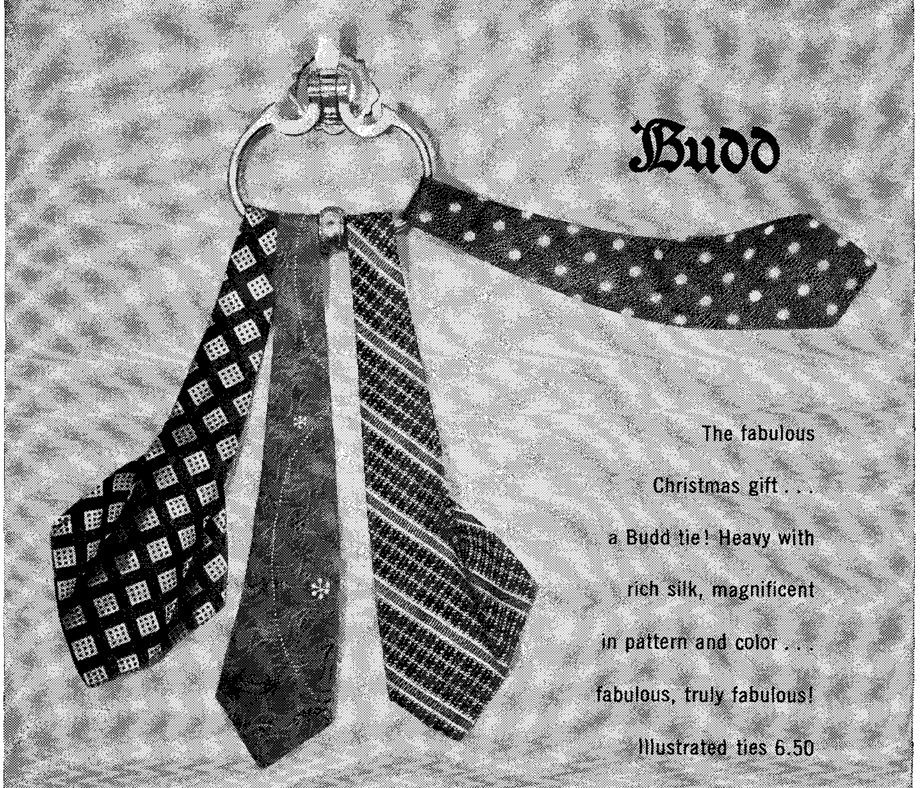

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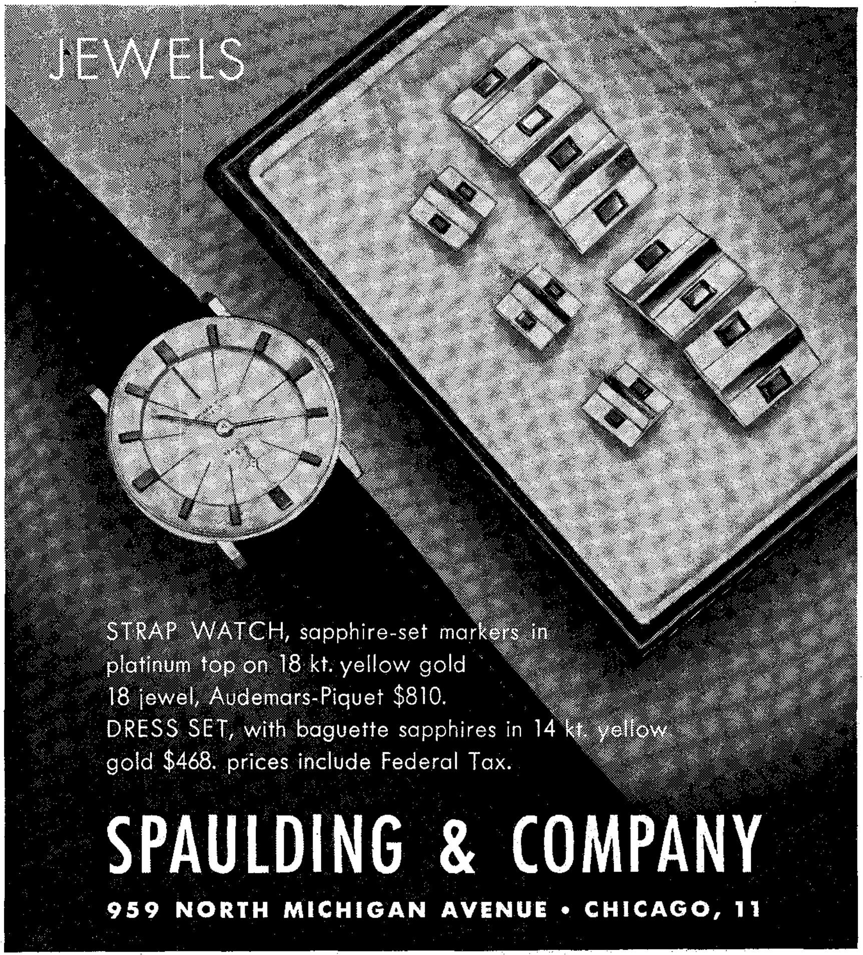

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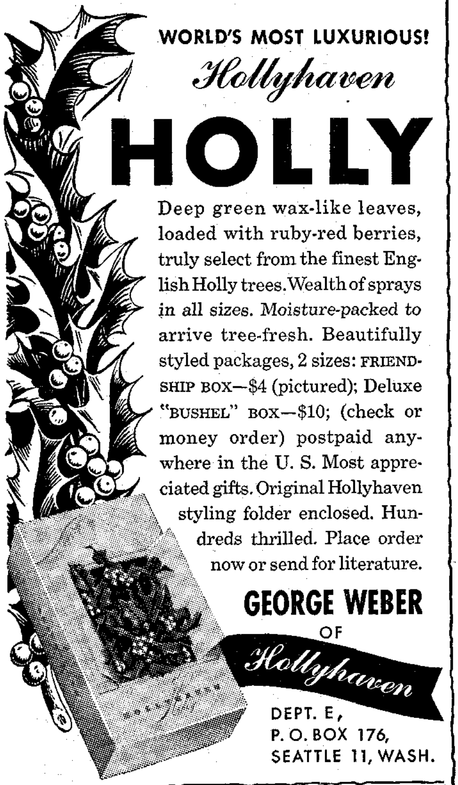

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of windows at each end, and it was also an arresting one. A rose-and-crimson carpet of floral design covered the floor, the walls were painted robin's-egg blue, and the ceiling was canary yellow. Painted on one of the long walls were two gigantic, long-stemmed pink roses, ten times the size of sunflowers, and a graceful shower of loose petals. Below them stood an ivory-colored spinet, surmounted by a pair of red, white, and blue china parrots and a marble bust of Chopin, and in front of the spinet was a bench covered with red leather. In the long wall opposite the spinet was a fireplace with a black-and-white marble mantelpiece, on which was arranged a collection of ivory elephants, rickshaws, and pagodas. A high, gilt, bow-windowed curio cabinet crammed with tiny Dresden figurines stood nearby. Drawn up in front of the fireplace was a pair of Louis XV chairs, upholstered in maroon velvet and green-and-golden needlepoint. Between them sat a round chalky-white, fiercely modern coffee table. On it stood a dusky Buddha and a silver tray and tea service. At one end of the room, and extending nearly its full width, was a pink sofa, at the other was a brown settee, and the windows behind both were curtained in an avalanche of navy blue and chartreuse. A steel-blue television set on a carved teak stand occupied a corner near the settee. On the wall above it hung a tinted plaster angel.

I was gazing up at one of the painted roses when Mr. Pack returned, bearing two tall, ruddy drinks. I had just noticed that pasted in the heart of the flower was a snapshot of a pretty, taffy-haired child. Mr. Pack chuckled. "That's my granddaughter," he said, depositing the glasses on the coffee table. "My daughter Blanche's little girl. I suppose that's a funny place for a picture. Mrs. Pack is crazy about the kid, though. That's what gave her the idea. She's out in the kitchen helping the girl with dinner, but she'll be along in a minute. As a matter of fact, this whole room is her idea. Fixing up rooms is what you might call her main interest in life. That and her family." He yawned, slipped out of his jacket, loosened his necktie, and kicked off his shoes. "By George, it's good to get home," he said, and sank into a frail French chair. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

DOSTOEVSKI SPEAKS
AT SMITH COLLEGE
—*Headline in the Northampton (Mass.) Hampshire Gazette.*

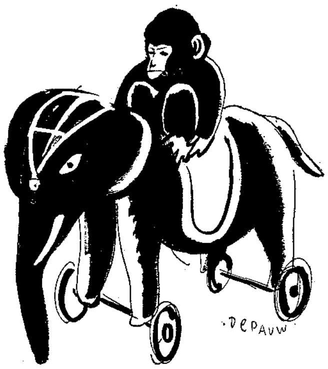
Come on, Bryn Mawr! Effort!

BOX SUPPER

I WAS just sixteen when I attended a box supper with, for the first time, both money in my pocket and love in my heart. The box supper was the favored form of charity benefit in the small town in northern Louisiana where I passed my boyhood. The women and girls prepared the boxes of viands, which were anonymously offered for sale at auctions held at the school or a church, and the men and boys did the bidding. After all the boxes had been disposed of, each buyer shared his supper with the female who had fixed it and whose identity he had, by one means or another, usually learned beforehand. The proceeds went to whatever needy cause was most pressing at the time.

The boxes themselves ranged from plain cardboard oblongs to wondrous creations of imaginative design and mysterious construction. The contents, however, varied little. They consisted of fried chicken, baked ham, or some other meat that could be eaten cold; two or three kinds of salad, always including potato; several relishes; pie, cake, and fruit. Portions were large. Their quality was seldom a surprise to the buyer, as the culinary accomplishments of most of the older women were pretty well known in the community, and their daughters' boxes could be rated accordingly.

The sale of the boxes contributed by the matrons was cut-and-dried, and occasioned little interest. When the offering of a married woman came up, she customarily gave her husband, sitting beside her in the audience, a dig in the ribs, whereupon he dutifully bid a generous one dollar, the going rate for connubial suppers out of a box, and that was that. It sometimes happened that a couple of husbands got their signals mixed, or their wives did, and the men bid in the wrong boxes. The problem would be settled amicably, however, for the couples would sup together, sharing the contents of both boxes and trying to outdo each other with compliments.



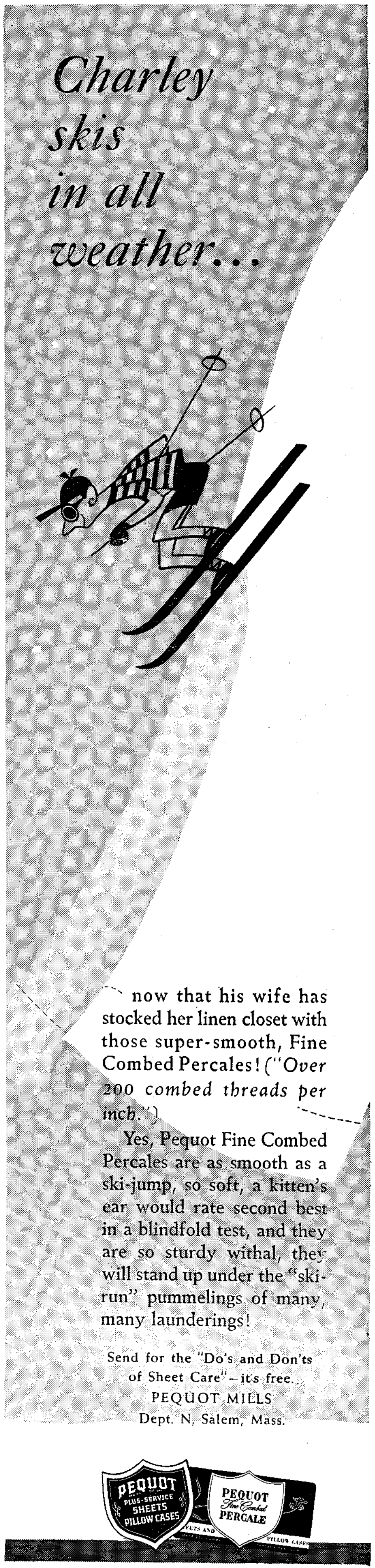
For the younger people of the town, the box supper was something else again, an event in which they took part with subdued excitement and which their intent parents watched with varying emotions. It was a catalytic social agent; it started youthful romances, it intensified them, and sometimes it ended them.

Most of the proceeds from these box suppers resulted from the bids of the courting, marriageable, and prideful swains involved in the ever-changing pattern of rivalries over the belles of the town. Sometimes even the plainest girls, if they (or their mothers) were known to be good cooks, inspired lively bidding among reckless youths who were callous to romance but hungry. Now and then, one of these high bids with low motives led to a happy marriage and a satisfying confirmation of the truth of an old adage.

WHEN I made my début as a romantic participant, the object of my adolescent desire was a small, pert girl of my own age named Marilee. I had one known rival, a young fellow two years my senior named, of all things, Wardlaw Collins. During the previous summer, I had worked in his father's small stave mill, where Wardie was a sort of straw boss. At that time, he had had no interest in Marilee, nor had he known how I felt about her. Nevertheless, he had lorded it over me and made my life miserable with a score of petty tyrannies.

After we had returned to school in September, I inadvertently revealed to him my feeling for Marilee. Thereupon, Wardie, a senior, began chasing Marilee, who, like me, was a junior. He, in turn, was now being pursued shamelessly by a member of his class named Belle Lockwood, who lived next door to him. Wardie ostentatiously spurned Belle and courted Marilee. Being inexperienced, I didn't realize that Wardie was simultaneously baiting Belle and making me suffer in a sadistic extension of our summer relationship. I hated him.

The day before the box supper, Marilee gave me the clue to recognition of her box: It would be square, wrapped in green tissue, tied with a red ribbon, and adorned with a spray of bachelor's-buttons. I had saved eight dollars from my summer's work, and the next evening I was prepared to bid two dollars, or even as high as three, to obtain Marilee's handiwork. I felt obliged to hold out at least five dollars for a coat; if I didn't, I would have to go without one through a winter that could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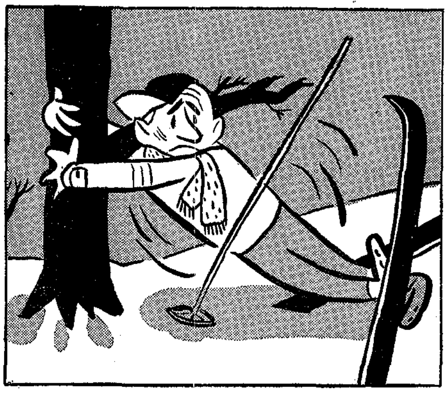

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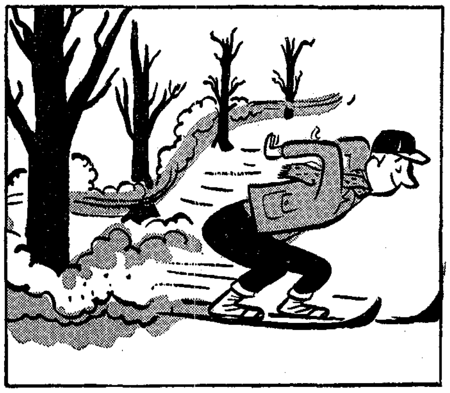

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be counted upon to have cold spells, even in northern Louisiana.

The auctioneer at this particular box supper, held in the school auditorium, was a horse-trader named Albert Toomis, an uncle of Belle Lockwood. He stood on a platform at the front of the auditorium, his right hand holding a gavel and his left holding aloft each box as it was handed to him by an assistant sitting at a table. His spiel was a combination of excessive gallantry toward the women and challenging joviality toward the men. On this evening, as usual, he began by getting a lot of easy laughs from the audience, in none of which I joined.

I sat a few seats to the left of the center aisle, in the third row. My younger sister, Maude, who knew what was up, sat directly behind me. I didn't pay much attention to the proceedings until, at last, Mr. Toomis held up a square green box with a red ribbon and a readily identifiable spray of bachelor's-buttons.

Nervously fingering the little wad of bills in my pocket, I opened my mouth to say a vigorous "One dollar!" Instead, I heard "Three dollars!," and it was not my voice saying it. Across the aisle I spotted Wardie, wickedly watching me out of a corner of one eye. He must have obtained somehow, probably from a girl friend of Marilee, a description of her box.

Outraged at his tactic, I blurted, "Four dollars!"

Behind me, Maude whispered hoarsely, "Ooh, you fool!" I didn't look around.

After this unheard-of beginning, Wardie and I settled down to conventional raises of two bits. We had the bidding to ourselves, and the auctioneer had it easy. He merely looked from one of us to the other after each twenty-five-cent raise. As we neared the six-dollar point, I became aware that a small urchin named Orville Anderson was standing in the aisle, at the end of the row I sat in, trying to attract my attention. I waved him away impatiently and went on bidding, wincing inwardly at each potential inroad into my poor capital. Orville finally muttered, "Here, you goof," and passed a folded piece of paper along the row of people to me.

Intent on bidding, I didn't even look at it. When Wardie bid "Six-seventy-five," I tried a last, desperate measure. Strongly I said "Eight dollars!" and tried to make the words sound as if it were now time to stop the chicken-feed business and get down to some real, sure-enough bidding. The maneuver

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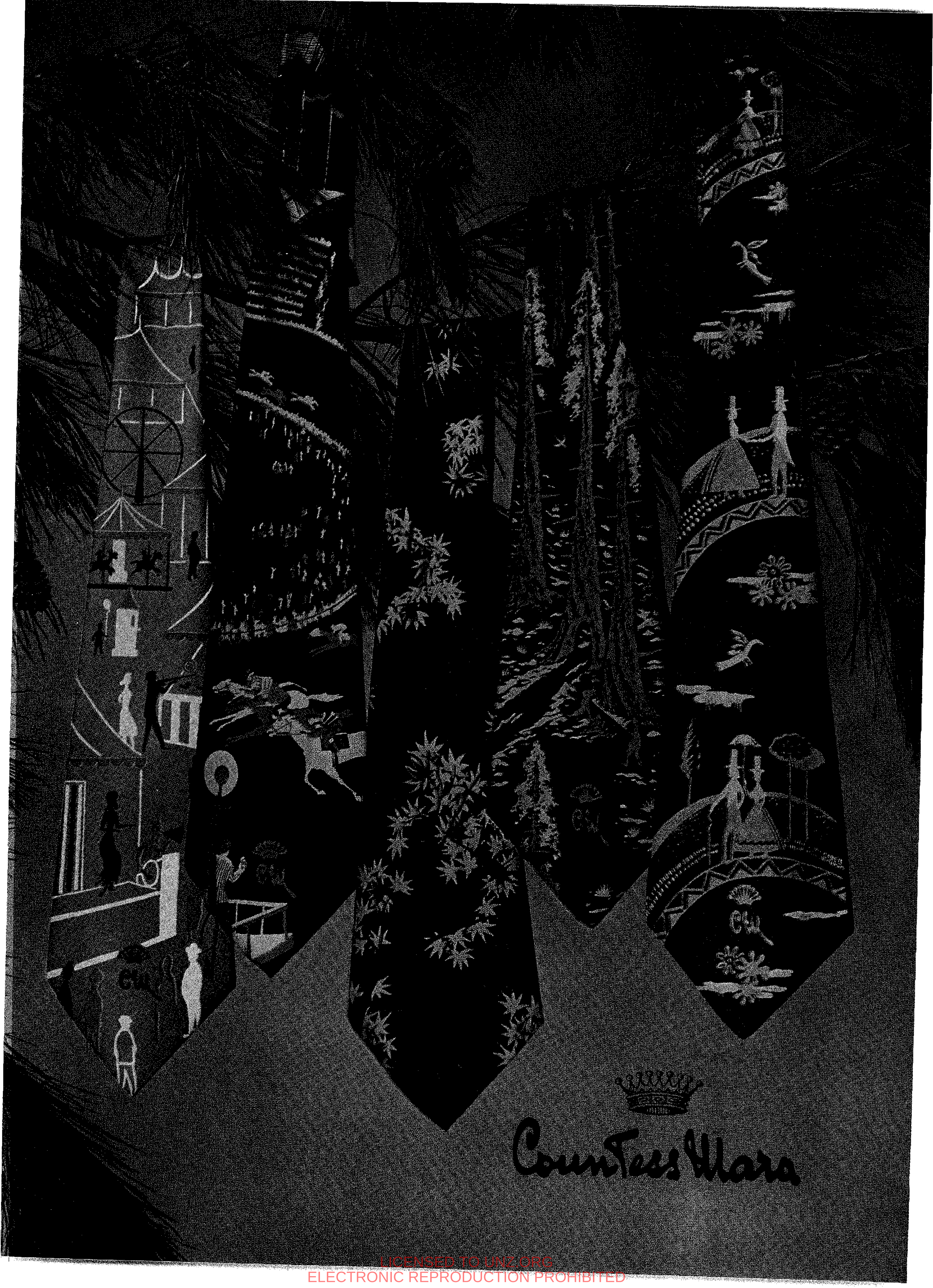
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OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SIX YEARS OLD
Louisville, Kentucky

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...IT WAITED 6 YEARS FOR CHRISTMAS!

Discover for yourself the richness and flavor of Old Charter. Six years (yes 6!) have made it smooth, mellow, delicious! It's the whiskey that didn't watch the clock. Try it. You'll agree it's Kentucky's *Finest* Straight Bourbon Whiskey.

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didn't work. Wardie, not to be fooled, or stampeded into recklessness, either, said calmly, "Eight-twenty-five."

Mr. Toomis waited. Nothing came from my side. He tried a spiel: "I am bid eight-twenty-five for this magnificent repast. Do I hear eight-fifty? Surely it is worth that trifling sum merely to gnaw a gizzard in the company of the charming little lady who prepared this splendidly decorated box."

When I still didn't say anything, he knew I was sunk, and he went into what was for me the final dirge: "Eight-twenty-five once . . ." and on to the bitter end. Wardie not only had bested me but had good reason to believe that he had won for Marilee the very great prestige of having drawn the highest bid of the evening, the ultimate triumph at a box supper.

I GOT a small consolation from seeing Wardie, on the way to the platform to claim his prize, stop beside his father and uneasily whisper something to him, and Mr. Collins bring out his pocketbook with a look on his face that said plainly, "I'll see you later about this bit of foolishness, young man." A few people snickered.

Low in spirit and lower in my seat, I looked at the paper little Orville had brought. It was a note. I read:

> DEAR MARION:
> Belle Lockwood copied my box exactly and tipped off her Uncle Albert to put it up before mine to fool Wardie. I took the bachelor-button spray off my box.
> MARILEE

I had to read it three times before understanding came to me, with an overwhelming impact. Wardie, that hound, was stuck with Belle and the incomparable Marilee was still free, her box unsold. Moreover, she had tried her best to advise me of the situation before it was too late. I knew then that the poets spoke truly when they told of singing hearts.

Almost immediately, Marilee's box came up for auction; it was square, it was green, it had a red ribbon—and no spray of bachelor's-buttons.

As the auctioneer began his harangue, I turned around and said harshly to my sister, "Give me that four bits." I knew she had fifty cents, because our grandfather had given it to her that day, and I also knew she hadn't had a chance to spend it. My tone was so implacable that she didn't argue. Besides, she must have known that under the circumstances I would return the half dollar, no matter what sacrifice might be required of me. She handed it over with a wide-eyed

By Appointment Wine Merchants to His Majesty King George VI
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and, I like to think, sympathetic look.

I turned back as Mr. Toomis asked for a bid.

"Eight-fifty!" I said explosively, determined that loyal Marilee should have the high-bid distinction.

A murmur ran through the audience. Mr. Toomis, with a sort of bemused curiosity, examined again the box poised on the upstretched fingers of his left hand. He smiled faintly, nodded to himself, and brought his gavel down with a bang.

"Sold for eight-fifty," he said.

Wardie and Belle were married soon after graduation the following spring, and I am sure they have had many a laugh, chiefly at my expense, over that box supper. My own budding romance never flowered. It withered a little, during that chill and coatless winter, each time I looked at the innocent and puzzled Marilee—the sight of her inevitably brought to my mouth a thick, tweedy taste. I haven't liked chicken since. —M. C. BLACKMAN

* *

SONG OF THE UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILD

Youngsters today need television for their morale as much as they need fresh air and sunshine for their health. . . . It is practically impossible for boys and girls to "hold their own" with friends and schoolmates unless television is available to them. . . . To have television is to be "cock o' the walk." Not to have it, well, that is unthinkable.—*Angelo Patri in an advertisement of the American Television Dealers and Manufacturers in the Times.*

Mother, my mouth is dimpled,
Mother, my cheeks are pink.
There are stars in my eyes
From exercise
And the vitamined juice I drink.
My way is a winning way, Mother,
My manners a hundred proof,
But I'll never be Queen of the May, Mother—
No aerial's on our roof.

We have no Console Model
For viewing of Imogene,
No Super-Precision
Full-Room Vision
Dual-Antennae Screen.
So my playmates cry
As they pass me by
With courtesy less than scanty,
"There goes the girl
Who doesn't know Berle
From Caesar or Jimmy Durante!"

What use to bind my hair, Mother,
Or cherish my childish brain?
I can't quote banter
By Eddie Cantor,
I never see Benny plain.
Though I'm lavish with treats
Like sodas and sweets,
Though my roller skates roll like jet,
Hark to the jeers
Of my youthful peers:
"She's got no video set!"

An outcast tot am I, Mother,
Stranger to fun or flatt'ry,
Pitied by none
Beneath the sun
Save God and Angelo Patri.
So turn the key in the lock, Mother,
While you kiss my tears away,
For I'll never be cock o' the walk, Mother,
I'll never be Queen of the May!
—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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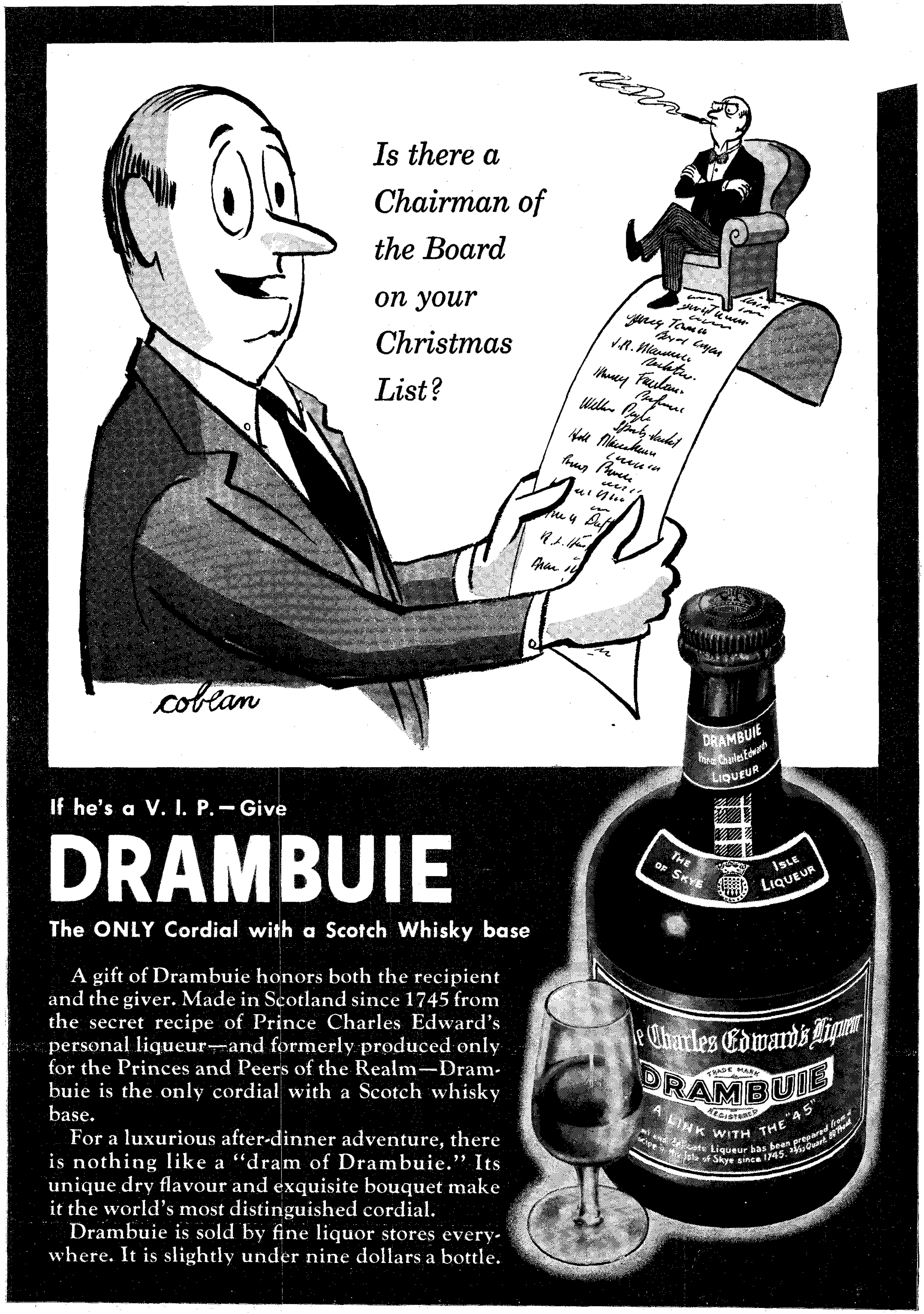
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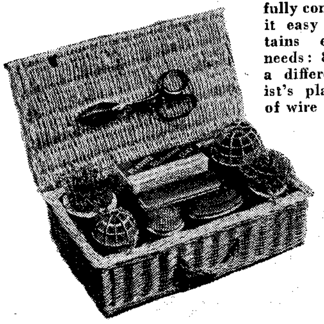

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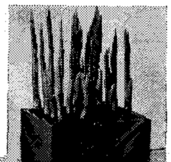

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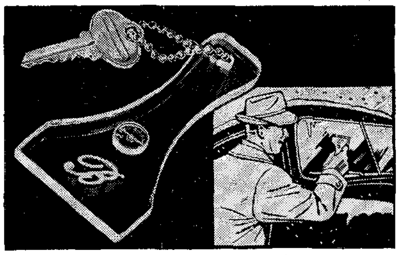

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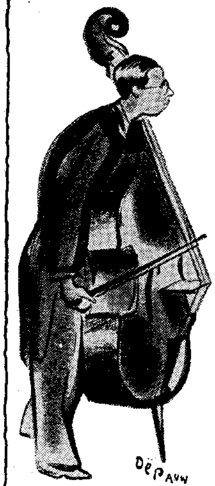
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Pair by Mozart



DURING the past fortnight, the Metropolitan Opera presented two Mozart operas—the incomparable "Don Giovanni" and the occasionally mealy-mouthed "The Magic Flute." Both productions, as given by this highly competent musical organization, were attractive, but they could nevertheless stand sprucing up. We are all aware of the Met's financial situation, which causes it to behave like a rather grand miser, pushing out the huge sums of money necessary for each new production with a quivering hand. Still, the money must be spent at intervals, and sooner or later the Mozart operas are going to have to be remounted. Luckily for the budget, the improvements here could be directed toward simplification. The scenery for "Don Giovanni" is too old and too heavy, reflecting the prodigality and cumbersomeness of an earlier day. There are ten sets, and all but one or two of them are too detailed. The changing of scenes is accomplished in the old-fashioned manner, by drawing the olio curtain toward the close of a scene and having the singers work "in one," as they say in the theatre, while the new set is being moved into position. It is not difficult for an audience to adjust itself to this practice, but, even so, one feels a loss in dramatic continuity when one is repeatedly shut off from the scene of action in an urgent, "gathering" work such as this.

The Met's production of "The Magic Flute" suffers from almost exactly the opposite trouble. Having nothing of the depth or splendor of "Don Giovanni," this work should be in motion constantly in order to sustain interest. In the Met's production, it is not. There are fifteen scenes, ten of them in the second half, and nine times during that latter period there are stage waits; the curtains are drawn and not a note of music is sung while one set is being taken off and a new one put in its place. The result is disastrous; the second half of "The Magic Flute" becomes a wearing experience. In the first act, the situation is saved by the fact that it is possible, by means of a couple of minor scenic and lighting changes, to interpolate the second scene into the scenery for the first and third. What is needed in "The Magic Flute" is a fluid scenic investiture, so that the brief scenes can flow into one another without any breaks in the story and music.

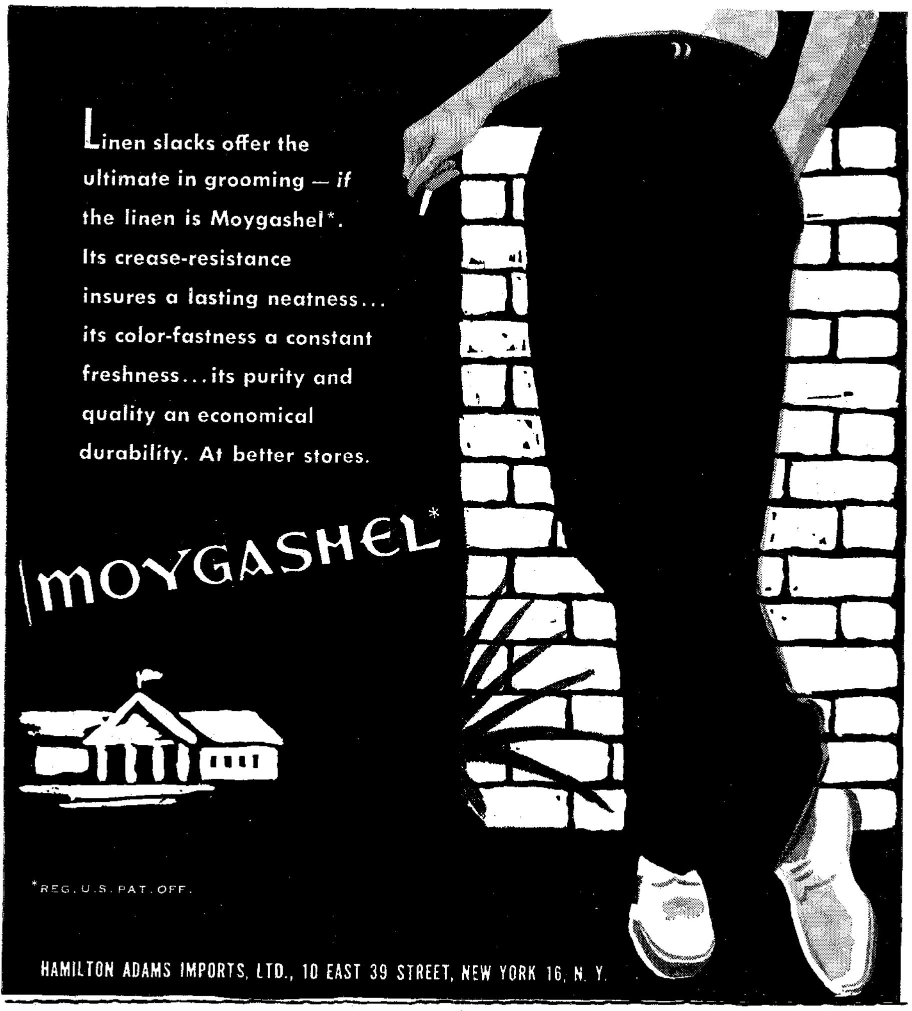
"The Magic Flute" is done in English, in a good, serviceable translation by Ruth and Thomas P. Martin. It certainly helps to be able to understand what the talk is all about, but John Brownlee, whose Papageno is a fine comic impersonation, is the only member of the cast whose diction is thoroughly clear and intelligible. The sopranos, of course, can be excused; nobody expects to understand a soprano. Fortunately, Mozart often took the closing line of a song and repeated it six or eight times, in different ways, so after enough repetitions the listener is pretty well able to piece the words together and arrive at a sturdy clue to a number's significance. But hearing so many operas in foreign tongues, I find, slides a film over one's receptivity to language, and there were times last Saturday when I caught myself listening to the English with the same vacancy I normally adopt toward other languages.

According to custom, the two outlandishly difficult coloratura arias of the Queen of the Night were distorted by the singer, this time by Erna Berger. Jerome Hines sang nobly indeed in the deep-bass role of Sarastro, head of the dull order that irresponsibly initiates most of the complications in the plot. Richard Tucker and Eleanor Steber were adequate, I should say, as the boy and girl. Paul Schoeffler, in the small part of the High Priest, sang beautifully. I liked Fritz Stiedry's conducting, too. Incidentally, I found that "The Magic Flute" is acceptable entertainment for children. I had an eight-year-old with me, and he insisted, despite my cunning, on remaining until the final curtain.

THIS same Paul Schoeffler was far and away the better of the two Dons I heard in "Don Giovanni," a few nights apart. The other was Paolo Silveri, who made his local début in the role. Neither of them was quite the man called for—Schoeffler was a bit too refined in his characterization, and Silveri could have used a bit more refinement—but Schoeffler had the air of distinction that is an essential part of the role. Also, he sang better than Silveri. Still, Silveri's Don had in its favor an animal quality that made his conquests entirely comprehensible. The night Schoeffler sang, a young woman named Roberta Peters made her début as Zerlina. It is an appealing role, well within the province of any small female possessing good looks, a talent for coquetry, and a sweet soprano—there are more of them kicking around than you might suppose—and Miss Peters responded engagingly. In the later performance, Nadine Conner sang the part, and she, too, was admirable. In addition to her physical charm and her lovely voice, Miss Conner had experience in the role to offer. I was disappointed both times out by the showing Ljuba Welitch made in the part of Donna Anna. Her soprano was still a thrilling instrument, but she appeared to be using it less certainly than she has used it in the past. I hope it recovers its full glory before long. I would like also to mention Eugene Conley, who employed his light tenor voice so artfully that his Don Ottavio, insipid though the role is, was one of the finest things in the production. Fritz Reiner conducted "Don Giovanni" with great care and precision.

Before leaving the subject of the Met, I'd like to add that Delia Rigal, the company's new Argentine soprano, who is so imposing a Queen of Spain in "Don Carlo," sang her first Violetta here one evening last week and firmly established herself, in my opinion, as one of the most stunning heroines, in both voice and deportment, ever witnessed locally in "La Traviata."

LAST week's Philharmonic-Symphony concert was one of the more rewarding programs of this series. Its principal attraction was the appearance together of the three piano-playing members of the Casadesus family—Robert, Gaby, and their son Jean. Excellent, sensitive musicians all, they were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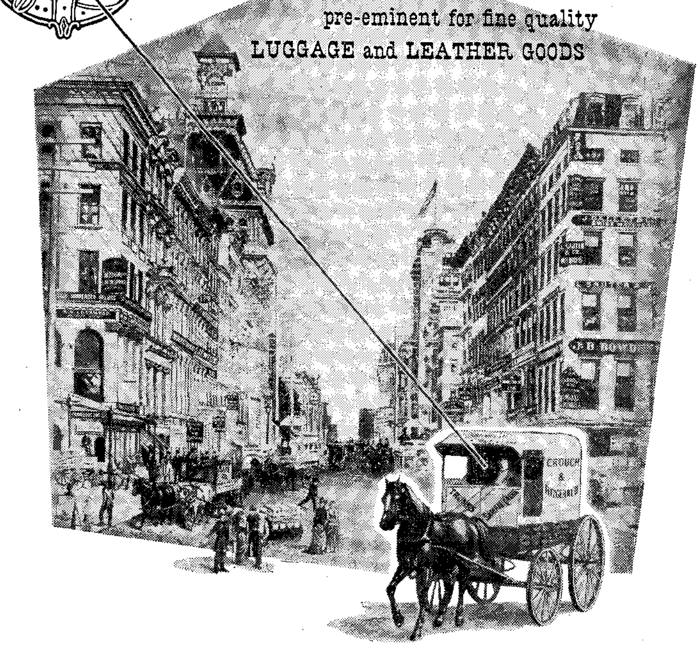

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heard together in Bach's D-Minor Concerto for Three Pianos and Strings, which they played impeccably. Watching them—each seated before a piano as long and expensive as a Cadillac, Mama and Jean side by side, and Papa facing them—I couldn't help wondering how they manage rehearsals at home. Father, as was surely his due, was the only member of the family to have a page-turner sitting alongside; mother and son flipped their own leaves quickly and expertly as the piece darted along. With Bach out of the way and Jean's usefulness temporarily at an end, husband and wife went to work on Mozart's E-Flat-Major Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, and turned in another beautiful job.

The concert also had other plums to offer. Howard Swanson's Short Symphony, a piquant, well-made work in three terse parts, received its première. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who conducted, had commissioned the symphony, and he should be pleased with the result. It's no world-beater, but it's one of the soundest, best-integrated new compositions to be heard around here in some time. Weber's enthusiastic and infrequently played overture "Ruler of the Spirits" furnished a delightful opening to the concert, and a commendable reading of Debussy's "La Mer" closed it.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

No one was injured but 60 guests and more than 20 members of the staff were forced to flee from the raging flames in night attire, leaving most of their personal longings behind them.—*Montreal Standard.*

Made for a quieter night all around, probably.

•

Towering thirteen stories high, President W. J. McGregor makes announcement of the intention of Canada & Dominion Sugar Company Limited to immediately erect four giant concrete silos. —*News release received by the Journal of Commerce.*

They'll make good umbrella stands, eh, McGregor?

•

HIGHER INFERENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From "Descendants of Gideon Carstang," compiled by J. C. Kerr*]

Gideon Carstang was in New York City early in the eighteenth century and before 1710 had married Catherine Cockever, probably daughter of Alexander Cockever (Couquerare) of Bushwick, Long Island. . . . Catherine was born about 1686 (inferred from birth of her first child).

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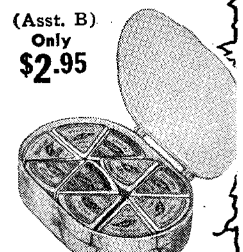

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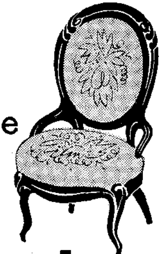

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Handsome Prize

OUT of an article in this magazine by John McNulty, a decent enough farce called "The Jackpot" has burgeoned. As a matter of fact, only the fear of being charged with intramural bias prevents me from describing it as hilarious. You may remember the original piece. It concerned the dilemma of a Rhode Island gentleman who, having won everything but the polar icecap as a consequence of identifying a mystery voice on the radio, wound up almost in hock, largely because of the relentless activities of the government's tax men. In expanding this report to the proportions of a feature picture, the authors of the screenplay, Phoebe and Henry Ephron, have done a very nice job of fitting a dunce's cap on the clownish head of radio. They have shifted the scene of the piece to Indiana, for what reason I don't know, but otherwise they've done little violence to the events as they actually occurred.

Having listened hopefully to a good many give-away shows in my day, I can assure you that the one pictured in "The Jackpot" is no more absurd than most, although a damned sight livelier. It is fortunate that James Stewart has been cast as the hero whose cup not only runneth over but almost has him and his family awash. He is utterly persuasive as a distracted citizen never quite certain what to do with a palomino pony, a land yacht, an interior decorator, a quarter ton of beef, a couple of thousand cans of Campbell's soups, and a lady portrait painter of appetizing proportions. The dialogue is neatly turned, and if the pratfalls are a bit repetitious, they are never maddeningly so. Mr. Stewart unquestionably dominates the affair, but he by no means overwhelms his supporting players, who include Barbara Hale, James Gleason, Fred Clark, and Alan Mowbray. All hands seem to be having a fine time, and I guess compliments should go to Walter Lang, who directed the film with admirable jauntiness.

"Let's Dance" offers an invitation that I'm afraid nobody ought to accept, even though the redoubtable Fred Astaire occasionally lifts the proceedings out of their rut with a nimble tap dance of one kind or another. This little inadequacy has to do with the struggles of a humble widow (Betty Hutton) to keep her young son out of the clutches of her Boston in-laws. Presently the child lands with Mother in one of those lovable night clubs that you so rarely come upon, where the chef, the maître-d., and the proprietor all strive earnestly to give the young one a chance to grow up into a fine American. Mr. Astaire, a hoofer in the joint, does likewise. As you can see, this sort of Pablum is hardly the stuff to feed the grown-up troops.

I FIND it difficult to keep a civil tongue in my cheek about "Never a Dull Moment," another of those movies about a tony lady from the East who falls in love with a rough-hewn cowpoke from the West. In this case, the exercise is engaged in by Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray. Someday I hope to see a picture about a lady from a beanery in Hell's Kitchen who finds it tough accommodating herself to the *haut monde* of Houston. But I can wait a long, long time.

—John McCarten

•

LETTERS WE DOUBT EVER GOT EXCHANGED

[*From "Vogue's Book of Etiquette"*]

Dear Mr. Abbott:

I am very sorry not to be able to send at once the $375 I owe you. I've gotten in a bit of a jam at the moment, and I won't be able to do very much about it for another month or six weeks. By that time, everything ought to be in fine shape, and I expect it should be all paid up three months from now.

I enjoyed our game so much. My only regret is that I have had to bother you with these details.

Sincerely,
David Bartlett

Dear Mr. Bartlett:

Thank you very much for your extremely kind letter. I quite understand and hope you will not permit the situation to inconvenience you in any way. I so much enjoyed meeting you at Mrs. Baker's—what an agreeable evening it was! I hope we shall meet very soon again.

Sincerely,
Charles Abbott

•

In "The Life and Works of Professor Roy Millen," a short story in the Robert Penn Warren collection issued under the title of "The Circus in the Attic," Mrs. Millen goes to California to get relief from her asthma, and she is buried there.—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot.*

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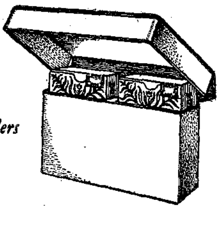

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

LAST week in this department, you may recall, we directed the feet of presumably eager Christmas shoppers to a number of addresses where pleasant, cheerful, and practical—our opinion, of course—gifts for the house are to be had. The week before, we discussed jewelry, and Christmas decorations. This week, it's toys that we scrutinize; also, we have devoted the Books department, which starts on page 153, to reading matter for young fry. Next week, we take up food and drink for the holidays, and gifts for women. With that out of the way, we might as well get down to cases:

Toys

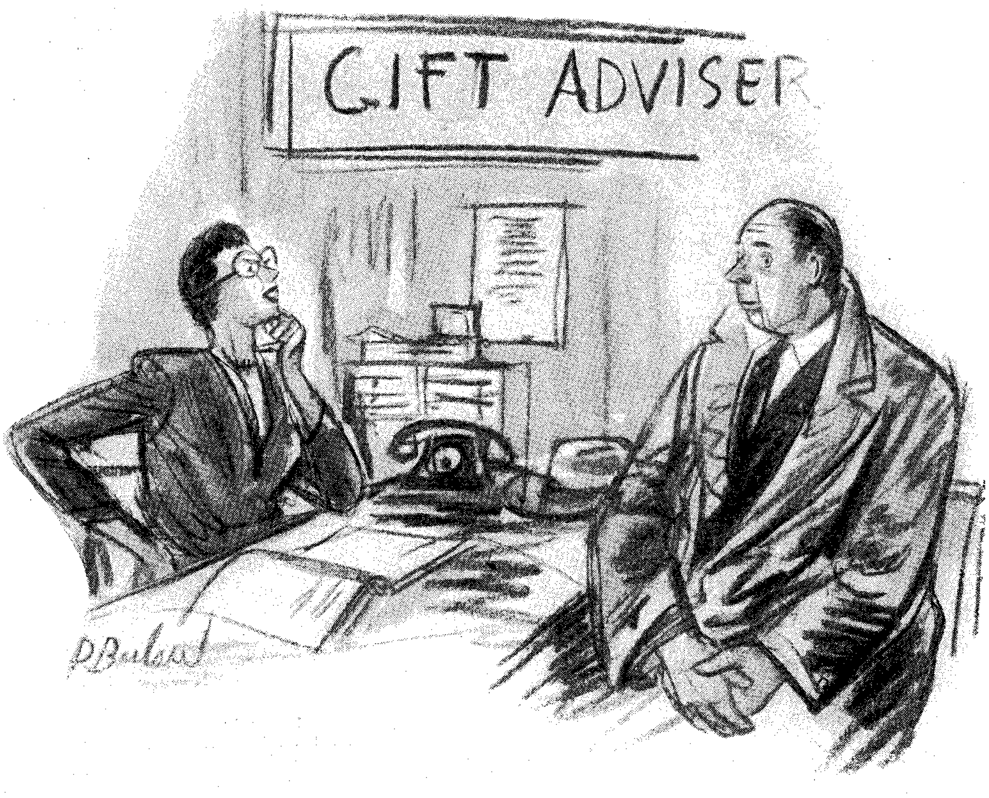
SOME of the things we've been looking at these last few days in our annual covering of the Teddy-bear-and-tricycle beat have made us disturbingly aware of the flight of time. It seems only a couple of years ago that what passed for chemistry sets were little more than a few vials of powders that turned water blue or made it bubble and smell bad. Well, the new Atomic Energy Lab, put out by the A. C. Gilbert people and on sale in most toy shops, for $49.50, is intended for children to play with, though it is probably eighteen laps ahead of the equipment that confronted us in Chemistry I. It is also, as far as we can make out, only a few laps behind whatever is going on at Los Alamos. This set seemed so advanced to us that we couldn't believe children would take to it, so we did some man-in-the-street polling among citizens under fourteen, and we can report that with them nuclear fission is definitely in. The Gilbert set comes with a child-size Geiger counter (this is also sold separately, for $19.95); a workable cloud chamber, for tracking down alpha particles; colored parts a child can use to make models of his pet atom; a spinthariscope, with which he can watch alpha particles bombarding a fluorescent screen (how jolly for a rainy afternoon); and a lot more. That's the age we live in. Merry Christmas!

Atomic energy to one side, the toy departments are just as gay and teeming as ever. There are lots of foreign playthings this year, from countries whose toys haven't been seen much here before. (Macy, for example, has authentic models of Danish autos, for use with scale-model railroad layouts.) Also, a good many toys made here are copies of those admired in foreign countries, and a good many of those made abroad are copies of ours; the English, who have been sending us all those lead soldiers wearing British uniforms, are now sending us cowboys and Indians as well.

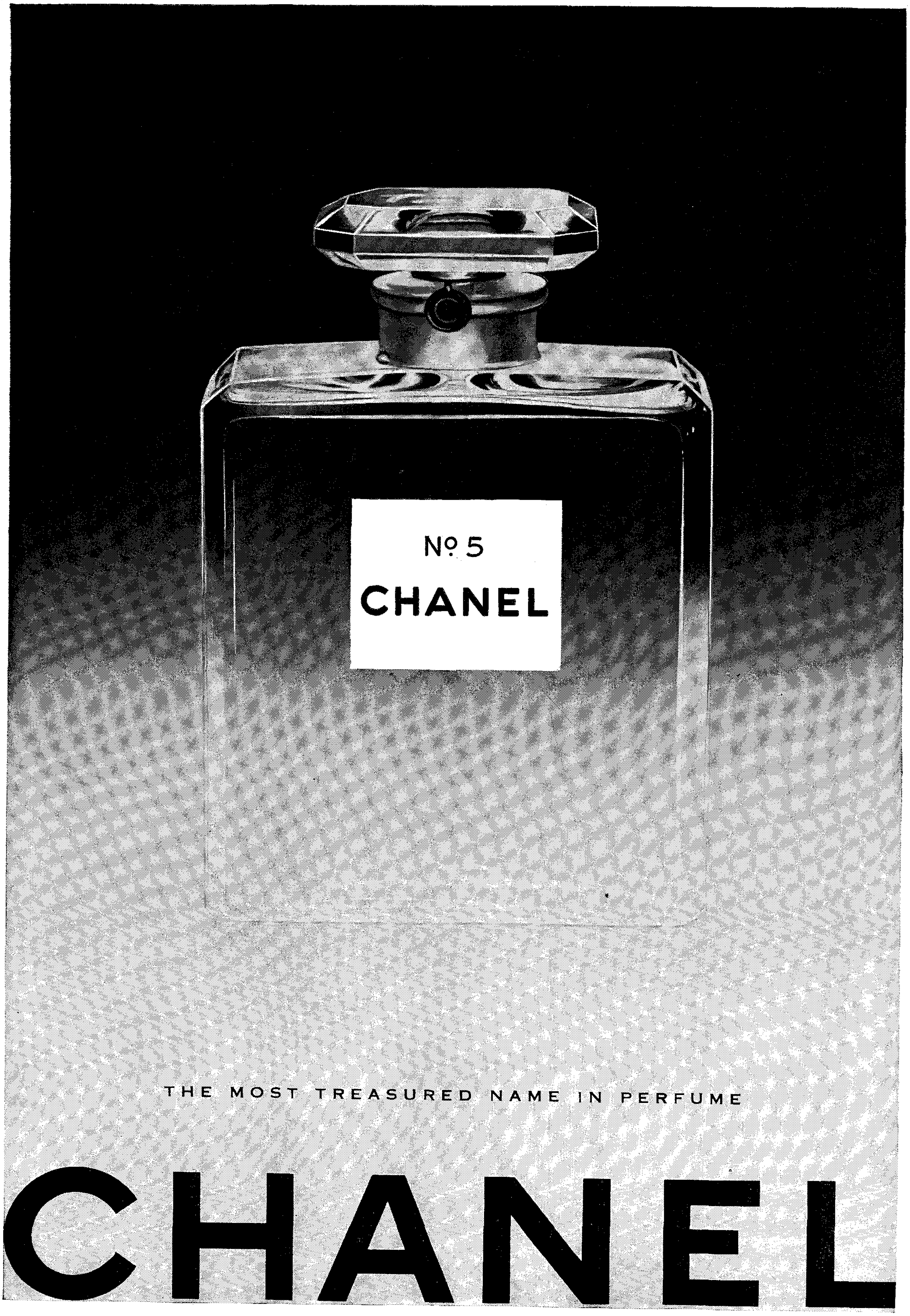
A word of warning about prices: They may go up between the time this is being written and Christmas—even as much as fifteen per cent, if stocks now on hand have to be replenished. The reason, of course, lies in Korea. A few raw materials are already so restricted that when the toys made from them are sold, there just won't be any more this year.

PARENTS who have been grumbling for years about the flimsy construction of doll furniture, toy chests, pull wagons, and the like may be grumbling this season because these very things now seem to be built to last forever, and are therefore considerably more expensive. And when you're buying doll furniture, wagons, or complicated mechanical toys, all handsomely assembled on the toy-store shelf, be on the lookout for a marking on the box that says "KD." It means that the article so labelled is shipped "knocked down," and that you'll have a construction job on your hands. It pays to find out about such matters now, and not when you unwrap the item late on Christmas Eve.

Television characters seem to be crowding Santa Claus out of the spotlight more determinedly than ever this year. Arthur Godfrey's name adorns a plastic ukulele equipped with a push-button attachment over the frets that simplifies the fingering of the six basic chords ($5.98), and Hopalong Cassidy is all over the place; Lord & Taylor have an entire department dedicated to this stainless character. Knives, pistols, and complete outfits of Western clothes that have his blessing, and his copyright label, seem to be the special preference of both boys and girls; kids who can't even read can spot that trademark, and that's what they want. Chairs for watching television, designed for children of two on up, are in some cases provided with armrests large enough for snack service. And since the TV home has taken on many of the other aspects of the movie house, it is no surprise to encounter child-size electric popcorn machines, which do just what the big ones do, but



"We seem to keep coming back to jewelry, don't we?"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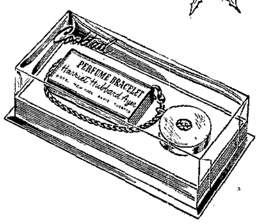

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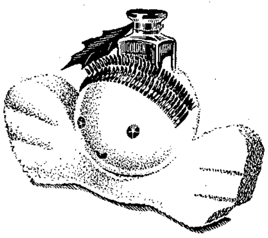

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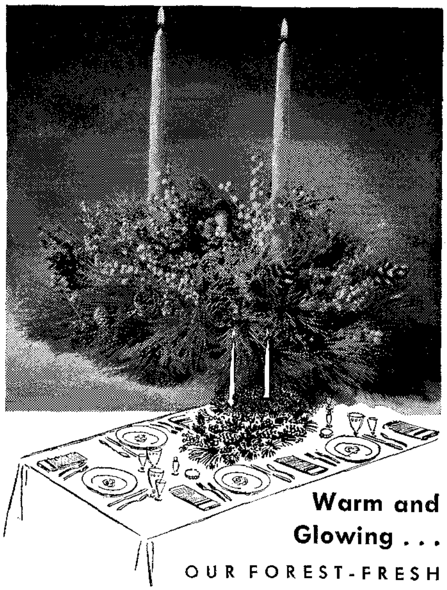
on a smaller scale. They are twenty inches tall, have plastic windows, and cost $10.95, almost everywhere. Toy carpet sweepers that will deal with stray pieces of popcorn can be found almost everywhere, too (there is a play-size Bissell that does a splendid job; $2.95), but so far we haven't seen a toy that will remove melted butter from the rug.

The traffic problem must be getting as serious in the playroom as it is in the world outside, if one is to judge by the quantity of toys that have to do with directing the traffic of either tiny wind-ups or child-size footpower autos. The most imposing and expensive toy in this field is an electric signal tower, forty-four inches high, that has red, green, and yellow lights, operated from a switch on the side; $14.95, at Creative Playthings. As for the cars themselves, we can assure you that the makers of toy autos are just as enterprising as those fellows in Detroit.

IN almost all the stores, you'll run into the word "scale," referring, on the one hand, to toys that are life-size or nearly so, and, on the other, to those that are either literally scale models or have been scaled down to fit into cramped city living quarters. A small electric kiln that is classed as a toy but fires ceramics just as well as any other kiln is less than a foot square and can be stored away easily. It costs $43.95, at Creative Playthings. A tape recorder, only a foot long, turns up in a number of stores, Schirmer's among them, for $94.50. And there is an exceptional electric organ—scaled down to about the dimensions of an electric toaster—with a keyboard of two full chromatic octaves and a full, resonant tone; it works on A.C. only and costs $18.75, at Wurlitzer, 120 West 42nd Street, among other places. Small-size trains, a good many of them running on tin-plate track that can be set up in ovals and curves on a card table (an ostentatious array of tunnels and stations and bridges requires *two* card tables), are in plentiful supply. The Dinky Cars, automobiles imported from England, start off with a model that will sit in the palm of your hand. Some of the medium-size Doepke (American) models of pleasure cars and pieces of heavy-duty construction equipment come with a driver's license or an operating permit signed by the Mayor of Modeltown, U.S.A. And, by the way, many mechanical toys are now being made of a kind of permanently colored plastic that isn't as unyielding as painted, so furniture and ankles are



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Moving into the world of nursery toys, we find that numerous stores carry the blocks and block toys turned out by Playskool (its new peg workbench includes big wooden screws and a big wooden screwdriver for two-year-old carpenters; $3), and by Holgate (the House That Jack Built comes with a set of painted colored blocks to drop through the chimney; $3.50).

ON every side these days, there's an exhibition of electric trains. You can get a comprehensive look at the whole field in any big department store. Lionel has its own show at 15 East 26th Street (9 to 5), and Gilbert has its show in the Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Avenue at 25th Street (9:30 to 5), both Monday through Saturday. Polk's, at 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), has a particularly good selection of trains and model-railroad equipment, as well as repair kits and spare parts. At the Saks Fifth Avenue Toy Shop (entrance on 50th Street), almost the entire second floor is given over to a Lionel exhibit, which is open to children dur-

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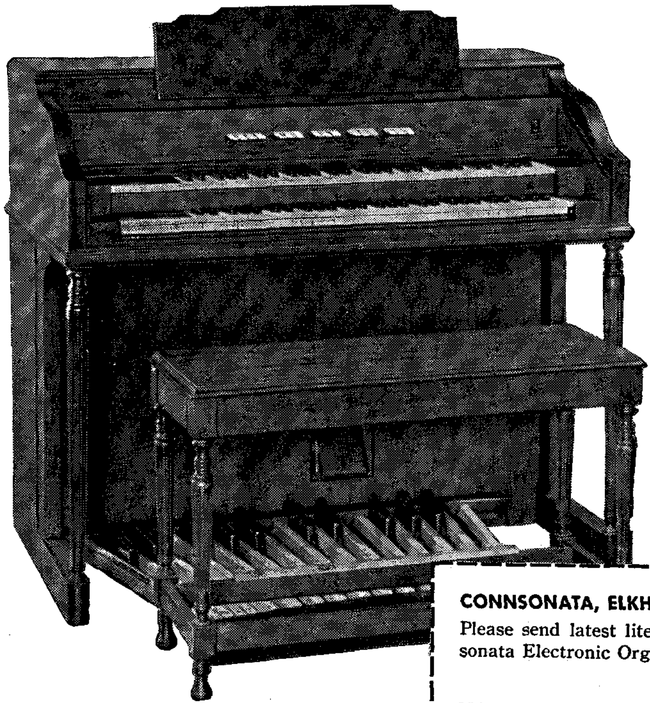

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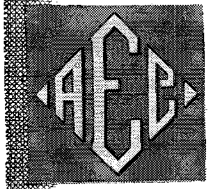

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monogram orders accepted until December 12th

ing store hours, except from 12 to 2, when only fathers are allowed. The Trix and the Marklin trains, made in England and Germany, respectively, are showing up in more and more toy stores, and the latest foreign train is the Wesa Lilliput electric, from Switzerland, on hand at F. A. O. Schwarz.

In the Lionel line this year, the big thing is something called Magne-Traction; two pairs of wheels on each of the new locomotives are magnetized, giving them a better purchase on the rails and preventing skidding at the start. Lionel has two new models of diesel-driven Union Pacific trains ($55 for a passenger train, $47.50 for a freight), and two O-gauge trains with streamlined, silvery cars (passenger, $55; freight, $57.50). Gilbert (American Flyer) is perhaps proudest of a polished-aluminum Santa Fe diesel engine with a built-in horn, electronically operated, which is remarkably close to the real thing; this engine pulls a train that is altogether as handsome a piece of rolling stock as there is on the roads today (passenger, $62.50; freight, $57.50). A new American Flyer stockyard-and-cattle-car set has a storage shed and eight steers, which can be negotiated through the complicated chutes of the yard and on or off the cattle car; $14.95. The new American Flyer baggage car has a baggageman aboard, and on a baggage platform is another baggageman. Between the two of them they load and unload several pieces of luggage with a speed that would appall any real-life baggageman; $15, for both platform and car.

SANTA CLAUS will be around at the usual places—Altman, Best, Bloomingdale, Gimbel, Macy, McCreery, and Wanamaker. Gimbel is providing him with a stable of eight live reindeer, on the seventh floor.

One more thing: The Antville Coal Mine is a colony of sixty or more live harvester ants, housed in loose soil between two panes of glass set about an inch apart in an upright frame. The ants dig tunnels all day, paying no attention to people who have nothing to do but watch them. With their mandibles, they roll up pellets of earth, which they lug to the bottom of the frame—the only place they can go—and deposit in a tiny wooden train. When the ants call it a day, the Simon Legree who owns them sneaks the dirt out and dumps it back in, at the top of the frame. Next day, the ants start all over again. The whole business is ten inches high and eight inches wide. You get this by sending a letter (no telegrams or phone calls) and $4 to F. E. Austin, Winter Park, Florida. Delivery in about a week.

And now to the stores:

ALTMAN: Equipment for a dolls' beauty parlor includes a permanent-wave machine with six heaters, which don't heat; a dryer, which does dry (it's a hand-operated blower); two adjustable chairs, which will seat comfortably any doll up to sixteen inches tall; a hair-setting table; a basin with an adjustable drain; a manicure table; and a supply of curlers; $21.95. Ninety hardwood building blocks—enough to set up a fair-size village—come in a fabric sack that serves as a building site; it is marked with streets, sidewalks, driveways, and lawns; $7.50. The most popular toy automobile here this year seems to be an eight-inch reproduction of an old Maxwell; it is controlled by a wire held by the operator, and it can be made to spurt ahead and then stop short; $1.98. The Creeper's Push-n-Pull is an eleven-inch dumbbell-shaped frame of painted wood strung with securely fastened bells that rewards its owner with a clang no matter whether he pushes it, pulls it, or shakes it up and down; $2. Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer is here, nineteen inches tall and made of brown plush, with a white streak down his back and a red button nose; $7.95. There is apparently no end to the accomplishments of a handsome red plastic fire engine, about a foot long, with a blue extension ladder that cranks up to a twenty-inch height. Aboard the truck are a driver and two firemen, all removable; a pressure pump on each side (manually operated); and an eighteen-inch plastic hose that squirts a formidable stream of water from a storage tank in the body of the truck; $2.40. For an only child who needs a target for the submerged aggressiveness we hear so much about these days, there is Playmate Doll, nearly a yard tall, who can take all manner of pummelling. She has synthetic hair that can be curled, is made of latex, and is dressed in a pretty strawberry-print dress; $24.95.

AMERICA HOUSE, 32 East 52nd Street: Many of the dolls here come in sets that are intended to inhabit doll houses. A family group, for instance, is made up of father (about four inches tall), in a conservative gray business suit; mother, in a red-and-white checked house dress; daughter, in a dress matching mother's; and junior, in shorts and a T shirt. The set is $7. There are also, of course, lots of single dolls; a girl doll four inches high and dressed in a frilly dress, a red coat, and a red bonnet is $1.65. All these dolls are wired and can be made to stand, sit, or assume whatever other position satisfies the whim of the child who owns them. Here, too, are stuffed "pattern animals," so called because a limited quantity is made from each pattern, and the child who possesses one is not likely to be disgraced by finding that the kid down the street has something just like it; to wit, a pair of husband-and-wife foot-high felt giraffes with diamond-shaped spots, their necks lovingly entwined, are $12 each. Stuffed felt animal puppets, which are made to work in a new way (by putting two fingers down the backs of their hind legs), are available, although, to date, only a brown donkey and a gray elephant (these must have been designed with elections as well as Christmas in mind) have come off the assembly line; $8.50 each. Any child who hasn't yet had a pull train would get off to a good start with the wooden one here; it consists of an old-fashioned locomotive and tender, a blue freight car, and a red caboose, all held together with hook-and-eye couplings that *always* work; each of the cars can be used as a single pull toy; $1.75 for the set, which is nearly two feet long. John Lloyd Wright, the man who thought up Lincoln Logs some years ago, has devised some new construction blocks, called Wright Blocks, of unpainted, unstained wood, which interlock so readily and so snugly that it is simpler than ever to build fairly high trestles and towers that will stand firm under a considerable amount of joggling. Like most modern blocks, these are sold in sets that supplement one another, although each is a self-sufficient unit. In this case, there are two sets; No. 2, the larger, comes in a box about a foot and a half long, has enough blocks to build a town hall or an overhead trestle for a pull train, and costs $6.50.

MARY ARNOLD, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th): Children who don't have secretaries and find that the paperwork relating to their social and business lives is getting the better of them will be delighted with a practical, if somewhat giddy-looking, file made of heavy fibreboard

OOH! Santa put a CUM LAUDE in *my* stocking!

When you consider that students who type average from 9 to 38 percent higher grades in many subjects, you'll realize why the *All New* Remington Portable Typewriter makes the perfect practical Christmas gift for the ambitious student. It's the *only office typewriter in personal size* — just the *right size* for fastest . . . best typing performance. On sale at leading typewriter stores, jewelers, and department stores.

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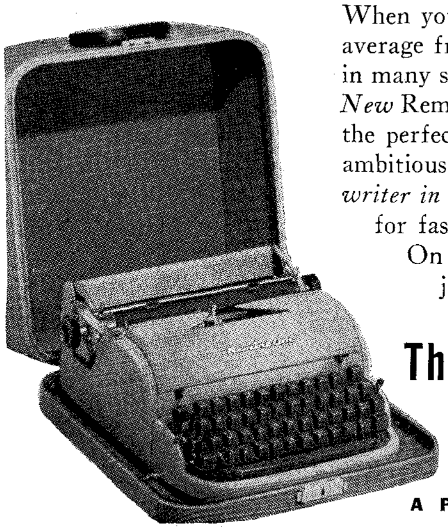

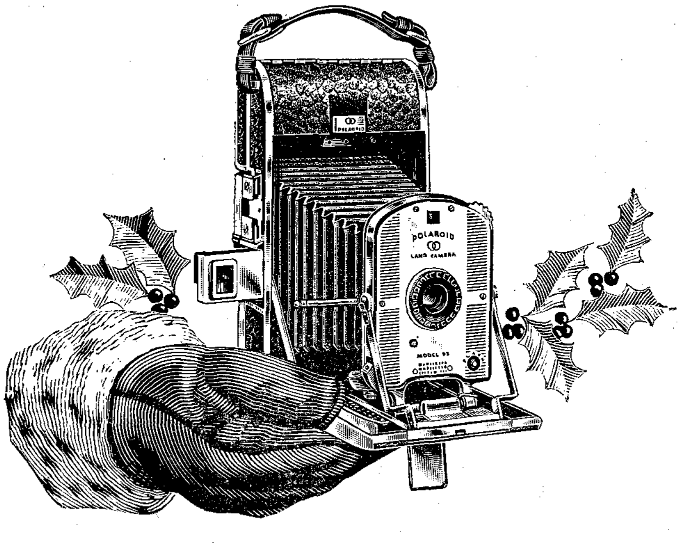

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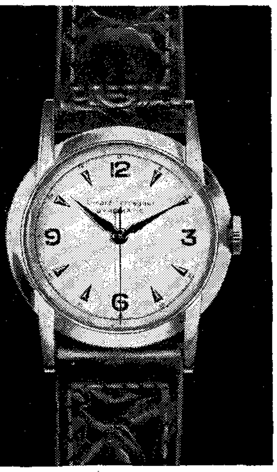

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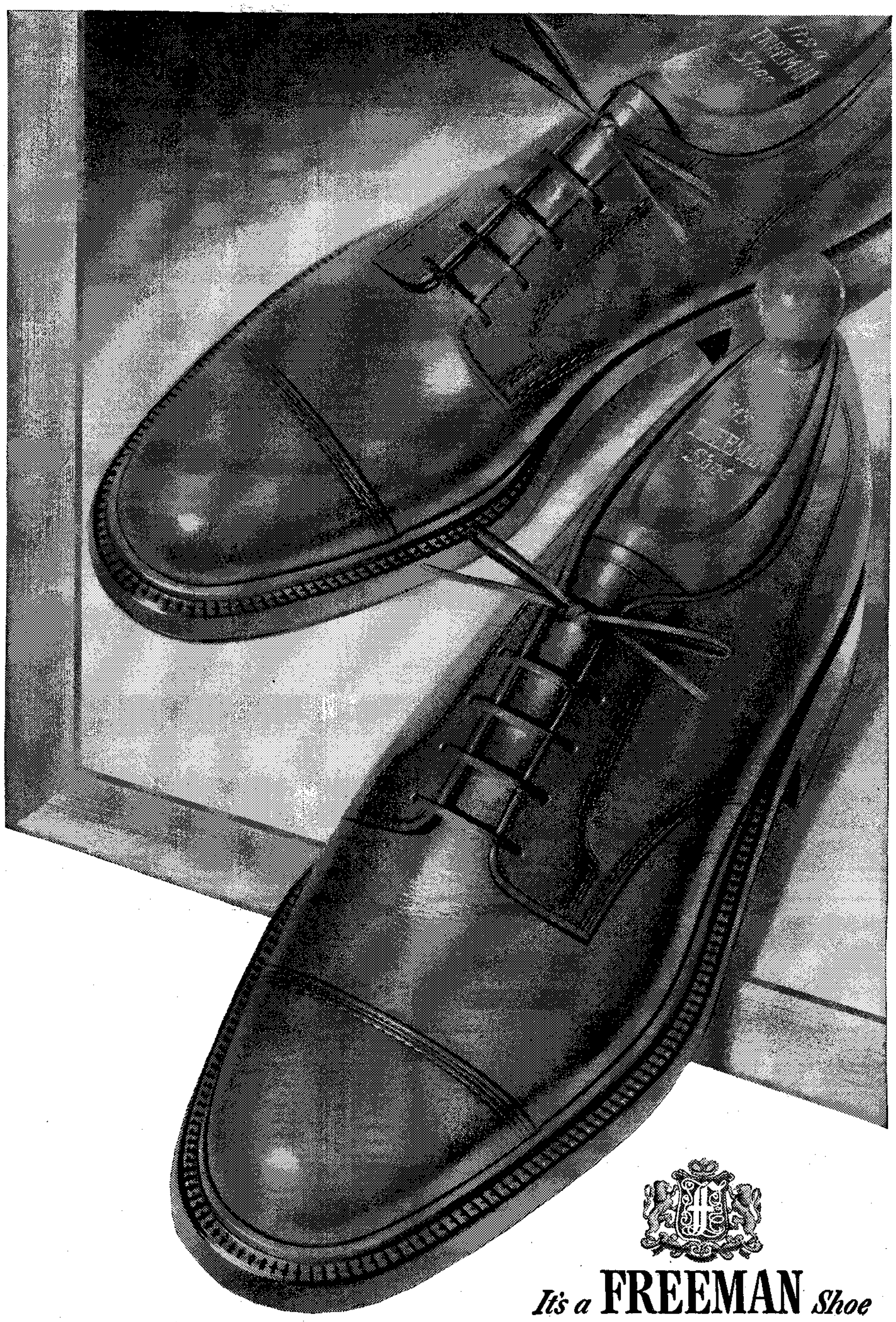
coated with plastic; it's blue, with a red-and-white striped front. It has sixteen labelled compartments, for such items as "Compositions," "Trips-Vacations," "School Reports," and "Sunday School and Church," and costs $3.95. There's quite a collection of doll-house furniture here, in single pieces or in suites. One set of plastic living-room furnishings includes a grandfather's clock, a television set, a coffee table, and some overstuffed chairs, plus a seven-inch record (a real one) of, say, "Alice in Wonderland" to keep whoever does the housework entertained; $1.50. A doll-house television set not much bigger than a package of cigarettes has a screen on which you can get a picture of either Mickey Mouse or nothing; a door on one side opens to reveal a radio panel, and one on the other discloses a tiny record cabinet; seventy-five cents. And then there are dozens and dozens of stocking toys, among them a metal meat grinder that won't grind and a miniature plastic steam roller that rolls (twenty-five cents each), and a five-inch birch-bark canoe (fifteen cents). Fancy-dress costumes—pirates, clowns, Red Riding Hoods, ballerinas, and so on—are made of flameproofed crêpe paper. They're for children of from about four to twelve years old, and the prices ($2.95 to $8.95) vary according to size. A new hobby kit contains the leather and the directions for making a belt, a billfold, a cigarette case, a key case, and a coin purse; $3.50. A carpenter's apron of substantial navy denim, with toy tools (hammer, saw, screwdriver, and such) tucked into the pockets, is $3.50, complete, and the same sum of money

will get you a pastry apron of yellow Indianhead, whose pockets hold an egg beater, a ladle, a recipe card, several pans, and so on. For teen-age girls, there's a shipshape little basket full of sewing equipment; $4.95.

BENDEL: This establishment always greets the Christmas season with handsome Italian-made dolls. The collection this year includes a Dutch boy, nine inches tall in his oversize wooden shoes, who has a sugar-bowl haircut and holds in his mouth a pipe that can be (and surely *will* be) removed and dry-smoked; $5.25. All the stuffed animals here have names; some of them play music, and some of them embody a moral lesson. Frenchy the Poodle is made of black or white curly plush, is about the size of a full-grown miniature poodle, sports a Dutch haircut that would disbar him at any dog show, and carries within him a music box that, when wound, responds very nicely with "Auprès de Ma Blonde;" $12.95. One cheek of the Lollypop Dog, a lugubrious hound made of terry cloth stuffed with foam rubber, is adorned with an immense black felt tear, brought on, the story goes, by a surfeit of lollipops; $4.50. Chessy Cat, a gray plush creature with a pink nose and long black yarn eyelashes, lies at ease (probably on a fat salary from the Chesapeake & Ohio) clutching a small pillow, and contains a music box whose repertoire begins and ends with the usual Brahms "Lullaby;" $10.

BEST: The mice who made such sterling reputations for themselves in Walt Disney's "Cinderella" are all on hand here, fourteen inches high and made of gray felt, with gleaming-white buckteeth. Jock wears his turtleneck sweater and Gus his red shirt, and they all wear price tags of $4.95. Among other animals is a silly plush elephant, peach-colored, with bells for eyes, and plaid gingham padding his feet and lining his ears, to match the bow around his neck ($4.95). Lounging slippers for a young party who isn't big enough to do much except lounge are made of pastel felt and each has a plastic-clown rattle at the toe; $1.95. To measure and record the height of citizens under four feet tall, there's a fibreboard Teddy bear who stands upright and holds a scroll that, when unrolled, reveals markings in half inches; $1. A child can get a good grounding in how to cope with buttons and buttonholes,



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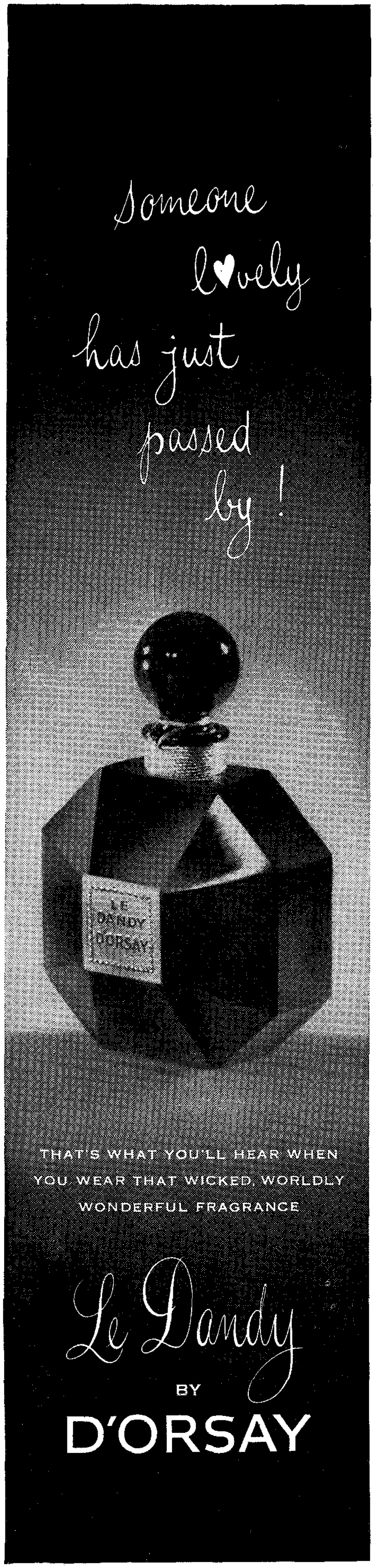
zippers, shoelaces, and such by studying one of the washable cloth books titled "All by Herself" and "All by Himself;" $1.95 each. The button page, for example, shows a picture of a child buttoning a button, and provides a couple of strips of cloth fixed solidly to the page, one fitted out with a button, the other with a buttonhole, for experiments. The cowboy belts in this store bear none of the copyrighted insignia of the television cowboys; they just have plain horses' heads and studs, and cost $1. As for dolls, there's a really pretty and childlike girl doll with a rubber body, who, when hugged, makes a sound that a fond mother might take for "Mama;" $7.95.

Bloomingdale: A vigorous little plastic convertible that runs across the floor by means of a friction motor has a siren that screams as long as the motor runs and, furthermore, the top can actually be put up or down; $1.69. The Construction Set includes four tiny plastic copies of major pieces of equipment—a dump truck, a cement mixer, a steam shovel, and a gasoline truck. Side levers operate the rear end of the dump truck, unload the cement mixer, and raise and lower the bucket on the steam shovel, and the gasoline truck has a working faucet; $2.59 for all that. For $4.98, you can have a bus terminal with all sorts of working devices—even some parking meters, which register when you put in a penny and return the coin when you press a button. The terminal occupies a floor space two feet long and a foot and a half wide, has a full-length picture window, a clock with movable hands, a timetable on the wall outside the waiting room, and two buses, with signs on the front that really turn. Mothers who don't keep abreast of things in the sports world can consult the sports-equipment division of the Toy Department here. They will learn, for example, that since rubber basketballs are now being used for some intercollegiate outdoor basketball games, a rubber basketball will therefore be acceptable to little Chetwynd, once everything is explained to him. This ball is official size (ten inches) and costs $4.98. An official leather-covered basketball is around twenty-five dollars. For boys about seven years old, a baseball set made by Everlast (they make the boxing gloves most professionals use) includes an eighteen-inch bat of regulation shape but not too heavy, a leather fielder's glove, and a rubber baseball painted to look like the real thing; $2.49. Either a first baseman's mitt with laced edges ($2.98) or a catcher's mitt with a well-formed pocket ($3.98) will do very well at Christmas for a boy who thinks about baseball all year round. A metal carrying case two feet long holds fishing equipment for anyone who is going fishing with his father: thirty feet of line, a float, enough sinkers and hooks for fresh-water fishing, and a rod in two sections, which, when put together, measures forty-five inches from butt to tip; $2.49. Among a bevy of storybook dolls, you will find a fourteen-inch Cinderella, who wears, along with her traditional panniered dress and glass (plastic) slippers, a very chic wig, which can be washed and tinkered with; Prince Charming, who measures fifteen inches, wears white tights, white satin slippers, a brocade cape, and a rakish gold garter just below one knee; $9.98 each. The body of the Boodle Buggy, a doll carriage big enough for a baby, can be lifted out of its wheeled frame and used for marketing or for toting a doll on an automobile trip; there's also a sun visor on the collapsible, five-bow hood, and a brake; $16.98.

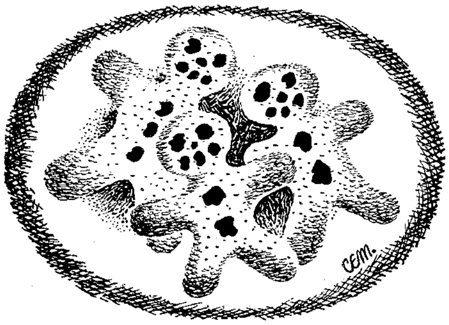
Bonwit Teller: Mostly toys for girls here. Small-scale models of grown-up's purses, such as a seven-inch cowhide bag with a short handle, a swivel fastener, and a mirror inside, are $4.95 each. Stuffed angel dolls, a foot high and wearing sleeping suits, have detachable wings, which parents can remove with ceremony as a lesson to the doll's owner if said owner sets up a howl come bedtime; $3.50. Bonwit's plush poodle—everybody has a plush poodle this year—is seventeen inches tall and has a proper haircut, the accepted American Kennel Club puppy clip; $7.95. A great big loose-jointed red calico Teddy bear, nearly three feet tall, wears a felt jacket that has the flared lapels dictated by Dior this season. He is $6.95. A washable plaid-gingham elephant a foot and a half tall, with a permanently turned-up trunk, is $3.95.

Creative Playthings, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd): The Godey Doll Box holds an old-fashioned porcelain-headed doll seven inches tall and handsomely gowned in correct Godey style, with four complete costume changes stashed in around her; $7.50.



PARFUM FROM $2.75
EAU DE TOILETTE IN THE NEW
DIAMOND-CUT FLACON FROM $3.00
PLUS FEDERAL TAX

The Doorway Gym is held in place by a pair of grippers that clamp over the molding of any doorframe or over a beam in a basement or garage. Fundamentally, the contraption is a swing, whose attachments, in descending order, are a pair of exercise rings, a trapeze bar, and a swing seat; $7.95. The pages of the Junior Bank Book have holes that are to be plugged up with pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters and covered with colored stickers; when the last hole is plugged and covered, a colored picture is completed. It costs $1.25, and money is extra. The people in this shop contend that any piece of doll furniture not solid enough or large enough to accommodate any doll that may be acquired in later years is a waste of time and expense. They probably take this view because the wooden doll bed here will hold up to two hundred pounds of dolls. It is about three feet long, will last practically forever, and will no doubt be used eventually as a chair or a bench; $7.95. A Daniel Boone hat of real coonskin is quilted inside and has earlaps. The tail on it is detachable, so that it can be used on a bicycle or a scooter; $4.50. A doctor's kit, in a zippered black bag, consists of a rubber-tubed stethoscope, an unbreakable thermometer, rubber gloves, glasses (with no lenses), candy pills, and a number of other professional abominations, including a hypodermic syringe with a pointless needle; $3.49. If the young in your house insist on white mice or hamsters, you can get a cage here that is about a foot each way, all metal, and not very difficult to clean; $5.95. For more restrained hobbyists, a plastic greenhouse provides diversion and—who knows?—perhaps a radish or two, come spring. With this, you get four plastic flowerpots, an assortment of seeds, and a batch of fertilizer; $4.98. A scaled-down Thonet chair of bent plywood, its seat fourteen inches from the floor, is $10.95. A doll house made specifically for



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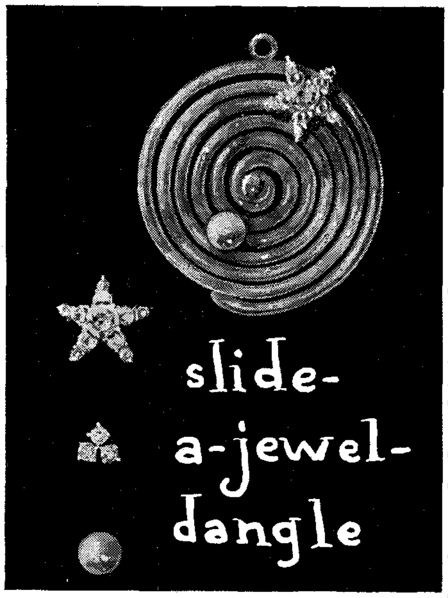
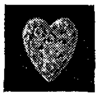
Other Stores in New York and Brooklyn

girls who like to rearrange furniture—as if there are girls who don't—has four rooms, each eleven inches square, under an imaginary roof, and thirteen pieces of furniture. The house can be taken apart easily and stored in a small space; $11.95. One of the best desks we've ever seen for a child is here—the one chosen recently for the Gregory Ain model house at the Museum of Modern Art. It is made of lacquered natural birch, and the top, inlaid with linoleum, measures twenty-two by forty-four inches; it is supported at each side by a stack of storage boxes, which come in three sizes and can be arranged in a number of combinations. Prices vary from $28.85 to $32.95, according to the size of the boxes used.

DE PINNA: Possibly the simplest wind-up musical toy ever invented is a white plush-covered ball, about eight inches in diameter, set on a spindle attached to a flat wooden base and transformed into a clown's head by some yarn hair, a clown cap, felt eyes and ears, and a red plush nose. You twist the nose one way to wind up the music box inside it, and the nose revolves the other way as the music plays; $5.95. The Kewpie, which we had thought was just about extinct, is still popular (and has been all these years, De Pinna says), and still wears the same outfit—a red jersey and a pair of small wings—and the same desperate grin; about ten inches tall, and $1.50. There is a doll here elegantly decked out in an elaborate bonnet and a christening dress of embroidered organdie and ruffled lace—about twenty inches long, including the dress; $6.95. Several versions of the long-legged Krueger dolls, all with impish faces (some open-mouthed) and all with bodies that are flatter than most dolls', which for some reason makes them seem more lifelike, are here, too, some in dressy clothes, others in aprons. The clothes are well designed, and a sixteen-inch doll is $4.50. Three wonderful wind-up animals—a rabbit, a horse, and a spaniel, each about nine inches tall—are the most indefatigable hoppers you've ever seen; with ears and tails flopping, they clamber over anything their size and even attempt to climb the legs of chairs, tables, and people that get in their way. They cost $5.95 each.

EDUCATIONAL CENTER, 971 Lexington Avenue (70th): The big news in this shop is a civil engineer's set




Here's a new idea for charm bracelets — our 14K gold labyrinth dangle into which you slide jewels of your own choice. These stones are fitted with collar button backs for secure and easy sliding. Add as many jewelled ornaments as you wish.

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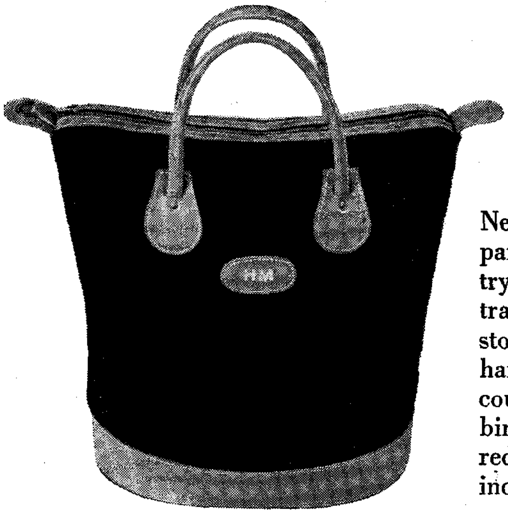
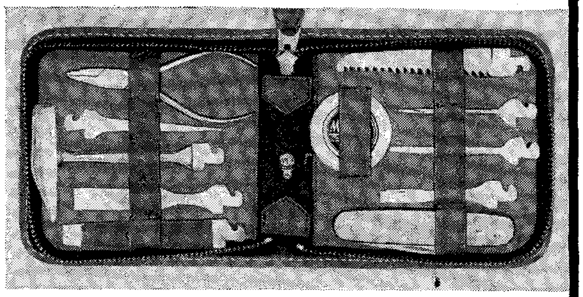
that looks authentic and has every reason to look so, since it includes a surveyor's transit—complete with a fifty-inch adjustable tripod and a telescope—a compass, a plumb bob and line, and a book that contains basic information on surveying, practical astronomy (how to be sure which way is north, and the like), mapping, and a number of allied sciences that have long names; $7. An eighty-power microscope, five inches tall, from Japan, is $3. Among other items that are intended to arouse any scientific interests lurking in the playroom are a three-inch magnet that will lift a couple of pounds ($1.50), and a four-inch prism that can be hung in the window to catch rainbow colors from everyday sunlight (eighty-one cents). A miniature green mailbox is attached to a ten-inch lamppost that conceals two flashlight batteries and lights up every time you put a coin in the letter slot; $1.10. The Fountainette, a cardboard soda fountain about twenty inches long, comes with an ice-cream scoop, spoons, soda and sundae glasses, dishes for banana splits, and a plastic syrup pump with a spring faucet; $2. "The Flags of the United Nations" is a big book whose pages can be colored with crayons, water colors, or oils. There is one page for each of the United Nations countries (except for a few late arrivals), and each page bears a few words of text, and line drawings of the flag and a landmark of the country under discussion; $1.50. Western Play Money, which was taken out of circulation some time ago because the Treasury Department ruled it was too realistic, reappears now in coins and paper money that will make children happy but won't fool even the most careless bank teller; a real quarter buys quite a bank roll. A set of doll cutlery, neatly arranged in a divided box, has knives about four inches long, and everything else is in scale. A service for eight is seventy-five cents. A box of Play Food has a menu composed of roast chicken and lamb chops, peas and carrots and corn on the cob, and muffins and bread. The portions are suited to dolls, being small and made of plastic; a dollar a box. A new kit for making small dolls, by winding yarn around irregular spindles, comes in a sturdy box, practical for travel, and costs $2. Peg Village is a wooden greensward, eight inches square and dotted with holes into which children of two or so fit pegs that are in the shapes of a house,

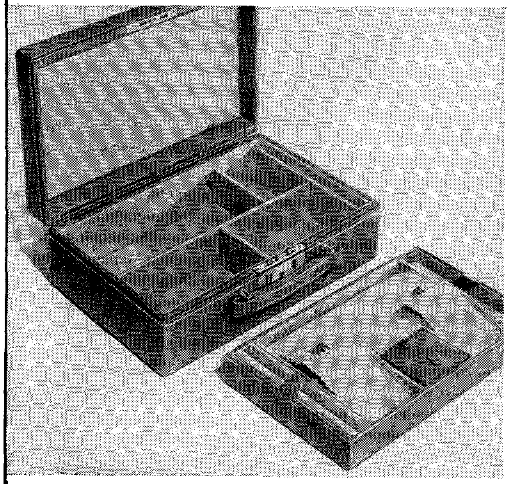
MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th N.Y. 22


'CROSS-COUNTRY' DUFFLE
18.50*

Newest of our duffles that we're parcel-posting all over the country. Unparalleled help-meet for travelers: it packs unpackables, stows things they like to keep at hand. Gloriously rich buffed hide, counterpointed with shiny hide binding. Brown or green with tan, red with blue, blue with wine. 16 inches high. Zips, padlocks.

THE HANDY MAN 17.50


We've noticed quite a boom on this boon of a gift for men and for women! It's a complete "repair shop" in a 5" pigskin case: knife, saw, drill, punch, 2 screwdrivers, file, chisel, hammer, pliers, 6 ft. steel tape. Knife doubles as a handle for all the tools.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One of our ace jewel-cases because the 7-compartment tray accommodates chunky rings via a special roll . . . because she adjusts the lower-section partitions to the sizes she needs. Suede lined. Tan pigskin, with travel cover.
Also in red, brown or golden crocodile . . . . $175.

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Edward Winter's superb enamels have been exhibited in more than forty American and European museums, winning world-wide acclaim for their fine design and craftsmanship.

9-in. ashtray, $20. 5¼-in. ashtray, $12.50
Tan leather Evans table lighter, $17.50
Tan leather cigarette box, $27.50

All are of high fired jeweler's enamel on copper. Chartreuse, white, or brown with gold leaf and star decoration.

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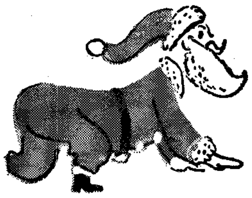

on your mark

get set for Christmas with a new initial tie. Borrowed from a 16th century fabric design, so you can be sure he won't be seen tie-ing and going. In fine organzine silk: brown-blue-white; buff-navy-red; silver-navy-white; navy-red-white; tan-beige-buff.

Four-in-hand 6.50
Bow 3.50

Add .35 for famous N-M gift wrap, and .10 postage.

Neiman-Marcus
dallas, texas

trees, and flowers; $2.45. Project Playblocks, architectural units made of wood, can be bought separately or in groups; a five-inch pillar, for example, is seventy-nine cents, a pair of arches is $2.45, and a fairly comprehensive set—comprehensive enough to build a sizable bridge—is $24. A wooden stile about a foot and a half high and fourteen inches square at the base, so that it doesn't take up too much houseroom, is useful for playing any number of games, both outdoors and, on rainy days, indoors. It comes with a five-foot plank that can be used for a seesaw. The wood is shellacked pine, and the whole business is $12.30.

Jane Engel, 1025 Madison Avenue (79th). A kit that should see a young athlete through the whole year contains an undersize football, a nine-inch basketball, and a baseball, all made of rubber painted to look like leather; $2.98, packed in a cardboard suitcase. Any doll from fourteen to twenty-two inches tall can find here everything she needs for the beach—a red-and-white striped beach mat, a foot-high red parasol, and a white terry-cloth beach robe and matching beach bag ($3.98 for the works). Or for the ranch—a wide-brimmed felt hat, a holster belt with a couple of pistols two inches long, a bandanna, a red shirt, and a fringed skirt and vest ($2.50 for the works). For amateur policemen, there is the Emergency Outfit, a box filled with pint-size police equipment, such as handcuffs, a nightstick, a revolver that doesn't bang but clicks, an axe (of rubber), a whistle, three official-looking summonses, and a walkie-talkie set, all for $2.25; and the cardboard top of the box this stuff comes in can be taken apart and reassembled into a ten-inch Emergency Wagon. The Dick Tracy car is a wind-up with a siren; it has an overhead spotlight that flashes on and off, thanks to a flashlight battery hidden in the car. This is ten inches long, and on a single winding will cover about half a block; $2.50, plus a dime for a battery. Judy Splinters, as the young television watchers in your household will know, has long braids (black) and wears a dress (red) with braid trimming (black); she's a foot and a half tall and is made entirely of tough plastic, so she'll put up with a lot; $5.50.

Gimbel: First, there's an electric wall clock in the shape (more or less) of a cat, whose tail is a pendulum, whose

For Holiday Dining—Stunning Silk Taffeta Sheath

Slim as an arrow—dramatic side chou caught with velvet loops. In ruby, gold, emerald, navy, or black . . . Sizes 12 to 40

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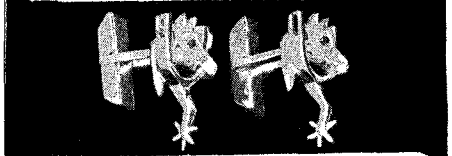
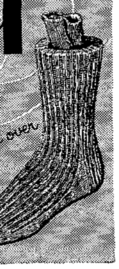


An original design made in our own shops. Horse's eye is a genuine ruby. In 14k gold, $72. Matching tie chain, in gold, $72. Prices include tax and postage.

TOM CHAUNCEY
Jeweler
PHOENIX, ARIZONA



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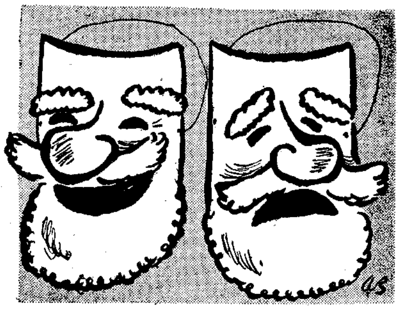
stomach is a clearly marked oval clock face, and whose big, round eyes move back and forth at every tick; A.C. only, $12.45. If there is a little Rembrandt in your home, why not exploit him? A child-size easel here has a light on it for midnight work; $4.98, with all the necessary paints and brushes. A small metal table and two folding chairs, something like a bridge set, are designed to withstand considerable wear and tear from the slapjack crowd; $10.98. A metal doll house with awnings and other amenities costs $7.98. The latest word in toy gas stations is two stories high, with a hand-wound elevator for cars, three gas pumps, an air pump, two plastic cars, an attendant, and electric lights. It comes in parts, and costs $4.98. There are more than fifty pieces in the Western Ranch, which sprawls out over an acreage four feet by two: a corral, a ranch-house with authentic ranch furniture (double bunks, even), and lots of animals and cowboys; $3.98. A pair of fencing foils, of regulation size but made of rubber, are packed in a professional-looking leather case; $2.98. This year's table-tennis gun (it shoots table-tennis balls, that is) is a repeater, about two feet long and built along the lines of a tommy gun. It works with a spring instead of gunpowder, and fires six balls, of different colors, with a single loading; $3.49. The Humpty Dumpty Circus of twenty years ago returns this season in a long box, which could serve as the circus arena, with ladders, barrels, a chair (for fending off lions), a couple of clowns, an elephant, and a donkey; all for $10. A folding chair something like the ones movie stars sit in has the holy word "Hopalong" stamped across the leather back; $3.95. A carpet sweeper whistles "Whistle While You Work" while it works; $2.39. A wooden train that can be pushed around a yard-long oval of plastic track, together with some equipment that makes up a village for the train to run past, costs $4.98. As for bicycles, the



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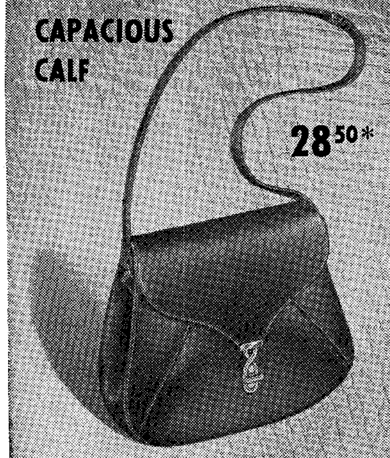

most popular ones seem to be the Hopalong bike, which has an oxhead painted on each mudguard and two leather holsters strapped to the frame (the smallest size is $49.95), and the well-known Stelber trainer bike, with two little extra wheels at the back that keep the machine steady as long as the owner is unsteady but can be removed when he becomes an expert; with sixteen-inch wheels, and headlights, $29.98. A big baby doll made of latex weighs seven pounds, wears size-1 clothes, and cries; $7.95. A caterpillar tractor is probably just what your living room needs; you'll find a bright-yellow one here, pedal-car version. It's three and a half feet long, with a smokestack, two toolboxes, metal treads, rubber tires, and a plow; $44.95.

HAMMOND, 1 East 43rd Street: A standby here is a good, stout globe, a foot across, with a slot in its base that holds a comprehensive world atlas; $15.75. A brand-new world map, mounted on heavy cardboard, is four feet across and has eyelets for hanging. Or it can be folded in half, like a book. With it comes an indexed handbook bulging with statistics; $3.95. Twenty map pins, in all sorts of plain colors and some with dots and crosses, cost twenty-five cents. Beginners at both geography and jigsaw puzzles might like to put together a puzzle ($1.50) that constitutes a map of the world on one side and of the United States on the other. All the states, except two or three (Rhode Island, for one), are cut along their boundaries. Back in print after several years' absence is the Historical Chart of Mankind, in a new edition. It's five feet long (it folds up into a ten-inch envelope), and it diagrams the doings of mankind since 4000 B.C. in the fields of fine arts, philosophy, law, science, and politics; $1.

GEORG JENSEN: There is a father duck in a knitted green cap and a mother duck in a bonnet with a sporty wool feather, each about as big as your fist and made of knitted white wool yarn stuffed with wool; they and their millinery are washable, and they cost $4.50 a pair. Jensen's jointed wooden doll, got up in pink overalls or in a dress with a frilled skirt and a bertha, stands a trifle over a foot high and costs $5.50. From California come new toy wagons, each about four feet long, on wooden wheels. The high sides are hand-painted and show either a series of

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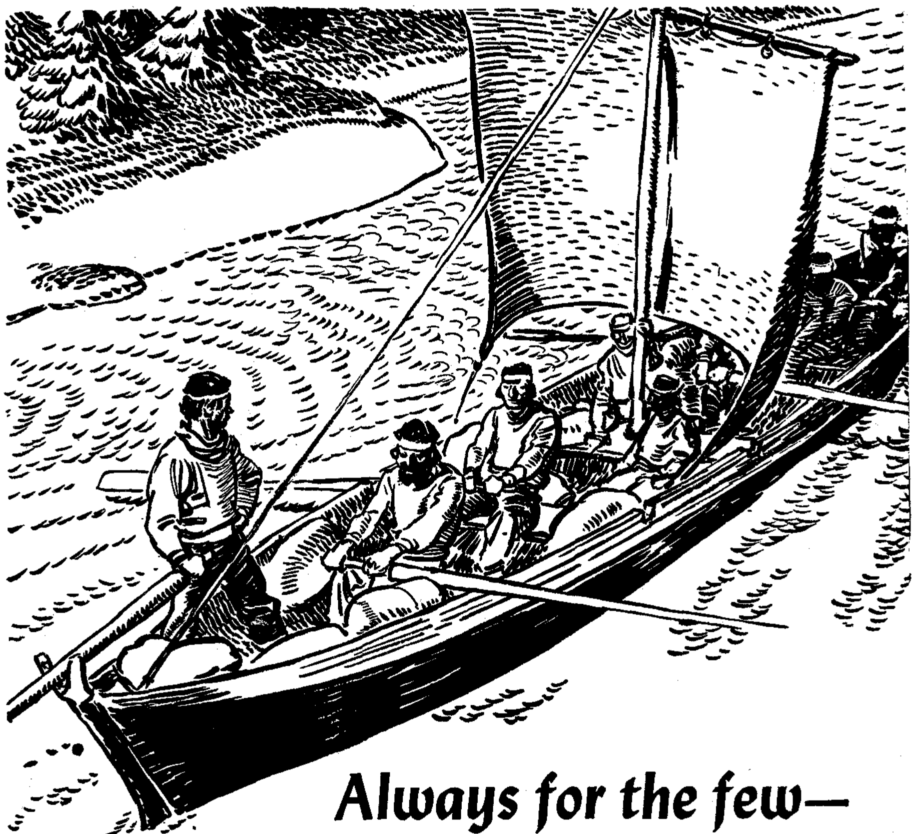
windows with people peering out or a girl and boy waving a banner that declares "*Alting Pa Sin Plads,*" which is Danish for "Everything in its place;" $14.95, including the admonition. For somebody's first Christmas, there is a doll made entirely of braided pink or blue yarn and as washable as a baby's sweater; $2.50.

Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th Street: Toys from the Caribbean countries, most of them in startlingly bright colors, which please the very young, and most of them made of wicker or straw, both of which withstand more rough treatment than you might expect. A painted oval box, an inch and a quarter long, holds six infinitesimal Guatemalan dolls, made of yarn and wire; sixty-nine cents. A small bird cage, no bigger than an apple, has a door that opens and closes on a miniature straw bird covered with feathers; fifty cents. The pig banks here are almost completely round (about three inches in diameter) and are patterned after the Painted Pig of Mrs. Dwight Morrow's book, right down to the pink ears; these are thirty-five cents each, and a pink or purple bank disguised as a cow, a horse, or a graceful, long-legged deer is $1.75. A nest of five small terra-cotta cooking bowls with cream-colored edges—the smallest is about the size of an air-mail stamp—is $1, and a wicker doll cradle, complete with a hood and possibly big enough to fit a kitten, is $2.

Lewis & Conger: A toy vacuum cleaner weighs only three and a half pounds, has a real headlight in its plastic base, and gobbles up lint and dust ($9.95); like a good many other electric toys, it operates on A.C. only. A small boy can readily convert himself into a walking carillon by strapping on a leather belt, sold here for $1.95, that is strung with eight brass bells. The bells are cast from molds a hundred years old, if that matters. A walking doll, who covers ten feet in two minutes on one winding, pumps her arms up and down and turns her head from side to side as she ambles along, and is remarkably steady on her pins. She's twenty-one inches tall and made of plastic, can be cleaned with a damp cloth, and wears a dressy ensemble of pink organdie; $19.95. If you know a child who has been importuning Santa Claus and other powers for a bedside lamp, this is the place to find one. There's a lamp that provides both



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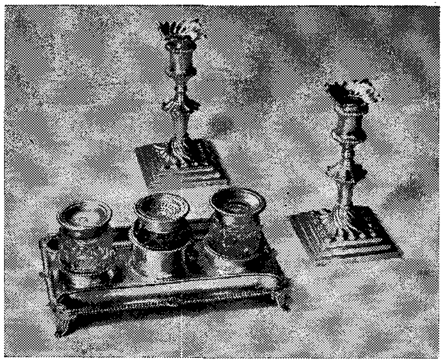

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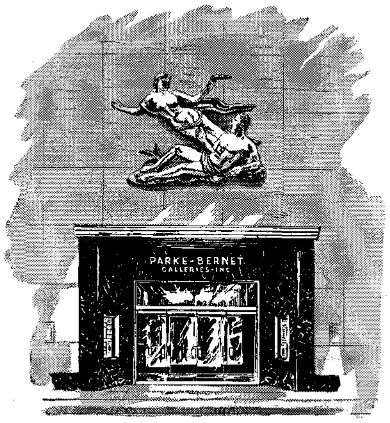
light and music—a wind-up affair that plays Brahms' "Lullaby" slower and slower and slower; $14.95. (Is there a child's bedside *anything* that doesn't play Brahms' "Lullaby"?) A small night light that is a plain ten-inch column topped with an Aerolux bulb, the filament of which looks like a flower, costs $5.20. The bulb has a life of about three hundred hours; replacements are $1.70 each. Silly Putty—and surely everyone knows about this antic stuff by now—is still available in egg-shaped containers, at $1 and $2, and may now also be had, redundantly, in a new pliable plastic jar, about three inches high, with a tight-fitting top; $2. The Whoopit Electric Mixer, which operates on flashlight batteries, comes with a twelve-inch plastic tumbler that will stand hot liquids as well as rough treatment by inexperienced soda jerks. It makes a splendid milk shake, doesn't splash any more than you might reasonably expect, and costs $3.95.

LORD & TAYLOR: Outstanding here is the honest, old-fashioned Teddy bear, without any funny hat, attached ukulele, or internal music. Turned out in either dark-brown plush with beige felt palms and soles or white with pink or blue felt palms and soles, this forthright bear stands about a foot and a half high, and that's all he does; $5.95. A Western bear a foot and a half tall has bowlegs fringed down the sides with uncut felt, which passes for chaps, and wears a two-gun holster belt and a ten-gallon hat; $4.95. A little taller and more talented is a supple black plush monkey with a long, long tail and felt hands, feet, and face. His skeleton is wire, and his arms, legs, and tail can be twisted every which way, allowing him to hang onto things; $4.95. Among a delegation of rubber bath animals from England are a frog who wears a Tyrolian hat and clutches a rubber cigar, a penguin carrying a towel, and Humpty-Dumpty sporting a red hat and holding on to the sides of his vest as if he'd just finished a wonderful meal; $1.95 each. The L. & T. coonskin cap is just like Daniel Boone's, except that it is made of skunk; in sizes from 6½ to 7¼, at $6.55.

MACY: Word of advice: If you are getting roller skates for a child under six, you should get the kind with straps across the toes as well as around the ankles, because the soles on chil-



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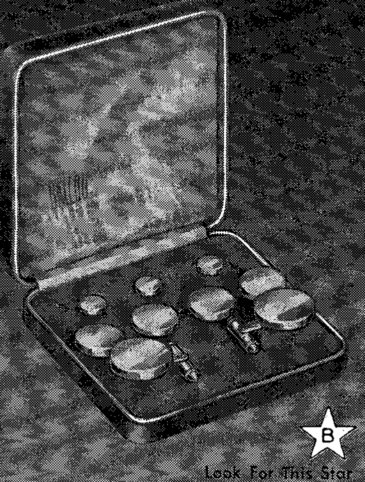

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dren's shoes aren't heavy enough to support metal grips; also, skates with non-ball-bearing wheels are the ticket, because the other kind is too fast. Macy has such skates, at $1.39 a pair. As the child progresses in years and skill, he becomes ready for skates with wheels that have a single row of ball bearings ($2.53), then skates with a longer shoe plate and a double row of bearings ($3.23), and, finally, the fastest thing in the house—practically nothing *but* ball bearings, apparently ($6.52). An express van more than two feet long has seven pairs of rubber-tired wheels (four on the trailer and three on the truck), a spare under the chassis, and a padlock on the back doors; $7.49. A miniature office file will help prepare a child for the days when he ceases to be a deduction and has to pay an income tax of his own. It's four inches square, is painted an I.B.M. green, and has four drawers, tabbed "Spending," "Saving," "Contributions," and "Presents;" $1.98. A mechanical riot car, in olive drab, has no visible driver, but a tiny gun sticking through the windshield shoots sparks; $1.39. What Macy calls the Hesitation Bear, covered in salt-and-pepper plush, walks a slow bear walk, shaking his head and unexpectedly stopping every now and then, just to think things over. He is four inches tall and costs ninety-two cents. Then, there's a small mechanical horse who stands up on his hind feet and dances around while the cowboy aboard him whirls a lariat high over his head. All metal, and eighty-four cents. A junior golf set of three steel clubs with rubber grips would work on a standard course and comes in its own canvas bag; $2.98. The smallest football we've seen this year (it's called the Atom)

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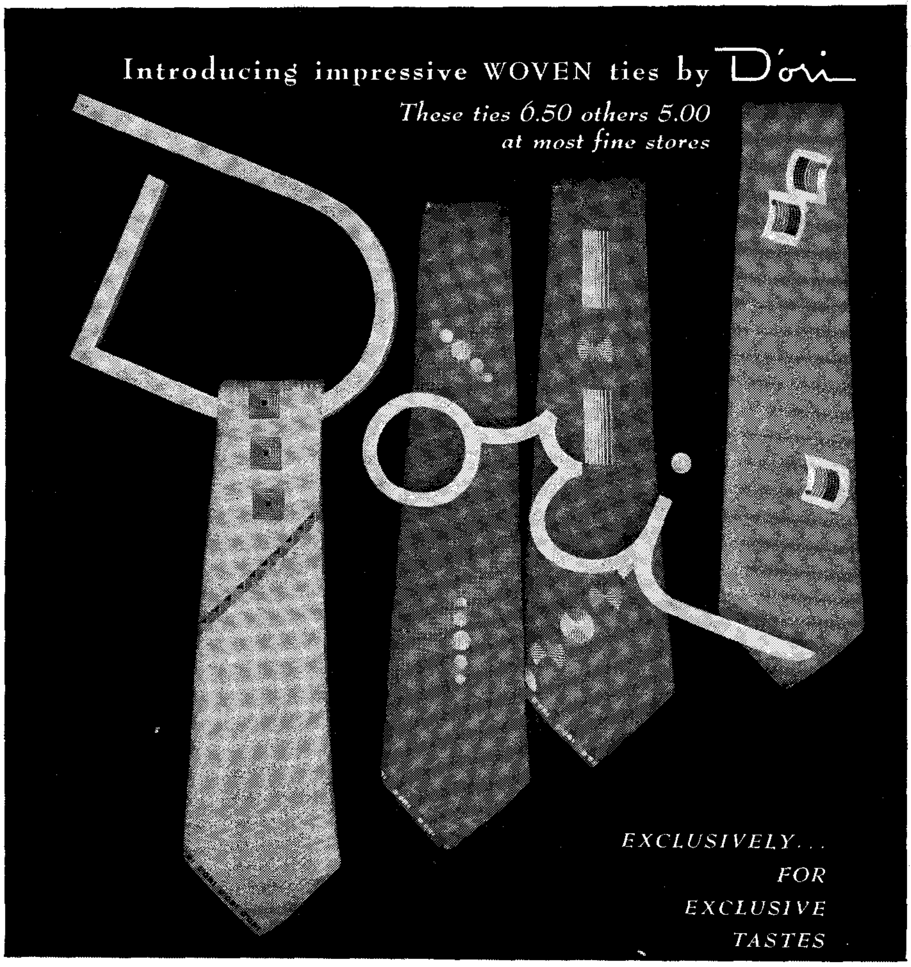
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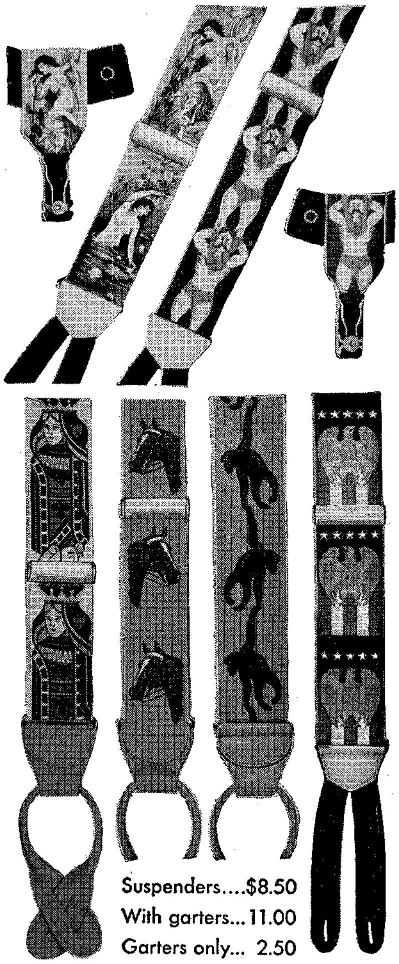

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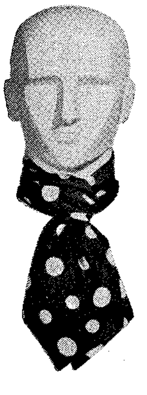

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"Cravateur" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

is meant for a player about one year old; it's six inches long, made of rubber, and costs $1.69. There are all kinds of bells for bicycles, tricycles, wagons, and scooters. The gong, for a wagon or toy car, is the biggest, and costs $1.31; the Super Chief (a train bell, of course) is eighty-four cents; and a triple bell that sounds like the Good Humor man's is also eighty-four cents. Three horns fixed to a rod provide a musical instrument that a child (or a seal) can use to play "Merrily We Roll Along;" $2.49. An inflatable three-foot-long Vinyl plastic horse, set on rockers, is strong enough to hold an adult; $4.68. A four-poster mahogany bed for a twenty-inch doll has a spread that is all pink ruffles and costs $12.98, including mattress. The Austin open roadster is a pedal car, but it has real headlights, pneumatic tires, a horn, an upholstered seat, a luggage compartment, a hand brake, and a hood that can be lifted up for inspection of a valve-in-head engine, which doesn't work, even though it has real sparkplugs. This comes to $129. The Austin Pathfinder racer also has a fake motor under a hood (the hood is held down by a pair of buckled straps), real bumpers, an outside brake handle, brakes with honest-to-God brake linings, and pneumatic tires; it's $99.

ALICE MARKS, 9 West 57th Street: The Pick-Up Boot, which is intended to inspire children to pick up their toys and put them away, is made of white plastic and printed with red or blue nursery-rhyme figures. It is seventeen inches high and wide enough to hold lots of clutter; $2.50. A cardboard doll with a wig of real hair stands upright on a wooden block—there's a slot to hold her feet—and comes with nine sheets of washable and ironable paper printed with costumes and accessories ready to be cut out. The play outfit, for example, includes not only a sun dress but sunglasses, a tennis racket and two balls, and an archery target; $1. A mother sheep and two lambs, cut out of inch-thick slabs of wood, are mounted on wheels, and can be linked together into a sheep train to be pulled around the house; it's difficult to tip over, and it costs $2.50. The stuffed animals here are lifelike and practically life-size. A black cocker puppy, who has a big red ribbon bow matching his red felt tongue, and a dachshund puppy are $3 each, and a black poodle that weighs ten pounds

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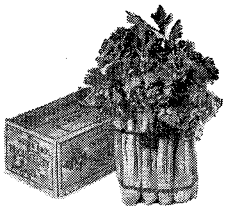

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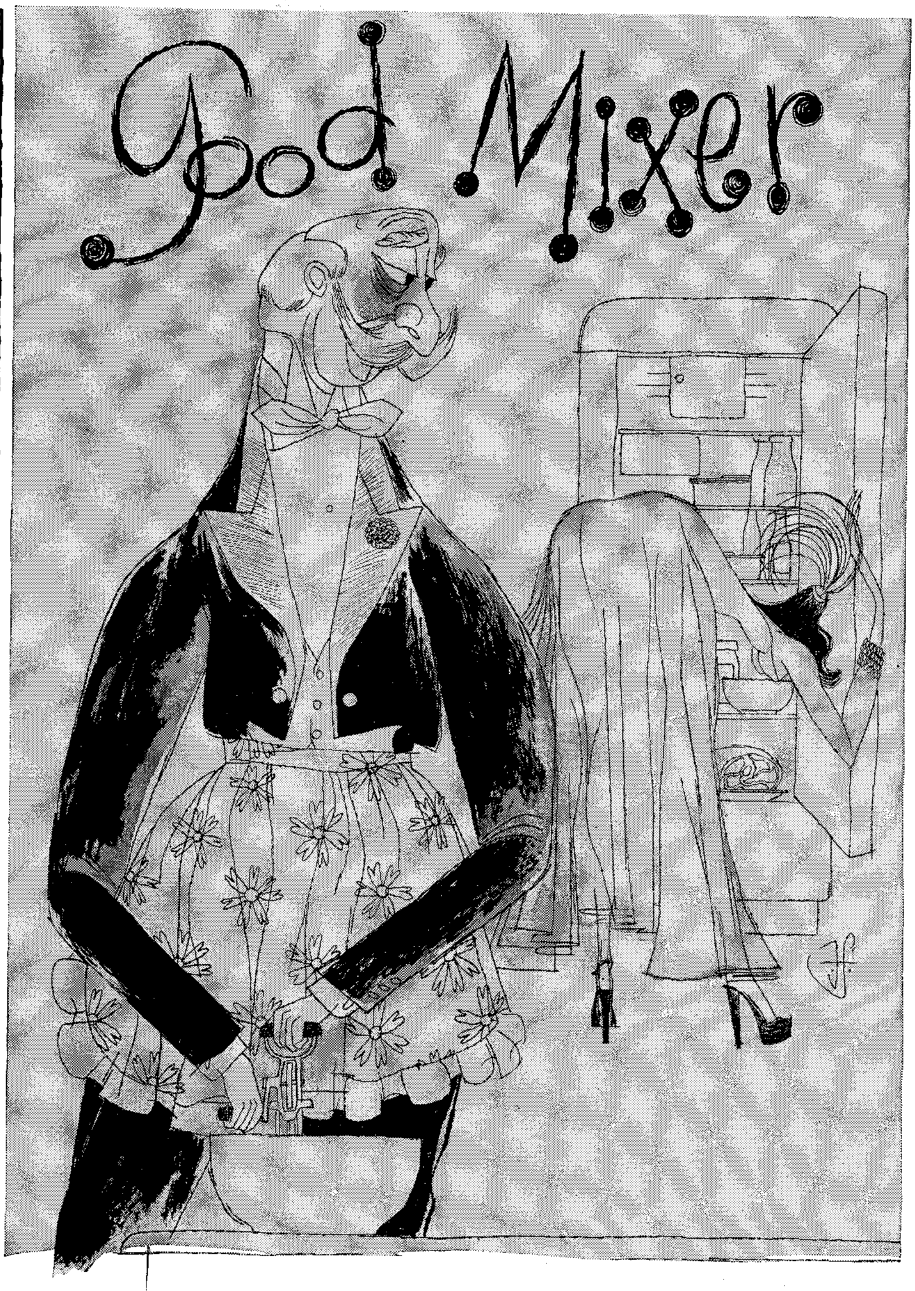
and is as big as any black poodle you're likely to meet is $60, including a red leather collar and leash. A small pink elephant with pink yarn eyelashes and a topknot of pink roses and satin ribbon is $5.

McCREERY: The Linesman's Kit includes pliers, friction tape, a linesman's belt, and just about everything else a linesman requires, except, fortunately, those spurs for climbing telephone poles; $2.98. A scaled-down pool set, small enough to fit on a card table, is built on a metal frame and has a green felt cover, balls (three-quarters of an inch across), and cues (twenty-one inches long); $3.98. More spiritual children might prefer a set of eighteen English-made stencils of animals, children, boats, and so on, complete with eight pans of water colors; $1.98. The Printing Primer (revived, McCreery tells us, from the nineteenth century) offers a set of rubber type—some forty pieces—along with an ink pad, a roller, and a book with blank spaces in the text for the printer to fill in; $1.98. From France come some scaled-down brasses for *le jazz hot*—a four-stop French horn, a little less than a foot long ($3.95), an eight-stop trumpet, and an eight-stop saxophone ($7.95 each). The Pelham Puppets, which are well known in England, are available now at McCreery. Because they're made of jointed wood and operated by what is known as simple string control, they're exceptionally maneuverable; $5 each. A nine-inch wire-haired-terrier pup opens his mouth and barks when you press a button at the back of his neck, but is guaranteed not to bite; $7.95. A floating latex duck makes assorted noises when squeezed; $1.29. The Roy Rogers Flash Camera is purported to take pictures indoors or out; it comes with a flashgun and gets twelve pictures, two and a quarter inches square, from a roll of film; it has a shutter speed of about one-fiftieth of a second and uses a G.E. No. 5 bulb; $3.95. A pair of twin dolls nearly a foot high and very light (they are made of hollow rubber) come bundled together in a single blanket, each in a night robe and apparently dead to the world; $6.95. A panda more than two feet high has eyes with irises that move; $3.95. A doll about the size of a six-month-old baby is made of rubber, has a plastic head, is called Bath Baby, and is as naked as a jay bird; $7.95.

POLK'S MODEL CRAFT HOBBIES, 314



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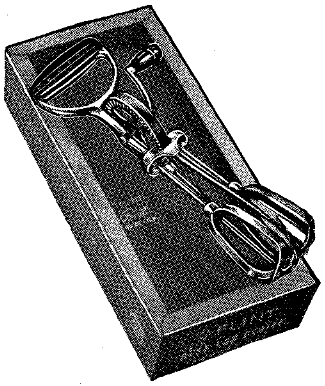

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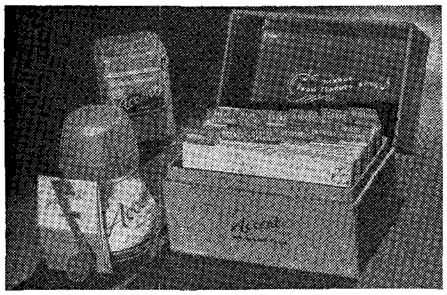
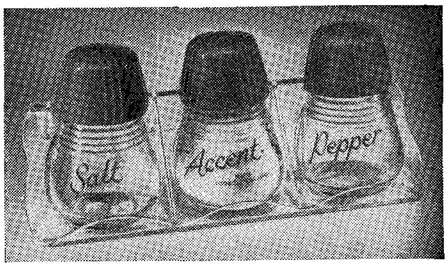


• *Recipe Gift Box* contains both a shaker of Ac'cent and a refill canister—8 oz. in all. An indexed recipe file; box holds hundreds of cards. Attractive linen finish, washable.



• *3rd Shaker Set* is a brand new idea for the kitchen. Crystal-clear plastic rack, handsomely designed for wall or shelf use. Glass shakers are lettered in permanent ceramics. Gay red plastic tops. 4 oz. of Ac'cent included.

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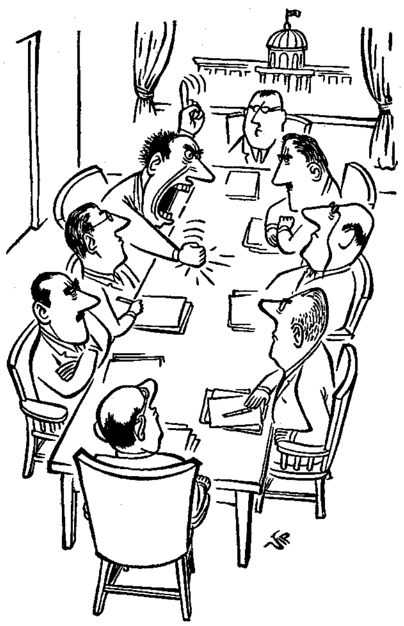
PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE
The unique basic seasoning that makes food flavors sing... makes good cooking taste better!

Fifth Avenue (32nd): Minibrix, from England, are inch-long hard-rubber rectangles with holes in one side and small knobs on the other; the knobs on one brick snap solidly into the holes in another, so that once a structure is put together with them, *no one can casually knock it down*—it has to be *taken* down. There is a tremendous set, of 2,753 pieces, used by students of architecture for planning buildings, that costs $125, but there is also a variety of smaller sets, which cost nowhere near as much. Set No. 3, which is $11.95, has two hundred and seventy bricks and comes with a book of floor plans and blueprints. The bricks are washable and practically indestructible. Polk, as you probably know, has all sorts of toy-train equipment, including some pieces that are hard to find anywhere else, like office furniture for railroad stations. In this category, there is a set of two miniature safes and two filing cabinets ($1); an inch-square three-drawer desk, with a typewriter and an office chair ($1); and a series of clothing lockers for the employees (fifty cents each)—all made to scale. Sculpstone, which easily shows the most brilliant results for the least amount of sculpturing effort and will take on a high polish if rubbed mildly with steel wool, appears this year in kits consisting of roughed-out statuettes and whatever equipment is needed to complete the job (many of them can be finished off with a file). One set, for sculpturing small animals, is $3.95, and another, for making jewelry, is $1.98. The colors of the stone in these kits vary from pale pastels to rich, deep greens. Polk is a great place for modelmakers. There are sets on hand containing the makings of scale models of, for one thing, the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Shangri-la—right down to the secondary anti-aircraft guns, in their gun tubs, and a complement of carrier planes—($1); the famous type of prairie schooner known as the Conestoga wagon, complete in every detail, including a water keg hung at the side ($2.95); Amundsen's arctic sloop, the Gjöa, measuring seventeen inches over-all and authentically rigged up, even to the stays and ratlines—the deadeyes that hold some of the rigging are about an eighth of an inch in diameter—($8.25); and the new Navy Skyraider, with a blister top and a K. & B. .035 engine that will actually fly it ($9.95). A plastic scale model of what is claimed to be the



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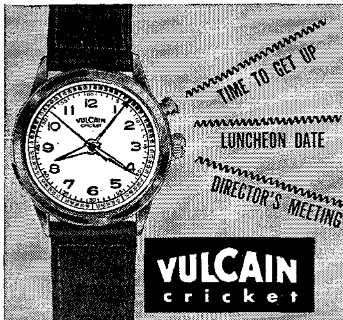

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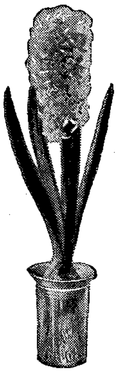

GROW Genuine DUTCH HYACINTHS INDOORS
In Glasses • No Soil!
CUPS fit any glass or jar. Beautify the home. Succession of gorgeous, large winter blooms in choicest colors.
Ideal Christmas Gifts!
5 STASSEN HYACINTHS one each WHITE, PINK, CHINA BLUE, BRIGHT RED, SKY BLUE; 5 HYACINTH CUPS. Complete INSTRUCTIONS. $2.00
3 ORDERS $5.75
Shipped to any addresses, ppd.
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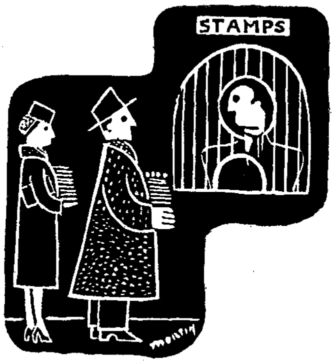
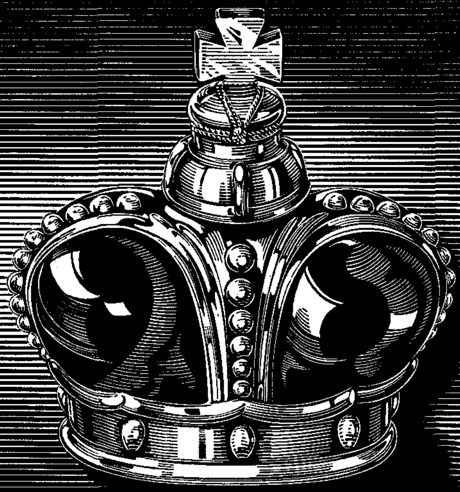
fastest speedboat on the water today—Ernie Schaffer's Such Crust—will split through the water at about twenty-five miles an hour; $9.40. This year's Jetex 50, a tiny motor used in model planes, is smaller than ever and now opens simply, like a Mason jar, for fuelling. It can be fitted easily into a sixteen-inch ready-to-fly Swisher jet airplane, the whole works costing $1.95. Ten-inch model racing cars, with real gasoline motors, that get up higher speeds than ever before are on hand, too; the 045, a red racer, can work up from six miles an hour to twenty-five ($16.95), and the Champion, long and narrow and low-slung, on rubber-tired wheels, can hit seventy-five ($21.50).

RAPPAPORT'S TOY BAZAAR, 1381 Third Avenue (79th): An electromagnetic intercom set works without batteries and has a wire long enough for room-to-room conversation; $2.98. A pedometer that can be either carried in a pocket or strapped to a leg can be adjusted to strides of from fifteen to forty-one inches, which should accommodate anybody who cares how far he has walked; $5.95. In an ingenious railroad system from England, a tiny four-car train works its way over tracks that wind in and out of tunnels on a base only about six inches wide and not quite two feet long. Flashlight batteries provide the power, and the train runs by vibration—don't ask us how. There are switches for changing the direction of the train, and movable scenery; $9.95 complete. A scale-model Boeing Stratocruiser, a formidable machine with four propellers and a thirteen-inch wingspread, is $1. Thirty-nine cents will buy a wind-up Flying Saucer—not a scale model. A pint-size copy of an electric fan works on a wind-up mechanism and fans for two minutes; $1.39. Probably the final end product of the Industrial Revolution is a mechanical bubble-blowing



Stradivari
the perfume that puts a love song in your heart



Wear it wherever you go . . . for this enchanting fragrance will give lasting pleasure to you, and to those around you. In gold-encrusted crown bottle, $7.50 to $45. Also in purse dispenser.

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RESERVATIONS AVAILABLE FROM TRAVEL AGENTS
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NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!
Dry, fragrantly flavored with the Curacao orange. One sip of Nuyens Triple Sec tells why Nuyens Cordials are "America's finest!" They're made domestically by a guarded, 147-year-old French formula.
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Also 11 other fine flavors

Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!
Try Nuyens Blackberry Liqueur. Get the full flavor of rich, real fruit juice. Enjoy "America's finest cordials!" They're made domestically by a 147-year-old French formula.
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Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!
Sip...or mix delightful cocktails with... Nuyens Creme de Menthe. You'll say again—"America's finest cordials" are Nuyens! They're made domestically by a guarded, 147-year-old French formula.
NUYENS Crème de Menthe
Creme de Menthe 60 proof
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.
Also 11 other fine flavors

set. Merely fill a metal-and-plastic device with soap and water, turn a crank, and you'll get huge, unnatural-looking bubbles, even outdoors on a windy day; $1.25. For a very pampered doll, there's a luxurious doll carriage equipped with a collapsible top, a sun visor, storm protection, and what is called a cradle gear, which permits the occupant to be rocked gently to sleep; $50. The Rock Garden ($3) provides a miniature house, a pagoda, a matting of peat moss, and a supply of pebbles, the whole to be set up in a nine-by-twelve-inch metal frame; also, seeds for timothy grass and lentil plants, which will sprout within four days.

Saks Fifth Avenue Toy Shop, 14 East 50th Street: A giddy sort of doll house is made out of a painted barrel two feet high and open at one side. It has chartreuse felt carpets and a pink roof, and is occupied by an infant, in a long white dress, and its mother, who is in a dashing red velvet negligee; $35. A walking doll a foot and a half tall wears a dotted-swiss dress and a matching open-crown hat, and walks by means of a wind-up mechanism; $14.95. Also on the shelves, in just the walking doll's size, are some Sophie Originals: a black-and-white checked suit with a boxy jacket ($3.95), a double-breasted blue gabardine coat ($3.50), and a plaid dress ($3.50), all Sophie-labelled. For the nursery in a modern house, there are two chairs and a small table, about the size five-year-olds like, made of dark-blue and clear Lucite; $54. An unusual pelican, called Pete, turns out to have two plastic fish inside his yellow felt bill. He has immense felt feet and sports a necklace of wooden beads; $5.95. There's also a life-size chimpanzee, with arms longer than yours; $39.95. If anything will induce a little girl to do her own mending jobs, this will: a stuffed kitten ($3.95) in a pink felt jacket and bib, wearing about his person a collection of needles, scissors, and spools of thread; the thimble is on the end of his tail. A plastic reproduction of a showboat, fourteen inches long, is amphibious, working in water like any other boat on a string, and trundling along on its side wheels when ashore; $2.50. A polka-dotted wooden rocking horse can be had for $8.95. To lighten work around a doll house, there's a wind-up dishwasher, full of infinitesimal dishes, for $1.25. A twelve-inch jet plane

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Say "goodbye" to wintery cares... meet new foreign thrills under Cuba's sparkling sun! Enjoy smart Havana's gayety, gaming, night life. See the emerald countryside—historic cities, noted spas, lovely Varadero.
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FROM POODLEVILLE, PARIS—
Fifi, the lovable puppy is Properly Pedigreed, and stands almost 2 ft. high. An exact replica of a real poodle, right down to her soft, cuddly fur. Fifi behaves just like any other poodle—but she won't walk into the Plaza with you.
A wonderful Xmas gift!
$7.50 postpaid
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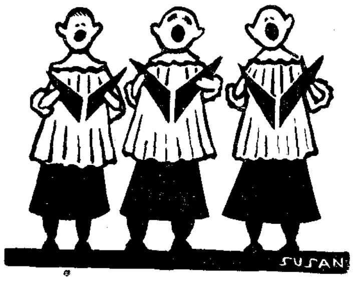
to be a real movie projector that uses 16-mm. films. A fifty-foot Western comes with it, and it all costs $24.95; extra hundred-foot films are $2.75 each. A chain-drive hook-and-ladder truck, made of steel and painted red and black, will ride a child swiftly, or as swiftly as his feet can pump it, to any fires around the neighborhood. The hook-and-ladder really works, too; $35. The Senior Thunderbolt is a tricycle with a squared-off hood in front and a rumble seat in back; $33. As for the Littlest Angel, he is a small rubber party with freckles, white felt wings, a shining halo, a white dress, and red-and-white striped underwear; he is accompanied by a storybook of the same name, and costs $4. For the comfort of young television enthusiasts, there's a small rocking chair upholstered in plastic that positively won't crack, chip, or peel; $13. Next, an all-metal freight terminal, complete with trucks, wagons, and produce, to provide many busy hours, including some for Father, who will have to set it up; $5. This store goes in strong for dolls, and there are two that are meant to have their hair fussed with: Barbara Jane, a life-size doll (well, thirty-three inches tall) of vinyl plastic, dressed handsomely in yellow organdie, is well supplied with curlers for setting her fashionably cut bob ($25), and Maggie Christmas, about half the size of Barbara Jane and made of unbreakable plastic, has her own curlers and a hair net and, moreover, has washable nylon hair ($10). A big, strong donkey, on wheels, has ears that stand out boldly from his head, an open mouth, and a lifelike, or donkeylike, expression; $10. For the coming generation of milliners, there's a plaid hatbox containing six felt hat shapes (for dolls) and all sorts of trimmings; $2.

YOUNG TREASURES, 746 Madison Avenue (65th): A very young child who is impatient to push on with his education can get a running start



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Made in America, exactly as in Holland for centuries, these world-famous cordials and fruit-flavored brandies come to you in the unique and colorful "windmill" package. A wonderful gift—a delectable treat—a delightful aid to holiday entertaining. At good dealers everywhere.

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IMPORTED VERMOUTH

Made in Italy from the Original 100 Year Old secret formula!

"It's great when you drink it straight" (served chilled with lemon peel)

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK

by stringing together a bead game called Alphabet Beads. The beads are half-inch discs with one letter on each side. The problem is to string them onto a ring in the proper order; $1.50. The Yo-yo faces stiff competition in the revival of the old Diabolo, which looks, as you must recall, like two tops joined at the pointed ends, and which spins along a string fastened at each end to a stick. (The operator holds a stick in each hand, and if he's a good Diabolo man, he can fling it high in the air and catch it on the string when it comes down.) The Diabolo here is called the XL top, and sells for $1. A high-strung sorrel named Peso, made of wood, and two feet high at the withers, comes with a thin leather saddle and a plaid saddle blanket (painted). He has wheels in his feet, and sells for about $35. The Cowboy Horse is a much simpler animal—in fact, nothing more than a stuffed palomino head and neck, with a belt that fastens it to the owner, who can go on with the idea from there; $3. The Robot Bus, a favorite last year, is a wind-up toy that backs up and starts again whenever it runs into an obstacle; the 1950 model, it seemed to us, keeps going longer than its predecessor; $3.25. A new kind of bank, called Feed the Kitty, consists of a transparent plastic dome with a slot in it through which coins may be dropped to a kitty inside; $2.50. There are three good new jigsaw puzzles here, each cut into more than three hundred pieces and each representing a different hunting scene; $3.25 apiece. The Jiffy Firehouse is a canvas cover that transforms a card table into a make-believe firehouse; $3.45.

•

French Indo-China is but the most threatening of the perils remaining in the Asian theatre. Tibet, Burma, Malaya—each today suggests a possible emergency which the UN may be called upon to face in the near future.

And then there is Europe.

S..itye!bmbmbmbm bm bm bm bm m
—*Montreal Herald.*

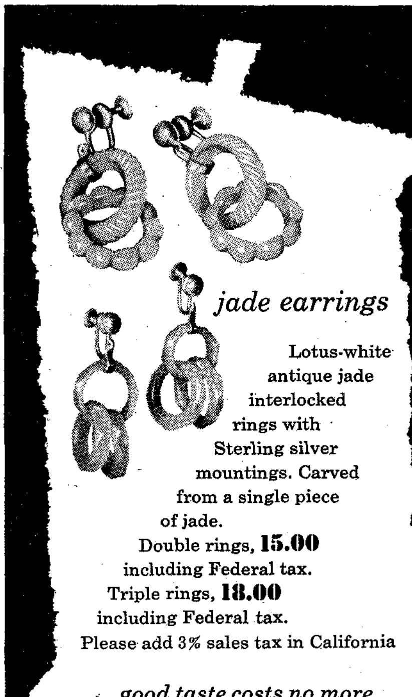
No vivid writing, please.

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(THESE PRECIOUS DAYS DIVISION)

[*Notice on the bulletin board of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago*]

There will be a meeting tonight at 8 p.m. in Common Room for all unmarried students, both men and women. The meeting will be short and to the point.



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★ **Gleneagles Hotel** in the foothills of the Scottish Highlands is a must for golf in its native setting. Britain's premier resort hotel features squash, tennis, an indoor swimming pool, cinema and dancing. Open Easter to October.

★ **Welcombe Hotel,** Stratford-upon-Avon, joins comfort with courteous service in an atmosphere of "Older England." Open year 'round.

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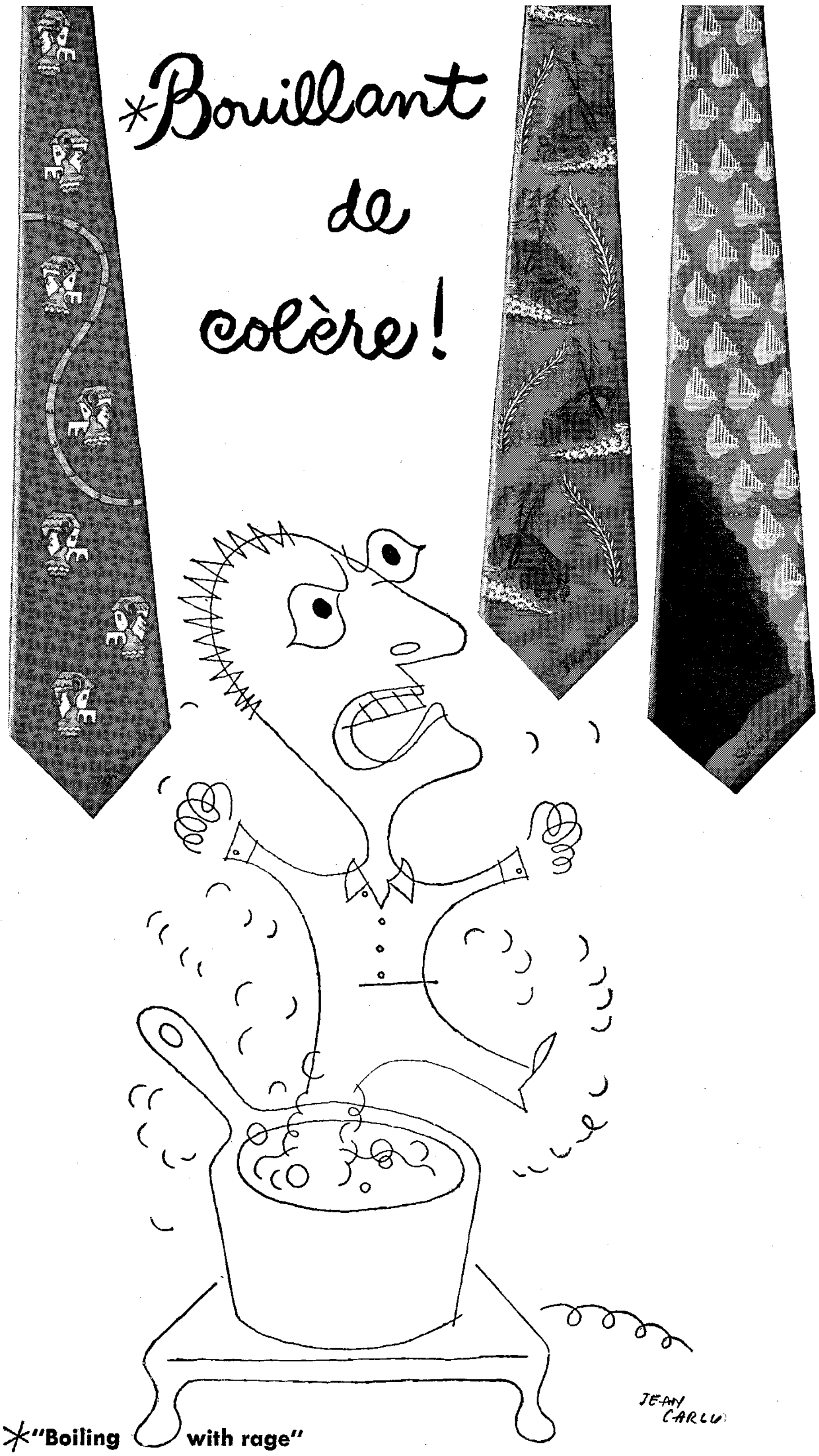
bolts across the floor when wound up, shooting sparks backward; this is part of a set that also includes a tank, which makes small but ominous clicking sounds, and an M.P. car with a siren; $5.95, complete. Scale models of trucks, made of plastic and light enough to be hauled about by toddlers, include a trailer truck over a foot and a half long ($5) and a tractor towing a dump trailer with eight rubber tires ($3).

SCHIRMER, 3 East 43rd Street: All the toys here, to no one's surprise, are musical, one way or another. Two spaniel puppies, black or honey-colored, have the same long, sad ears, but one is standing up and the other sitting down. Both are about the size of a real three-month-old spaniel and, when wound up, make music for two minutes; either pup is $9.95. Sleepy Bear, a foot tall and soft and floppy, wears a nightcap and hugs a ticking-covered pillow, and keeps his eyes closed even while his music box is going full tilt; $8.95. One of the major accomplishments of the toy people this season is a musical milk mug, which weighs eight ounces; it plays only when lifted, and, of course, only when it has been wound up; $6.95. A musical rocking chair doesn't even need to be wound up. A wooden ball on the side of the chair is attached to a cord, and the occupant of the chair—or, if he is too small or lazy, someone else—pulls the ball out, lets go, and a music box under the seat starts playing. The mechanism that produces the music also reels in the cord until the ball is back in place. Then you start all over; $12.50. Naturally, a store like this one has all the basic instruments children use in rhythm classes at school—triangles, tambourines, drums, cymbals, and so on—and it might be a good idea to have some of these around the house, in preference to the earsplitting makeshift ones aspiring musicians can dream up. For example, there are some small spun-brass cymbals, with wooden-knob handles, that turn out a better clang than, say, a couple of Sèvres cups. For children further along in music, there's a junior clarinet (about fifteen inches), with white plastic mouthpiece and bell, brass reeds, and a full-octave diatonic scale in G major; $1.98. A toy trumpet that, we are told, is perfectly pitched costs $3.95, and there are any number of small instruments, such as finger cymbals, bell boys (three sleigh bells



*"Boiling with rage" because nobody presented him with those magnificent

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Originations from the great French designer herself! In finest silks—$5, $7.50 and $10. **Nat Lewis,** New York. **Hastings Clothing Co.,** San Francisco. **Wolff's Clothiers,** St. Louis. **Jacob Reed's Sons & Co.,** Philadelphia, and other fine shops across the country. Tailored by Bachrach Neckwear, 105 Madison Ave., New York 16.

She said: **"I'll tell you why I bought 7 Duffer Coats to give away as Christmas gifts:**

"They're the Best Gift Idea I've Ever Seen for $25!"

HERE WAS THIS NICELY DRESSED woman, in a Fifth Avenue store, buying Duffer Coats like she was going to open a store. She had two of the hunting reds (obviously for young women) and the rest were in men's and boys' sizes. So we asked her what she intended doing with the seven Duffers, and she said they were Christmas gifts for friends. In her own words. . . . "This is no time to give people silly, frilly things; so I selected the Duffer Coat because it's not only unusual but by far the most practical and usable thing I've seen. My whole family wear it, and we've had so many friends admire the coat for its practical value that I thought, well, why not give Duffers as Christmas gifts!"

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Like the original model you see on the smartest-looking folks in London, Paris and Rome, the Duffer has a generous hood to protect the ears and throat, jumbo pockets for books, smokes and stuff; whittled mahogany pegs and Dutch fishing-hemp loops; and the seams are piped, the pockets bar-tacked to stand rough treatment.

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(Children's sizes 6 to 14—$21.)

LATE SHOPPERS! If you wish, send your order via this coupon, with or without special instructions, direct to

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CHILDREN'S (sizes 6-8-10-12-14) *$21.					

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mounted on a handle), rhythm sticks, and tone blocks, ranging in price from thirty cents to $1.75.

SCHWARZ: Prepare to spend a good long time here among the mechanical animals and cars. For instance, a life-size mouse dances wildly with a baby mouse; a mouse-size monkey in a pink jacket jumps around and plays a violin; and a small truck is pushed by a boy who every few seconds jumps aboard and rides along. These are $1.50 apiece. A plush canary thrusts out his chest and sings ($1.25); a clown wobbles back and forth on a donkey, and the donkey wiggles his ears and whirls his tail ($2.75); and a very stylish white circus horse stands up, dances, and waves his forelegs ($3). Then, there are trick motorcyclists, trick racing cars, and a small rubber-tired roadster that either moseys along like any other automobile or, if a lever is moved, shoots about in circles, turns completely over and lands upright, then races on again ($2.50). The Command Car starts and stops on orders spoken through the grilled roof, and can be manipulated to steer in any direction by means of a lever ($3.50). A small racing car, about six inches long, has interchangeable wheels and is furnished with a set of efficient miniature tools to change them with; $4. Most of these phenomena come from Europe. For the child who likes to make things, you might consider a boxful of real shells in fascinating, complex shapes, some so tiny they have to be handled with tweezers, some the size of a dime. With them are directions for making paperweights and such; $5. A wooden ferryboat can be pulled along on wheels hidden under the hull; it's nearly two feet long and carries four small metal cars, two of which have wind-up motors; $10. An Indian war bonnet with plenty of long feathers—the kind President Coolidge used to wear—costs $8.98. A heavy-duty pedal-car tractor is large enough for children up to eight and costs $28.50. To attach to it, there's a scoop shovel ($10.95), a dump truck ($11.50), and a fire-fighter ($13.95), all of them a violent red. The Ride-Em Locomotive, with tender, is big enough for a little boy to sit on and has a bell that can be rung by pulling a string; there are two big wheels under the locomotive and four small ones under the tender; $12.

WANAMAKER: A fake television set with a seven-inch screen turns out

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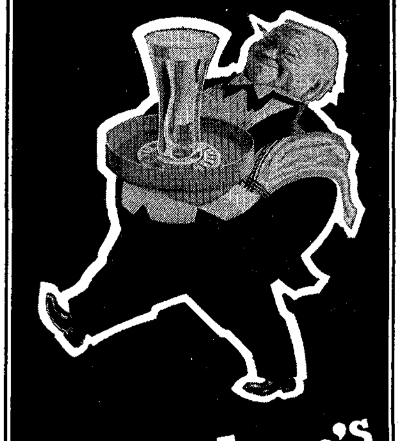

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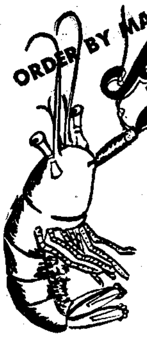

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THE RACE TRACK

Somewhat Above Par

IF I were forced to choose the most interesting race of the last fortnight, it would be the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore, won by Big Stretch. From beginning to end, it was a lively affair, with a lot of hoopla jockeyship and some rough riding. To the casual observer, the best part of the show was watching Bold and General Staff race head and head, lengths in front of everything else, for three-quarters of the mile and a sixteenth. They did the first six furlongs in 1:10⅘ (extraordinary time for two-year-olds at Pimlico) before they ran out of speed. Then Big Stretch, who had been bumped a couple of times by Sir Bee Bum, galloped past them to win as he pleased. Big Stretch, in case you've never seen him in the paddock, is a proud-looking, well-made chestnut colt by Eight Thirty out of Easy Day (well-named, too, if I may say so). He lost the Futurity at Belmont Park by inches but won the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland, and has earned, all told, $103,467 this season, more prize money than any other racer in the Greentree Stable, which owns him. Though I can't quite go into ecstasies over his chances in the classic races next spring, I can recommend his resolute way of racing.

The fellow who caught my eye in the Pimlico Futurity was C. V. Whitney's Mameluke, because he reminded me so much of Equipoise, who was one of the great horses of our time. Mameluke has the same conformation, and his coat is nearly the same shade of chestnut. The resemblance is, of course, more than coincidental; Mameluke's mama, Schwester, was a full sister of Equipoise. The reason Mameluke ran so disappointingly—he finished seventh—is that he popped a splint (a minor injury to the cannon or the splint bone), no doubt a result of the banging around he got soon after the start.

LAST April, Preston Burch, who trains the Brookmeade Stable, said he thought he had three exceptional two-year-olds. Well, one of them cracked a sesamoid bone while doing a training gallop and was sent back to the farm; another, named Fiddler, never raced up to expectations; the third was Bold. If it weren't for the fact that Bold wears tight tendon bandages on both front legs (a bad sign, as any horseman will tell you), I'd be willing to predict that he would develop into something extra. Besides speed, he has quality, or courage—whichever you choose to call it. I expected to see him finish out of the money in the Pimlico Futurity, but he fooled me and came in second. I venture to say, however, that his legs bothered him during the running of the Endurance Handicap at Bowie on Thanksgiving Day, in which he finished first, for he swerved, slammed into a horse named Bob Considine, and got himself disqualified. Bold, incidentally, spoiled the afternoon for his jockey, Joe Culmone, who but for this mischance would have broken his record by riding six winners.

IT would be silly for this department to try to keep you up to the minute on the contest between Culmone and Willie Lee Shoemaker for the season's jockey honors, because the standing changes almost daily. As this is written, Culmone leads, with three hundred and forty-four winning mounts—three more than Shoemaker, who has been riding in California. Culmone, a cocky, temperamental nineteen-year-old Sicilian, isn't the best rider I ever saw, but he learns quickly. (He rode his first winner at Monmouth Park in June, 1949.) Right now, he has his pick of the mounts at Bowie, and occasionally guesses as wrong as any horseplayer. For example, early in the meeting he had the choice of riding Inseparable or Seaward; he chose Inseparable and won on him. Last weekend, he again chose Inseparable, in the Prince George Autumn Handicap, but this time Seaward won, and Inseparable was third.

AN old favorite in the collection of racing superstitions is that whenever a great fuss is made over a racer, he loses his next start. Recently, Hill Prince was voted the Horse of the Year in *Daily Racing Form's* annual poll. So it was no surprise to the old-timers when Hill Prince lost to Your Host and Ponder in a close finish in the Thanksgiving Day Handicap at Hollywood Park. You can't beat a jinx. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. H. C. Pittenger will entertain the Thursday Literary club p. m. at her home "El Echo" on p. m. at her home 'El Echo' on Kanawha Terrace.—*Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail.*

By gosh, it works!

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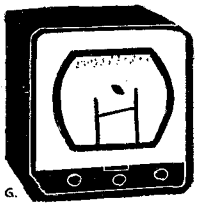
TELEVISION

Too Bad



"MUSICAL COMEDY TIME," an hour-long program on alternate Monday evenings over N.B.C., recently revived "Rio Rita," and the results were disastrous. (I had watched several earlier revivals on this same program, notably "Anything Goes" and "Whoopee!," and the results in those cases were disastrous, too.) The authorities in charge of "Musical Comedy Time" seem to be under the delusion that the chief attraction of an antique musical is its book, and that the musical numbers are of little importance. Hence, the major portion of "Rio Rita" was devoted to an unwinding of its "plot," and if you will bear with me, I will attempt to unwind some of its plot myself.

"Rio Rita" takes place in a country referred to by practically every member of the cast as "Old Mehico." Old Mehico is populated by Mehicans, and is situated South of the Border, underneath Texas. The male members of the Mehican population are referred to as señors and the females as señoras and señoritas. There are a good many more señoritas than señoras in Old Mehico, and this fact contributes to the gaiety and splendor of the life there. The particular spot in Old Mehico where the events in "Rio Rita" occur is outside the Café San Luca, which is owned and operated by a Mehican general named Esteban. He is a big, strapping fellow with many medals and a habit of passing fierce remarks like "I am happy to give you the good advice to get out of Old Mehico." The main worry of the people in and about the San Luca is the presence in the neighborhood of a masked bandit, the Kinkajou, who swoops down upon ranches, pillaging and burning them, and then rides off into the night. Indeed, the very day before "Rio Rita" gets under way, the Kinkajou has pillaged and burned the ranch of Rio Rita, a local señorita, and her brother, a hotheaded Latin named Roberto. Roberto dislikes General Esteban. The feeling is mutual. On hand, too, are Ed Lovett, an American lawyer, who wears a blazer and keeps an unlighted cigar in his mouth while speaking, and a compatriot and client of his named Chick, who has just married an American girl, even though his divorce from his previous wife is not yet considered legal in the United States. This makes Chick a bigamist and leads to many foreseen complications. There's also a Texas Ranger, who not only is in love with Rio Rita but is hot on the trail of the mysterious Kinkajou. By the end of the hour, the Kinkajou has been unmasked (he is General Esteban); brother Roberto, who has been suspected of being the Kinkajou, is cleared; the Ranger heads off with Rio Rita, singing "Rio Rita, life's completa;" and Chick's first wife turns up with the news that his bigamy problems are over, and, an eager girl, gets engaged to his lawyer.

This tortuous plot was enlivened by many madcap moments:

Chick's lawyer says to a señorita, "Five minutes with me and you will be a woman with a past!"

"Who gave you away?" shout several señoritas to a señora who has just been married. "Nobody said a word," answers the señora.

"I'm the first Mrs. Bean," announces Chick's first wife to Chick's lawyer. "Ah," says the humorous advocate, "that makes you Mrs. Has Bean!"

I should say that the only bright spots in this program were the rare minutes when Patricia Morison, as Rio Rita, burst into some of the fine old familiar "Rio Rita" melodies. They were the only conceivable reason for putting on the program at all.

I CAUGHT one of Frank Sinatra's recent Saturday-night shows—the full title of which is "The Frank Sinatra Show"—and it was less an attempt to project entertainment than a full-fledged tribute to Bulova watches. Even the scenery was embellished with bright and glaring mentions of the sponsor's product, and at one point the impresarios who were behind this contribution to our culture presented us with a sketch supposedly taking place on a pier alongside which the S.S. Bulova was docked. Clearly visible were numerous life preservers, all marked, of course, "S.S. Bulova." This intertwining of commercials with the substance of a program is, I have no doubt, considered to be a slick and snappy device by the air-wave pitchmen, but I have a hunch that the public is displeased with such rude intrusions and might even turn to another program, if not to another watch.

FRED ALLEN was back a week ago Sunday on the Colgate Comedy Hour (N.B.C.), and I had the impres-

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THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON
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W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY

* Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Napoleon chose Courvoisier . . . and down through history Courvoisier has been the choice of those who could command the finest. It is the traditionally correct cognac—unchanging in quality—matchless in flavour and aroma.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY
New York, N. Y., Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

200,000 freshmen can't be wrong!

We believe that something has happened in 1950 that you should take to heart.

Ever since this year's Buicks were introduced, their big bulge in sales has come from people who traded other makes of cars for this bounteous beauty.

The total is more than 200,000.

That's 200,000 "freshmen" added to the roll call of Buick owners—200,000 people who must have sized up the current version of the cars they owned, and decided that Buick offered more thrill, more comfort, more satisfaction for the money.

Beyond that, of course, there were other hundreds of thousands who already owned a Buick and bought a new one this year. But we're speaking here of *new owners* only.

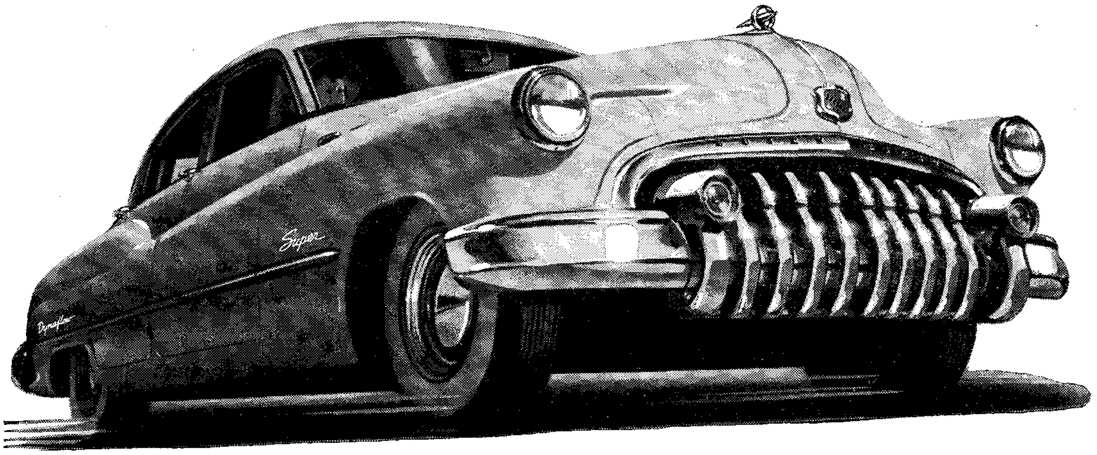
We can name many reasons for this landslide – including Fireball power – an incomparable ride—and Dynaflow Drive.*

We can remind you that the Buick SPECIAL, SUPER and ROADMASTER just about blanket the range of a car-owner's aspirations—matching prices with many sixes in the lower brackets—matching distinction with the finest in the fine-car field.

We might add that Buick prices are doubly attractive – since their list prices include many features customarily on the "extra" list.

But why try to spell out all the reasons Buick wins in a showdown comparison? The proof of the pudding is in this great car itself. Better come in—look it over—and find out what an unbeatable buy it is.

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*



YOUR KEY TO
GREATER VALUE

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better Buy Buick"

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

When better automobiles are built
BUICK will build them

* * * *

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

This LITTLE PIGGY STAYED HOME

The traditional Swedish "Gloegg" bottle encased in raffia and delightfully porker-shaped. A blue ribbon prize winner at any table setting—makes holiday toast-drinking more exciting, more festive. This little piggy measures 11" from snout to tail. $2.50
Authentic Swedish "Gloegg" glasses with hand decoration. ....Each $1.25

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Mail and phone orders accepted

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Tonight...a really dry Martini all mixed and ready to serve! **DuBouchett** Martini Cocktail

DuBOUCHETT MANY BLANC
DRY MARTINI Cocktail
SERVE CHILLED
66 proof

Also try DuBouchett Manhattan Cocktail.
DuBouchett Cordials (*say doo-boo-shay*)
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

sion that his program had been conceived and written in a delicatessen. In any event, the major references throughout the hour were to such delicatessen staples as liverwurst, bread, yogurt, and herring. The writers of Mr. Allen's material displayed a special affection for liverwurst, and at numerous points in the program Miss Portland Hoffa appeared on the screen carrying an outsize liverwurst. I have never thought there was anything especially funny about liverwurst—or about herring, either—and my suspicions as to the limitations of liverwurst humor were confirmed the other night. Most of Mr. Allen's other bits of comic business struck me as being singularly unfunny and routine, and when *he* began to mix his commercials with his other material ("Halo, Mr. Allen!," "Halo to you"—an allusion to Halo, a shampoo), I gave him up.

A WEEK ago Monday, at noon, I watched a twenty-minute C.B.S. color program featuring an attractive young woman named Pattie Painter, who, among other stratagems designed to demonstrate the purity of the C.B.S. color system, bit into a bright-red apple (revealing its white interior) and held up before the camera a bunch of anemones, a bottle of beer, a package of Chesterfields, a can of Maxwell House coffee, a multicolored scarf, and something or other in black lace. She was followed by Mr. Arthur Godfrey, wearing a blue shirt, who sat in front of a green backdrop depicting the sea and introduced a Hawaiian singer, who wore a pink lei. A good many of these colors, especially the softer pinks and blues, came through with remarkable fidelity, but on the whole it seemed to me that the project was still in an experimental stage, since with distressing frequency I saw great flashes of the full spectrum. As long as I concentrated on the scene before me, I managed to hold the colors in balance, but whenever I moved my head slightly either to the left or to the right, I saw those rainbow streaks, and at the end of the twenty minutes I had a sensation of queasiness very much like the one I had when I last crossed the English Channel.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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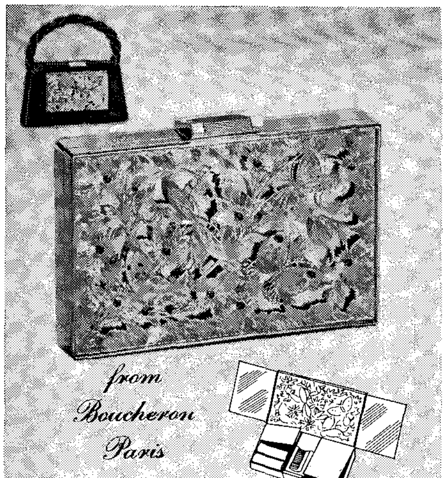

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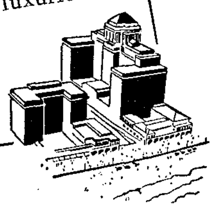
A soft seabreeze beckons him; then our luxurious beds take care of the rest.



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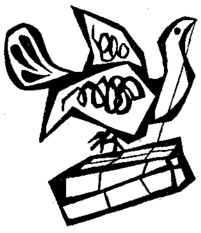

Gifts
A new shipment from Scandinavia—just in time for Christmas! Open daily to 8.
SEND FOR GIFT CATALOG
FINNISH ART SHOP
41 East 50 Street, New York 22

OF ALL THINGS

THE vicious weekend storm converted many Easterners into unwilling isolationists. Millions of worthy people were deprived of light, heat, soap opera, and bad news.

●

Those of us who have lived through two world wars never expected to see a German problem like the current one. The peace-loving democratic nations are trying to turn Germans into soldiers, and they don't want to be turned.

●

To judge by the remarks of some Republican leaders, the role of the revivified G.O.P. is becoming clear. In the struggle between our government and world Communism, they intend to denounce both sides.

●

General Eisenhower has bought a farm near the battlefield of Gettysburg. Wishful thinkers will note that Ike's new home is not very far from Washington.

●

The report of the House committee investigating lobbying shows that private enterprise can be a great force for enlightenment in this democracy. Business interests are credited with spending over thirty-two million dollars in the past three and a half years just to educate congressmen.

●

The State Department announces that it has a number of good openings in executive and staff positions. It particularly wants men with experience, knowledge of foreign languages, and stain-resistant reputations.

●

We may expect that party politics will be a prominent feature of the forthcoming activities in Congress. Statesmen are aware of the fact that the battle of 1952 will be won on the playing fields of Washington.

●

As a move against inflation, the Federal Reserve Board asks the banks to cut down on loans. What this country needs, it seems, is bankers who know how to say no.

●

Michael Quill has announced that the transport workers must have a raise in wages by December 31st. Otherwise, he will declare New Year's Day a big, city-wide busman's holiday.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

[illegible] [illegible] Bénédictine either of these two ways

Straight
Bénédictine
La Grande Liqueur Française

D.O.M

BENEDICTINE

The delicate aroma and exquisite taste of *straight* Bénédictine have delighted epicures for centuries. This golden elixir is still made from the original secret formula, is still the world's most superb liqueur. After coffee . . . enjoy Bénédictine!

Bénédictine and Brandy
B AND B
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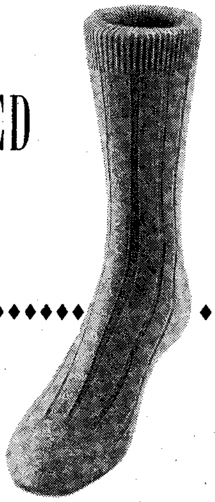

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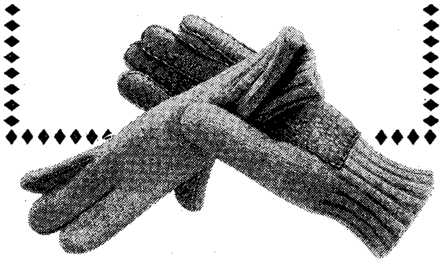

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FOOTBALL

Doomsday

LAST Saturday, which, as you may have heard, was mostly a combination hurricane and cloudburst, was not a good day for deciding which teams would be top of the heap in the Ivy League ranking this season. Columbia, which was far from top of the heap but was nevertheless a squad that had its bright moments, should be happy that it got its season out of the way by playing, and badly beating, Brown on Thanksgiving Day, a chilly but bearable holiday.

It didn't rain in Cambridge on Saturday, but Yale had to outmaneuver a stubborn Harvard and an even more stubborn gale before it could win, to the tune of 14–6, a game in which there was no scoring until the fourth quarter. Yale, which the week before had completed eighteen passes against Princeton, now the Ivy League champion, for a total gain of two hundred and ten yards, completed one against Harvard for a gain of one yard. Harvard, which a fortnight before, against Princeton, had completed sixteen passes, worth two hundred and fifty-eight yards, had less trouble with Saturday's wind than Yale did, and made a hundred and twenty-seven yards on six completions. In Philadelphia, where the runner-up position in the Ivy League was in the balance, the wind and the rain got deep into the hair of Penn and Cornell, and each team managed to complete only one of its exceedingly infrequent passes. A lot of people, including me, were rather surprised at the result—Cornell 13, Penn 6—and I suppose there will be complaints that Penn would have won handily if the weather had been normal. Cornell this season certainly had a stronger and more heavily manned team than Penn or almost anyone else in the East, but it had moments of depression and of cloudy ratiocination in the strategy department, especially against Columbia and Princeton, both of which were adept at thinking on their feet. But Penn, of which not too much had been expected this fall, did very well with what it had.

The top position in the Ivy League was in the balance at Princeton, where the home team, which had been in line for the honor ever since it had soundly beaten Cornell a month before, needed only to go through the anticlimactic (and, as it turned out, the anticlimatic) motions of downing this season's unaccountably unsuccessful Dartmouth in order to clinch its claim. However, the stage setting turned what had looked like a foregone conclusion into a stirring struggle of man against not only man but the elements. Dartmouth chose to defend the goal at the open end of the stadium. It was a wise choice. Dartmouth's punts, borne along by the wind, travelled seventy yards or so; Princeton's punts, into the wind, were good for only ten or fifteen. In no time, Princeton was in a spot, and a moment later Dartmouth, uncorking a handsome lateral pass, had a touchdown and a point after touchdown. The turf, which had been protected up to game time by tarpaulins, was by now slippery here and submerged in mud there, and it looked as though Dartmouth might be able to do what no one else had done this season—hold Princeton scoreless. But, of course, the teams had to change goals at the end of the first quarter. Now it was Princeton's turn to get off a long punt. In no time, Dartmouth was in a spot, and it wasn't long before Kazmaier, who may be one of the best men ever to play football at Princeton, slipped through the whole Dartmouth team for thirty-seven yards and a touchdown. The score wasn't tied, though, because the ball slithered through the mud away from the man holding for the point-after-touchdown kick, and Dartmouth was still ahead, 7–6. Kazmaier had to do it all over again—first a long punt, then another run, this time of twenty-three yards, the last ten of which he stumbled after a bevy of Dartmouth tacklers had hit him. Kazmaier fell on Dartmouth's five-yard line, and from there Davison, Princeton's reliable fullback, took the ball over the goal. Princeton was now ahead, 12–7, and it was ahead 13–7 when Kazmaier, instead of kicking the point after touchdown, ran for the third time through the Dartmouth team and scored the final point of the game by hand, as it were. It was Chandler, the Princeton quarterback, who picked the plays on which Kazmaier made these important runs. And in the fourth quarter, when Dartmouth again had the wind at its back and Princeton was trying to hold onto the ball and thus keep Dartmouth out of further mischief, Chandler picked the plays that gave Princeton one first down after another through Dartmouth's close-order line, and therefore the chance to use up many perilous minutes of playing time. —J. W. L.

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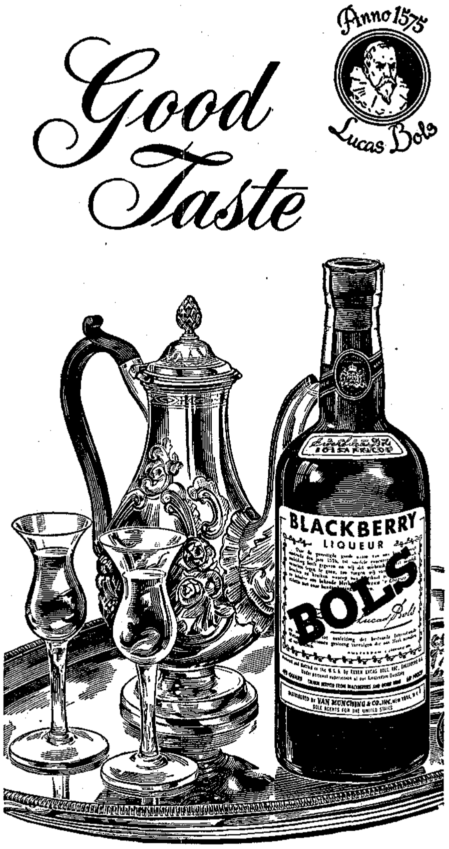

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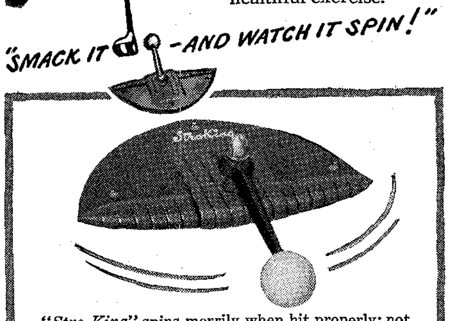
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IVAN PETROVICH PAVLOV

I HAPPENED, during August of 1935, to be in New York with the proofs of a book and had dinner with the publishing-house editor. It was the year of the International Physiological Congress in Leningrad. I was, as I still am, a physiologist on the medical faculty of the University of Cincinnati. Pavlov slipped into our talk. The following morning, the editor telephoned me, and two days later—passport, visas, passage, Intourist ticket all having been expertly produced by my publishers—I was on the way to Leningrad, to talk to Pavlov about doing his biography. I carried one small bag. My to-whom-it-may-concern letters of introduction I was to pick up in London. It would be interesting to know what each man who gave me a letter would at this moment say of the Soviet Union. H. G. Wells—dead. Harold Laski—dead. And Julian Huxley. In London, I met a correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, a casual, warm person in a vague, disorderly office—John Gunther. As I was leaving, he called me back and explained that he knew about my interest in zoos and would like to write a note on the back of his calling card to the director of the Moscow Zoo. He said that I probably would not get to the Zoo, but still I might.

That evening, I went by plane to Berlin, the following morning to Königsberg, and from there eastward over the Soviet Union. But to me it was Russia. The eye sees mostly itself, and Russia to me was Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevski. Therefore, though it was summer, I saw snow-covered steppes, Cossacks, serfs, landowners; then, in a sudden clearing, I saw also collective farms. Night was coming on. We were nearing Moscow. I was in a pleasantly charged state.

The plane put down at the Moscow airport with three passengers. Each of us was taken alone into a room. A customs officer went through my bag. I was apologetic for the little I had, and realized from the way he looked at me that it made me practically suspect. He carefully lifted each handkerchief, each sock. I was no fledgling in such formalities, but this amount of conscientiousness was new. Finally, he gave me a sheet with questions; one asked whether I had in my possession any printed or typewritten matter. I reached into my pocket for the letters of introduction, and he confiscated them.

My charged state had evaporated. We three passengers were led to a stairs. At the bottom of it was a waiting automobile. We were driven into Moscow, to the door of a hotel. It was the beginning of one of the carefully conducted tours that everybody knows about. A woman behind a desk in the hotel lobby took my passport (that is always an amputation), and I tried speaking to her in English, which she didn't understand. I tried German, which she did. I explained my predicament—that the customs officer had mistakenly kept my letters, and that I needed them. She said, with a shrug, "*Es ist ein Stock mit zwei Enden.* [It is a stick with two ends.] If you had your passport, you could get your letters, and if you had your letters, you could get your passport." I pointed out that the passport was right there in her drawer. She looked me straight in the eye and said again, "*Es ist ein Stock mit zwei Enden.*"

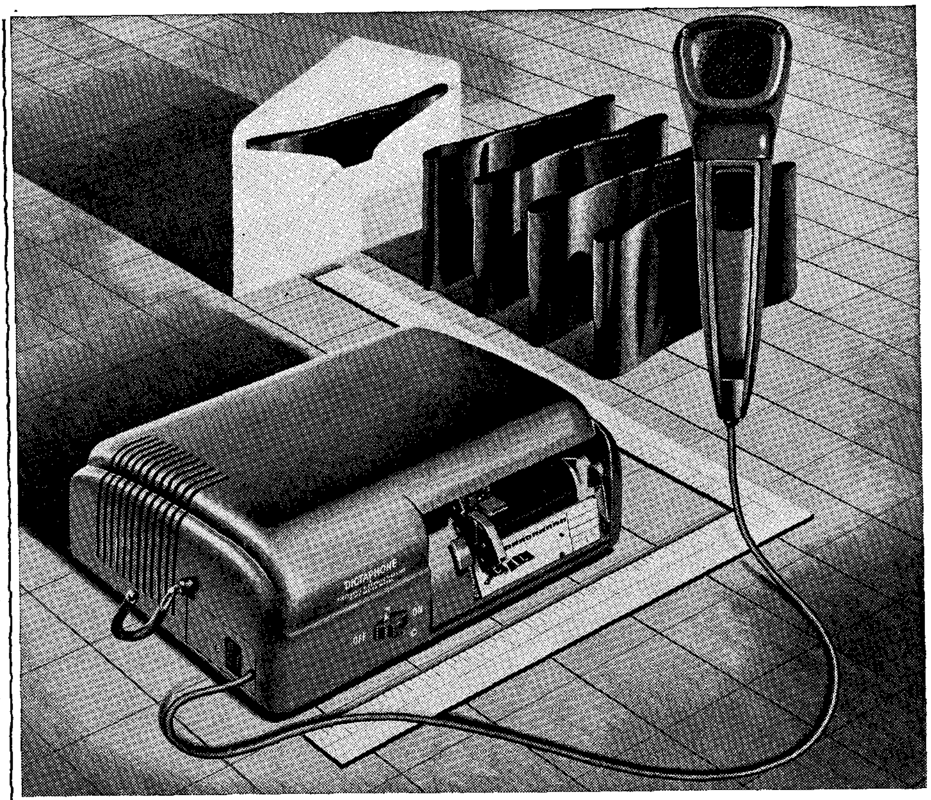
I went up to my room. A spigot labelled "Hot Water" produced nothing. I went down to the dining room. There were too many Russians. I went back upstairs and crept into bed. When I woke next morning, it was raining.

I wanted to be off to Leningrad as fast as possible. I wanted my passport. I wanted my letters. I walked in the rain to the American Embassy. There they did not think they could help me. Back at the hotel, I tore one stub off my Intourist ticket, for a breakfast. Another was for the tour of the day, to a factory I did not want to see. I would have gone riding in a cab, but I could not change my American money, and I did not yet know about black-market money or the power in the few English shillings in my pocket; also, there were no cabs. Abruptly, I thought of John Gunther's calling card. I walked to the Zoo. There was a keeper at the gate. I walked past him. He yelled. I kept walking. I found a log house, and entered it. On the second floor, I met and talked with the director, a charming and friendly man. I was again out of the Soviet Union and back in Russia. Because the world and the Soviet Union in 1935 were uneasy about Nazi Germany, much of the talk was of that country. At some point during the conversation, I suggested that the director of the Zoo give me a letter to Pavlov, but I think he did not understand me. He suggested I go to the Medical Academy. There I met the professor of physiology, also friendly, and he also did not give me a letter to Pavlov. I went to the Brain Institute, to the Genetics Institute, to the theatre, to the opera. I was beginning to feel a nervous gnawing in my stomach. I knew my stay in the Soviet Union was only a matter of weeks. I had come to see Pavlov. He was in Leningrad. I was in Moscow. One could not buy a railroad ticket by simply going to the station. Such matters were managed from the desk at the hotel. I kept on asking for, and being refused, permission to leave Moscow. Time was slipping by. Then, early one afternoon, the woman at the desk beckoned to me and told me I was going to Leningrad that night. I had, some days earlier, met Walter Duranty, the Russian correspondent of the New York *Times*. He behaved like an Englishman, did not let himself be put upon by Russian waiters, as I did, and delighted me. I phoned him. He said that he hesitated to advise me to go on without my passport. Nevertheless, I went.

In Leningrad, the sun was shining. It seemed to me that I understood better the mind of Peter the Great, who built Leningrad, than the minds of the czars who built Moscow. Peter had called in French architects, and sometimes the city did suggest Paris, but usually, with the estuaries of the Neva everywhere dividing it, it seemed a pale northern Venice.

Ever since my passport was taken away from me at the hotel in Moscow, I had been asking for it, in vain. Now, when I did not ask, a clerk of the Leningrad hotel walked up and handed it to me. The whole atmosphere there was relaxed; it was like any hotel. Things generally seemed to be coming out all right. I started enthusiastically for the Institute of Experimental Medicine—and could not get in. There was a fence around the buildings, and a gatehouse with guards, and the guards just shook their heads. I sat on a bench. I addressed whoever came along who looked like a doctor. I sat on that bench all day.

Next day early, I paid a call on VOKS, a bureau for the establishment of international cultural relations. I was quite Russian now—I waited two hours and thought nothing of it. Finally, my turn came. The woman in charge seemed friendly, and she had thick glasses. I explained to her that I wanted to visit Pavlov. She said, "Everybody wants to visit Pavlov." So we talked. We talked a half hour. Then she said, Why did I not write a letter to Pavlov? I asked, In what language? She thought German. Where should I send it? She shook her head. So we talked another



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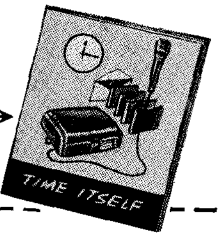

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half hour. Then she said that if she were to give me his address, I must never tell anyone. I promised, and she gave me the address. I hustled back to the hotel, wrote the letter, and suddenly felt psychotic about mailboxes. I went and talked to the woman at the hotel desk. She did not seem to trust mailboxes, either. She suggested that a messenger was better. Who? I asked. She pointed to a half-wit leaning against a pillar. I had meanwhile learned the value of my shillings. Off he went. In an hour he was back, all smiles. I asked him if Pavlov would see me. He nodded vigorously, yes. He was as delighted as I was. "When would Pavlov see me?" The half-wit shrugged. "Where would he see me?" The half-wit shrugged. I was sure now that he had pocketed my shillings and dropped my letter into the gutter.

The following morning, I waited again outside the Institute of Experimental Medicine, and it was not five minutes till along came a gentleman in a white laboratory coat. He understood English. I explained who I was. "Yes, of course," he said. "Come right in."

Thus I made my way into the Institute of Experimental Medicine, into the part of it called the Reflex Tower, a name that was stirring to a physiologist—one of the Meccas and literally a tower. Gloomy brick on the outside. On the inside, narrow corridors dingily lit, smelling of dogs. The laboratory workers were either silent or talking in whispers. They were experimenting with the conditioned reflex, which Pavlov had discovered about 1900. Since then, "to condition" had become as common a phrase as "to repress," and the discovery had reached into a number of sciences.

To psychology, via the Americans Watson and Yerkes, it gave behaviorism, which had rather come and gone by the October day when I stood there in the Tower. Psychology had shifted from philosophic talk to experimental science, and a fair fraction of that shift was owing to Pavlov. To physiology, the conditioned reflex gave a method of studying the work of the brain in the healthy, intact animal. To psychiatry, it added experimental neurosis. When Pavlov proved that vomiting and leucocytosis (abnormal increase in the white cells of the blood) could be conditioned, and when he kept saying, year after year, that all organs and, indeed, all tissues were probably subject to such abnormal conditioning, he laid down one of the firmest planks on which the

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was. Then the radio signal blared the noon hour. Every M.D. and Ph.D. corrected his watch, and the work went on. At a meeting where there was an active discussion, suddenly Pavlov looked at his watch. "Oh, only five minutes left," he said gloomily. "We cannot settle that in that time." Then he brightened. "But it *is* five minutes."

He did not mind that everyone in the Soviet Union should know about his exactness. He understood the Soviet Union. His was the one department of medical science in that country, of the comparatively few I saw, that seemed, in our sense, to function.

I ARRANGED to meet Pavlov the next morning in front of the Academy of Sciences. As we entered the building, a laboratory assistant was coming down the broad stairway from the third floor to the second. By the flourish of his mustache and the shape of his head, he might have been the prime minister to a czar. In advance of him, straining, bellowing, barking, were ten dogs on leashes, and every dog had at least one digestive fistula—a canal made surgically to the outside of its body from some secreting organ on the inside. The laboratory assistant was taking the dogs out-of-doors for a run. When they came back, each would jump up onto its experimental table and begin its day's work, as Pavlov spoke of it, delivering digestive juice into a test tube.

I have said that every one of those dogs had one or more fistulas. Sometimes a dog would have a chain of them. Boldyreff, a student and co-worker who had prepared many dogs for Pavlov, told me of one that had the following fistulas: a salivary fistula—the duct from a salivary gland brought through a slit in the cheek; an esophagotomy—the gullet severed, the two ends brought out through the skin of the neck, so that the dog could be sham-fed (that is, food would enter the mouth but not get to the stomach, because it poured out of the severed gullet); and a "small stomach"—about a tenth of the stomach surgically separated from the rest, with a fistula brought to the abdominal wall (so that gastric secretion could be removed free from any admixture with food). The large remaining portion of the stomach had its own fistula. The same dog had an intestinal fistula, and I have forgotten whether there was also one from the pancreas. All in a single dog, and a healthy dog, if Boldyreff's memory was strictly accurate.

Pavlov had done the major part of his digestive study in what was prac-

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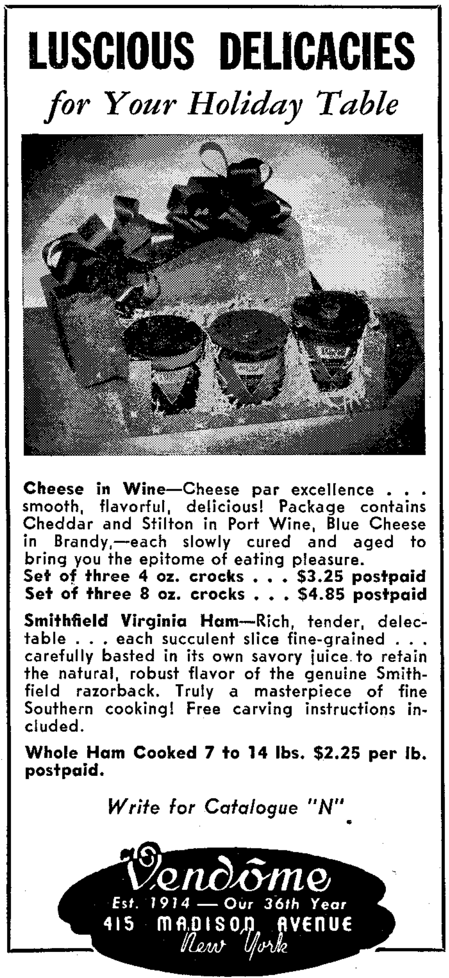
tically a barn. He began the work in 1887, completed it in 1897, and for it, in 1904, he received the Nobel Prize. In the course of the study, he had learned the curious fact that an animal's saliva flows for the signals of food exactly as for the food itself, for the dinner bell as well as for the dinner. This led him to his last, and most-known investigation, on the brain. Here was the basal question: A mental event can be used to study the flow of saliva; can this be turned around? Can the flow of saliva be used to study a mental event? Pavlov decided it could be, and the work was on.

THAT evening, when I left the Academy, I rode to my hotel on the back platform of a bus. A Russian woman began immediately to talk to me. To her, all foreigners were German, because she spoke German.

She had left her house that morning while it was still dark, she said, and she would not get back that night till it was dark. The children were in bed when she left; they would be in bed when she got back. But what could she do? She was born a Russian. She went to Germany. She married a man in Germany—but a Russian. He was over there—to start *the work* over there, she said. They came back to Russia. They had two children. Then, one day, he was gone—just gone. No one knew where. Six months. Then she heard it—he had another woman. In Germany. "*Das Schwein.*" Six months more. She had a message from Germany. Yes—from him. She should come! "*Das Schwein!*" It is no way—a mother should be home with her children. But what could she do? She had left her house that morning while it was still dark, she would not get back till it was dark. She dropped off the back platform of the bus like a man.

I WENT again the following morning to the Institute of Experimental Medicine. A Count Oldenburgsky had given the first money for the buildings and so had started experimental medicine in Russia. In the library, up over the desk, I saw the Count's portrait, and involuntarily spoke his name. Instantly the two women at the desk hurried to the door and looked up and down the hall, afraid that someone had seen them hear me speak the name of this dead benefactor to his nation. He dated, of course, from the days of the czars.

Pavlov's own building was heated—pleasant in Leningrad in October. He knew he had the right to this heat.



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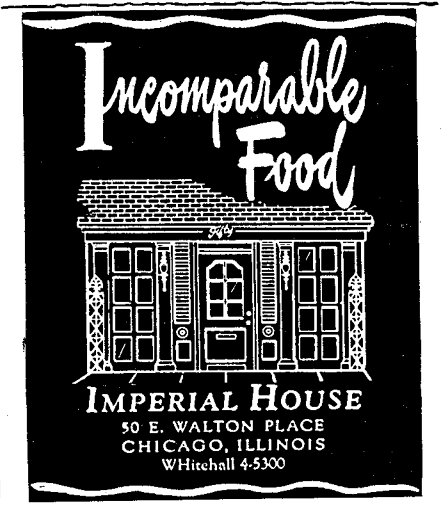

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There was carpet in the small room where one entered. There were flowers in the window. There were books.

The emphasis for me that morning was on Pavlov's theory of sleep, an interesting theory but requiring too detailed an explanation to fit into this account. Nevertheless, let me describe one experiment. A dog is on a conditioned-reflex table. He is loosely restrained by a harness. A buzzer sounds, and continues to sound. The dog settles into the harness, falls asleep, snores, then, just before three minutes are up, rouses, stands alert, as if waiting for something—a bite of meat, as a matter of fact, which pops up in a cup before him precisely at the end of the three minutes. Awake, asleep, awake. All within three minutes. All as if measured off by a ruler. A curious thing to see, even if one knows the experiment. Indeed, Pavlov was able to produce sleep and sleep states in animals at will, like an old mesmerist. Sometimes he looked like one. He believed that the brain tends normally toward sleep, that it is balanced in that direction, that we are kept awake merely by the stimuli of the world perpetually nudging us. He asked a rhetorical question: "*Warum schläft der Bauer?*" ("Why does the peasant sleep?") Then he answered his question: "Because nobody wakes him." I said to him, "And what about dreams?" He answered, "Give me two hundred years."

I have been asked what this free and fearless man thought of his government. What he thought by 1935, I do not know. By then, he probably told no one except his wife, and perhaps not even her. He was outspoken but he was not a fool. He probably felt his work more important than anything that could be got by opposing, hopelessly, the Soviet system. Furthermore, the government was finding that it was to its advantage to keep his laboratories equipped and manned. For myself, I have never taken too seriously his oft-quoted panegyric of the Soviet Union at the International Physiological Congress in Leningrad that August. That burst probably was planned to sound like a burst. Then, too, to me it seems natural to be generous about one's family at a party.

What he thought in the early twenties is clearer. It is said that Maxim Gorky, then a member of the central commission on living conditions, went to Pavlov to find out whether there was anything the government could do for him. Pavlov pointed through his window. "See that row of wooden

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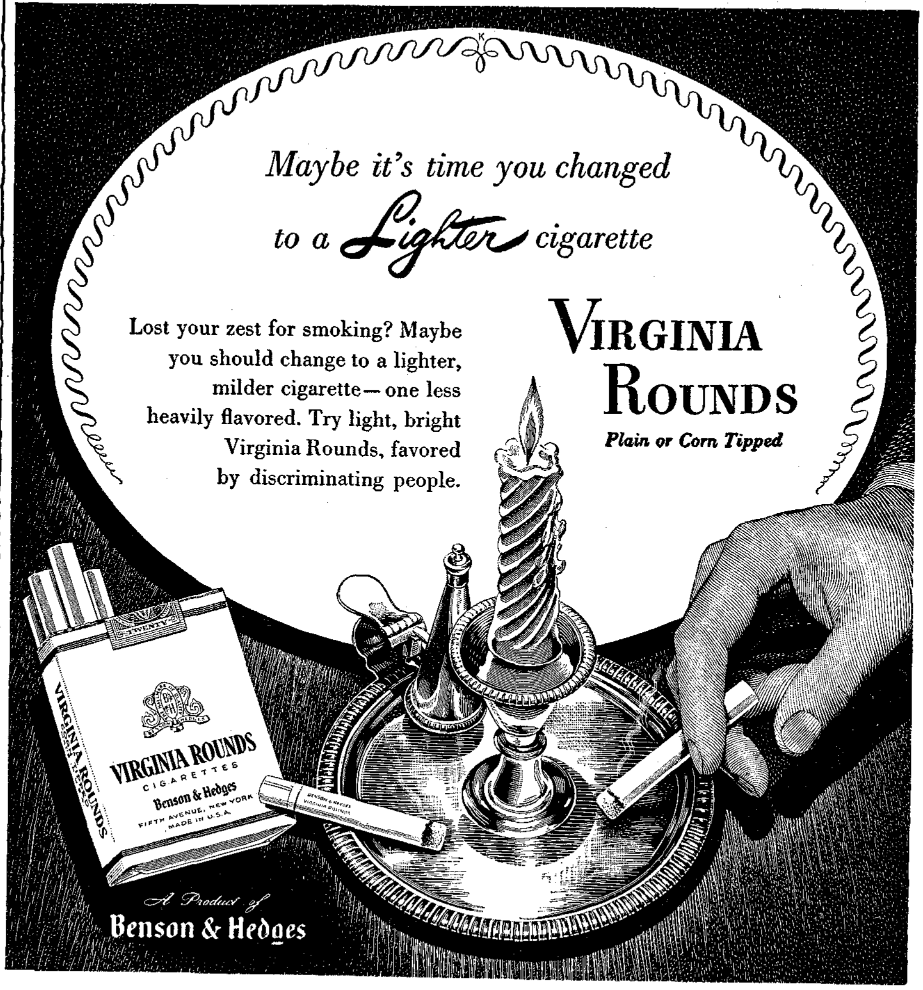
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houses? Tear it down. I am in need of firewood. That is the way your government does things." Apparently one could, or Pavlov could, still express oneself while Lenin was alive.

PAVLOV proposed that we drive on Friday to Koltushy. Koltushy is twenty miles north of Leningrad. There the government was building new laboratories for him. Pavlov said he would take me in his Lincoln. Everybody in the Soviet Union seemed to know about that Lincoln, and people often implied that it was a gift of Stalin himself. Pavlov's advertising value, by 1935, was unmistakably established, and Koltushy was humorlessly called City of Science.

I was to meet him at his house at 9 A.M. I did not trust buses or streetcars to get me there punctually, and taxis continued to be virtually unavailable. Therefore, the night before, I walked the distance from his house to the hotel, to see how long it would take. In the morning, I walked back, and arrived ten minutes ahead of time. I waited five of the ten minutes in the hall downstairs before I went up, my watch in my hand. Precisely at 9 A.M., I pulled the shiny brass rod that rang the doorbell. The door opened and there stood Pavlov. His wife stood behind him with his topcoat, and he was just letting his arms slide into the sleeves. He was expecting me at nine. There was nothing at all remarkable to him in the fact that I had arrived sixty seconds after eight-fifty-nine.

He and the chauffeur rode in the front seat of the Lincoln, Mme. Pavlov and I in the rear, she with several potted house plants on her lap, I with several on mine. We were taking the flowers to the country for a day of sun and air, and would bring them back in the evening.

Mme. Pavlov gossiped in German as we rode along, and spoke it well. She told me that she had taught school when she was a young woman. She had come up from Rostov-on-Don, where it is warm, to Leningrad, where it is cold. She was teaching when she met Ivan Petrovich. A year later, they married. She bought all his clothes. She spoke of the war, the famine—Ivan Petrovich planted potatoes and guarded them from stealth at night. She spoke of many changes in the city, and then said abruptly, "*Vsevolod hat Krebs.*" ("Vsevolod has cancer.")

I was startled by that last statement. Pavlov swung around in his seat and began to scold her vehemently, in Ger-

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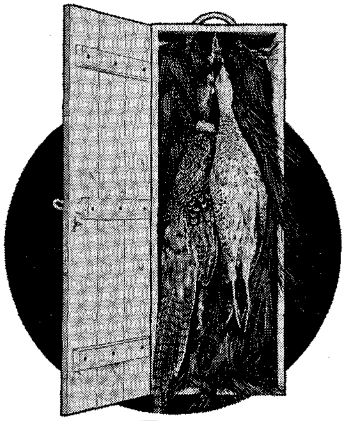

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man. In a few moments, I realized that Vsevolod was their son, that Vsevolod was ill, and that Mme. Pavlov thought he had cancer. "So Vsevolod has cancer!" Pavlov said. "Why has he cancer? Because he has a pain in his abdomen? Didn't I have a pain in my abdomen? Didn't they operate on me—a cholecystectomy? Didn't I get well? Vsevolod has a diseased gall bladder! It's hereditary! I got well! Vsevolod will get well!"

We arrived at Koltushy. The inscription over Pavlov's small building there read, "GENETICS OF THE HIGHER NERVOUS ACTIVITY." The "Genetics" may have been partly a tip of his hat to the Communists. Genetics was and is, as everybody knows, an important subject in the Soviet Union; this is only natural in a freshly hatched government that is in a mood to make men over from the bottom. Today Koltushy is called Pavlovo. In 1935, the experimental work there was taking two directions: the classification of the nervous systems of dogs, with the plan to breed dependable examples of known parentage, and the study of experimental neurosis.

The kennels, long lines of them, were in the process of building. They were identical, and clean, with running water and a common playground. The dogs were all to have as nearly as possible the same environment. Pavlov was full of excitement at the prospect. As for the classification according to temperament, he used for dogs the old Greek scheme for human beings: melancholic, phlegmatic, sanguine, choleric. He said that that was not perfect but would serve very well.

I have sometimes wondered what became of those kennels. Even by the next year, so much of what Pavlov had accomplished—these three institutions, with these many research workers, all this physical equipment and the intelligence and the passion—had already begun to wither.

Experimental neurosis originated with Pavlov's classic experiment wherein he taught a dog to differentiate between a circle and an ellipse, always feeding the dog after showing it the one and never feeding it after the other, till finally the dog knew the one from the other, as was revealed by whether it did or did not drool saliva into the apparatus. Each time the dog succeeded in learning the difference, the problem was increased in difficulty by bringing the shape of the ellipse nearer the shape of the circle; nearer and nearer and nearer, till the strain of the problem on the dog's nervous system was such that

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there developed suddenly a sharp personality change, along with other, body changes. The dog was mentally sick. Very sick. It could be restored to health only by months of freedom from all experimental work, with bromides, and even then there were frequent relapses.

Pavlov began to read psychiatry. He talked to psychiatrists. He set aside regular days to visit psychiatric clinics. He started a clinic of his own. All of his energies were poured one way—the investigation of psychiatry with conditioned-reflex techniques.

He sometimes used dogs that had been made neurotic by situations in their lives. For instance, some of his dogs had lived through the bad experience of a Leningrad flood. The Neva had risen slowly in their kennels; many had been drowned, others had stood a long time in water up to their necks. All of these dogs, Pavlov said, were mentally damaged by the experience. After he had brought about their recovery, he would experimentally (and diabolically, it seemed to me) throw them back into their neurosis by allowing water to trickle under their kennel doors.

The most memorable neurotic dog that I saw with him was in the laboratory of Mme. Petrova, a formidable woman who apparently had not made up her mind whether I was German or American, and told me quite frankly that she disliked both. This dog stood on Mme. Petrova's book-strewn desk, in a blunted state of perception. Pavlov deepened the state by a brief repetition of the stimuli that had produced it—two metronomes going at different rates. The dog began to tremble; the space between its eyelids widened; saliva dripped from its mouth; there was a deepened, gasping breathing, now and then a moan; then, abruptly, the dog sank into an evasive mass on the top of the desk. After some minutes, Pavlov coaxed the dog down to the floor and into the hall. A pan of food had been placed there. Pavlov held out the food, but the dog pressed itself close against the wall, slowly moved along the wall, apparently afraid of the food. Pavlov advanced the pan toward the dog. The dog turned its head away. "Negativism," Pavlov blurted. Insane persons display negativism often. That dog never did get near that pan. Presently Pavlov set the pan to one side and coaxed the dog along the wall toward the door, which he opened. Beyond the door was a stairs. Instantly the behavior simulated what I saw once when I was a medical student and a four-year-old psychotic child was forced to the head of a stairs

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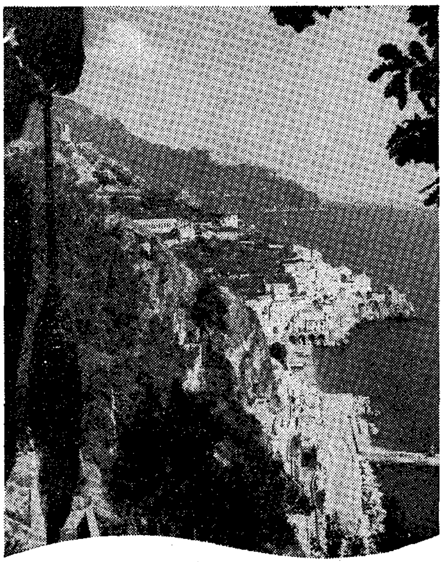

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by a stupid doctor. That dog was as like that child as two creatures as widely separated could possibly be. The dog had been conditioned near the stairs, and its neurosis was associated with fear of those stairs—with the idea, I suppose, of falling down. At any rate, the dog was in an agonized state. "Depth phobia," Pavlov announced.

With extraordinary youthfulness, Pavlov now turned to me: "*Jetzt haben Sie alles, alles, gesehen.*" ("Now you have seen everything, everything.") And, like an actor, he made his exit, from the hall through the nearest door.

I LEFT Leningrad in October. By the middle of November, Vsevolod was dead. Mme. Pavlov had been right—cancer, in the head of the pancreas. Ivan Petrovich stood by at the operation. When they opened the abdomen, and he looked in and saw the widespread disease process and knew there was no hope, he walked out of the operating room as one who physically goes through the gesture of cleaning his hands. At least, that is the way one who was there described it to me. They brought Vsevolod home. He lived, as before, on the third floor, just above his father and mother. They moved the bed over near the window. The son could look toward the Neva, see his father as he returned evenings from the laboratory, always at the same time, around the corner of the building.

The father would go up to the third floor and sit beside his son. Here, approximately, is the course of one conversation, as reported to me later.

THE SON: Well, it's done.
THE FATHER: Yes, it's done.
THE SON: And there is nothing on the other side.
THE FATHER: No, there's nothing on the other side. The common people are not able to face that fact. Perhaps someday, when science has permeated everything and everyone, then the common people will be able to face it, too.
THE SON: Yes.
THE FATHER: But the government ought not to close the churches. The common people need the churches yet for a while. I must write a letter to Stalin.
THE SON: Yes.
THE FATHER: Yes, tomorrow I will write a letter to Stalin. They must not close the churches.

Then Pavlov went out of the room, and downstairs to his supper.

Vsevolod died in November. In Feb-

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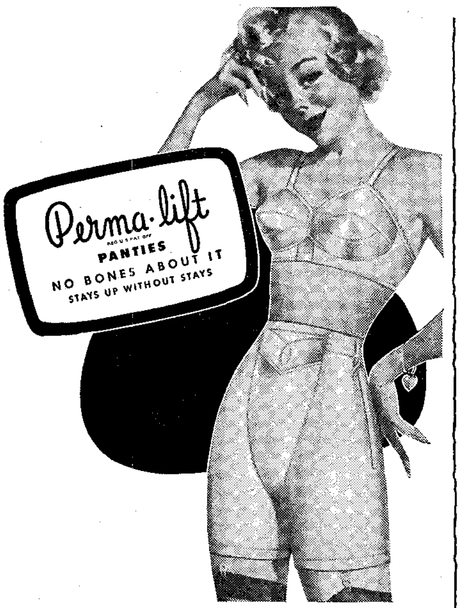

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ruary, Pavlov himself was ill. "He just would not put on heavier clothes," Mme. Pavlov told me later. "It was cold, and he was an old man, and he thought he could go about like a young man. He got a running nose. He got pneumonia."

Pavlov all his life had slept so well. When I had asked him once how he slept, he had laughed a broad, loud, Asiatic laugh. The idea! Why would he not sleep! Therefore, when night came and he did not sleep but was restless, Mme. Pavlov was frightened. The best of the Soviet Union's doctors were sent for. Pavlov wanted a neurologist. He talked to the neurologist. He discussed his own nervous processes. He indicated the signs of their breakdown. At one point, he said he believed that "mortification was setting in." Thus discussing, on and off, his own disintegrating brain, Ivan Petrovich Pavlov moved gradually toward coma. Possibly the disease could have been called, simply, death of a son.

My biography of Pavlov still has not been completed. I have had to put it aside, to wait, for the reason that nowhere outside of his sitting room did I find anything to compare with the free feeling he gave me with that "Why not?" When I returned to Leningrad, in the summer of 1936, the man in the white coat who had so readily shown me into the Institute at first refused to see me, and then, when apparently he thought even that unsafe, met me in the exposed middle of a hotel lobby and told me point-blank that he wanted to have nothing to do with me, that, as a matter of fact, he did not know me. People with whom I previously had had correspondence either did not answer my letters or, in several instances, gave me to understand that it would be unkind of me to press them further.

—GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

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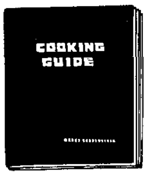

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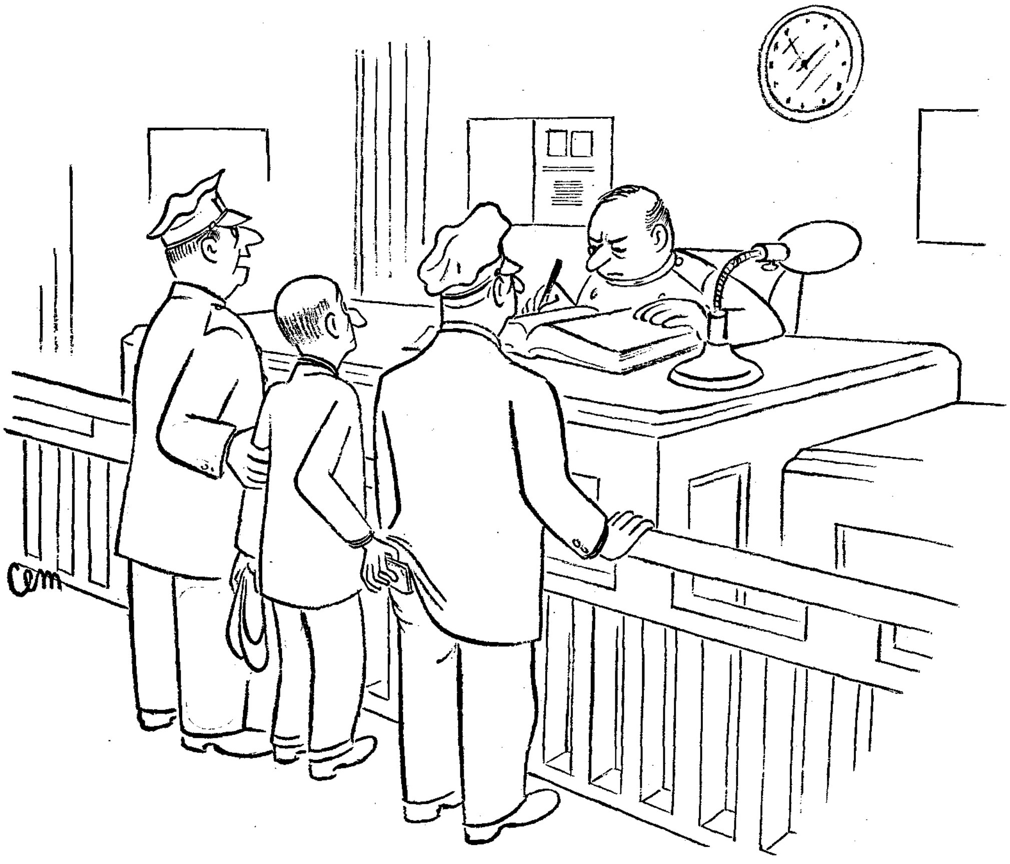
BOOKS

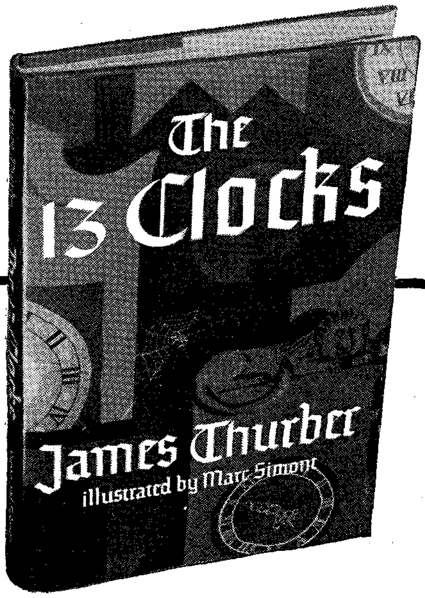
For Young Readers at Christmas

ADULTS who make their way to the book counters this Christmas season determined to select the right books for their favorite children and to pass by the humdrum display of horse, mystery, and sports stories and the steadily growing shelves of girls'-career books, bright as new tinsel, may find that they've set themselves a difficult task. For though the proportion of really distinctive items in the thousand-and-some-odd titles that make up the current juvenile crop is small, the shopper will be confronted by a distracting number of solidly good books, and selecting the best of the good is always a ticklish business. For example, and in perfect reply to the criticism sometimes heard that juvenile books constitute a rather frivolous back eddy in the publishing field, there are four new biographies of Gandhi for children this year, all of them good, to say nothing of ten volumes in a new series called Landmark Books (Random House), each of which gives a vigorous presentation by a well-known writer of an important event in our country's past. Happily, however, finding a gift for youngsters no older than six should be a pretty diverting task. The publishers' offering of picture books, though again small because of high production costs, is an unusually gay one, providing some of the nicest specimens of bookmaking in the entire industry. Several such books—"The Two Reds," by William Lipkind and Nicolas Mordvinoff, and "Cocolo's Home," by Bettina, to mention two notable examples—combine distinction in both art and text with results that only a blasé mite indeed would fail to prefer to even an afternoon's unrestricted use of the television set.

It is pleasant to be able to report that fantasy and true imagination have found their way back this year in a number of books for children over six, a fair proportion of them being successfully concerned with talking animals and other fairy-tale ingredients. These constitute a welcome alternative to that large category of bone-dry tales of today or of the past presented in the so-called easy-reading books designed for youngsters of up to twelve. Some of the imaginative stories, like the delightful "Elmer and the Dragon," by Ruth Stiles Gannett, cavort in the realm of all-out fantasy, but the most unusual of them, William Pène du Bois's "Peter Graves," accomplishes the more difficult task of nicely blending the fanciful with a contemporary setting and plausible characters. Having read through most of the 1950 books for older children, I am struck again by the fact that, except in the field of humor, the more the authors of juveniles attempt to deal with contemporary children doing the things children do today, the more mundane their writing is apt to become and the more their creative wings are clipped. By the time one reaches the books for teen-agers, the authors have usually abandoned any semblance of reality, and either produce a ridiculous picture of an impossibly happy world, wherein the hero wins his medal with the minimum of effort, or write books merely *about* children instead of *for* them. (Here and there, of course, are exceptions, the most remarkable one this year being "Farm Boy," by Douglas Gorsline, a novel for young readers over twelve that offers both truth and quality in its thoughtful picture of a contemporary boy and his problems.) This difficulty with the modern milieu may account for the always large number of historical stories on any year's list (and in this respect 1950 is no exception), adventure evidently being easier to make credible in bygone times than in the present, and also for the many "old-fashioned" books, sticky with details of the period of the author's or his parents' youth, which by now he considers romantic but which our children, jet-propulsion-minded, regard with suspicion. The least betrimmed with gewgaws of these period pieces is Carl Carmer's "Windfall Fiddle," a fine narrative in its own right.

Another noticeable trend in the current juveniles, and one that gracefully defies analysis, is the distinct giving of ground by the cowboy books to fiction and non-fiction about Indians. This year children of all ages are being besieged by noble Indians, while in the background lurks the bad white man, a violent reversal of the Indian plot the young readers' parents were so familiar with. Nevertheless, the cowboy books have grimly hung on, and this season they penetrate right down to the pre-reader. The best of these for young children may well be "Surprise for a Cowboy," by Clyde Robert Bulla, which, though hardly distinguishable in





THURBER is the best word we have come up with in brooding about how we can describe this book. THE 13 CLOCKS isn't a parable, a fairy story or a poem, but rather a mixture of all three. It is beautiful and it is comic. It is philosophical and it is cheery. Which, after all, is only a fumbling sort of way of saying that it is Thurber.

There are only a few reasons why everybody has always wanted to read this kind of story, but they are basic:

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☜ *Everybody has always wanted to be a Prince.*

Everybody has always wanted ☛ *the Wicked Duke to be punished.*

☜ *Everybody has always wanted to live happily ever after.*

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basic content from any of the others, is markedly superior in style.

One of the very nicest presents for a youngster, or a family of youngsters, and a major exhibit in the nostalgia section, is "The Second St. Nicholas Anthology" (Random House), affectionately compiled by Henry Steele Commager, with the help of his children. It is a book to be read aloud to the family rather than read by the individual child, for even *St. Nicholas* devotees must sadly admit that while some of its contents are in themselves worth resurrecting, many of the entries will be immeasurably helped by the gloss of parental memories and commentary. The volume includes "The Peterkins' Christmas Tree," by Lucretia P. Hale; Frank R. Stockton's wonderful fairy tale "The Floating Prince;" one of Palmer Cox's Brownie adventures; "Davy and the Goblin," by Charles Carryl; "Tom Sawyer Abroad;" stories by Cornelia Meigs, Louisa May Alcott, Richard Harding Davis, and Dorothy Canfield; Rachel Field's poem "If Once You Have Slept on an Island;" Christina Rossetti's "An Alphabet from England;" Emily Dickinson's "Morning;" "The Poor Unfortunate Hottentot," by Laura E. Richards; and a gem of a period piece, now unintentionally funny but still a good story—"Editha's Burglar," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

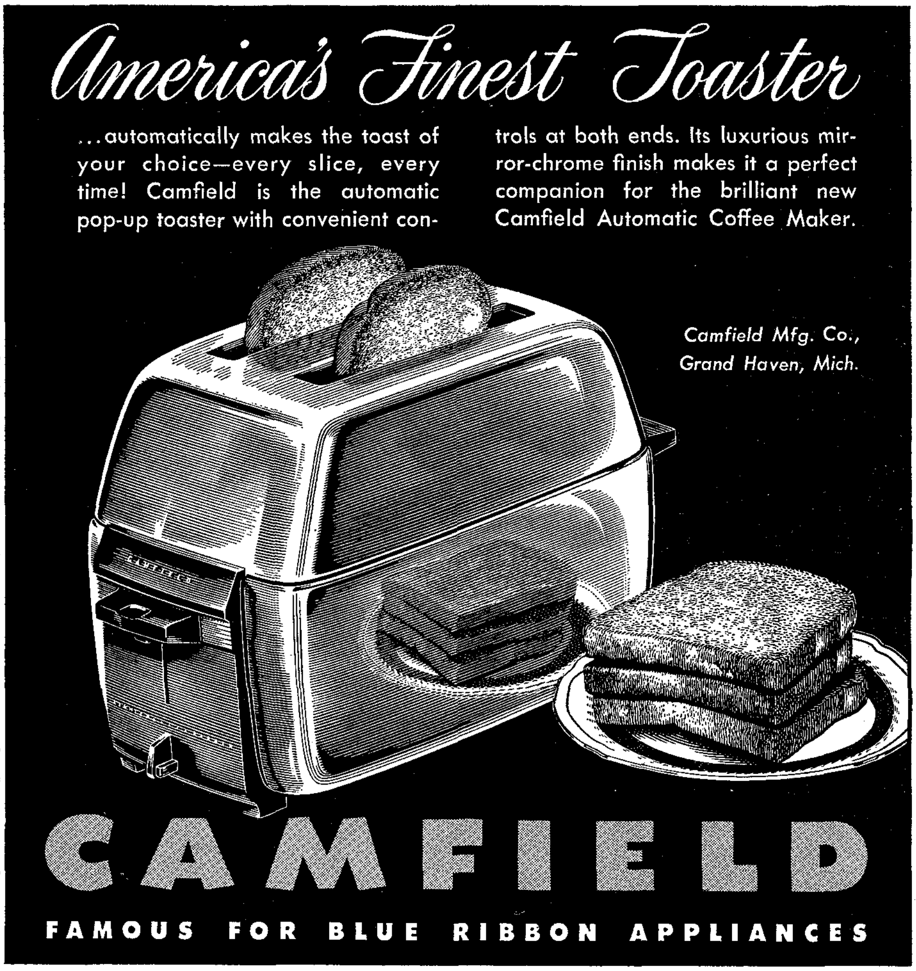
An especially lovely present for twelve-year-olds and up is "The Book of the Year," by Fritz Peters. For each month, a symbol of life in the country tells its part in the seasonal pageant in and around an old house—the crocus for March, for instance; wheat for August; and the evergreen tree for December. Ilonka Karasz has illustrated it with scratchboard drawings that are extraordinarily beautiful in style and detail. "All Kinds of Time," by Harry Behn, is another exquisite little book you will not want to miss. It definitely belongs to a category of books (christened "the fancies" by an eight-year-old boy of my acquaintance) in which there is a fresh originality that will most certainly charm adults but may not appeal to every child. In rhythmic prose and with bright designs that, like the typographical layout, are in themselves often a part of its poetry, it considers and wonders about time, describing it in the same kind of sharp, flashing symbols, precisely related to a child's world, that one has so often marvelled to hear a child use. A "fancy" for younger children is Leonard Weisgard's "Who Dreams of Cheese," which in stunning full-page pictures, some of them in color, and an impresbusy psychosomatic medicine of our day is rising.

For me, the Institute had a further interest. In this small group of buildings was housed the first animal surgery in the world. Animals had there the same pre- and post-operative care as human beings, the same consideration for their suffering. They were treated with the courtesy that it has always seemed to me their contribution to knowledge merits. This was not only humane, it was practical. It put the chronic experiment—the experiment spread over days, months, and years—on a sounder basis, and the value of the chronic experiment to science in the last half century I need hardly argue in 1950.

I told the gentleman in the white coat my story. He stepped at once to a telephone, and there, finally, at the other end of a wire was Pavlov. He was at his home. He was asking the gentleman in the white coat why I had not come yesterday. He had explicitly told the messenger that I was to come to his house immediately. So the half-wit had not dropped my letter into the gutter but had merely forgotten part of Pavlov's message. The gentleman in the white coat then explained to me that Pavlov was sorry he could not see me that day, and would I visit him at his home tomorrow at three?

THE next day, a member of the staff of the Institute met me at my hotel and conducted me to an apartment building, to an entrance on a side street. Pavlov's apartment was on the second floor, and punctually at three o'clock I was shown into his sitting room.

There he sat, looking like George Bernard Shaw, as has often been noted, but it was only a most superficial resemblance. White hair. White mustache. White beard. Heavy, long white eyebrows hung out over deep-set eyes, eyes that peered at you through hair, the way an Irish terrier peers. The veins of the nose were those of an old man. Pink cheeks. Pavlov's legs were crossed, one hand on his knee, and on that hand, practically in the visitor's face, was a big fatty tumor. Why hadn't he cut it off, I wondered. Didn't it interfere with his dog operations? Years before, I had been occupied with a biography of Hideyo Noguchi, and much of the quality of Noguchi's life and mind could be traced, at least in part, to the deformity of three fingers, burnt off in infancy. Noguchi was always going about with that hand behind him or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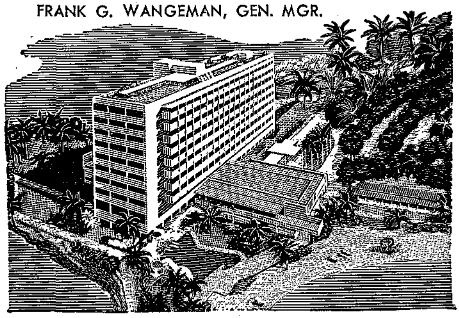

hiding it in his pocket. Pavlov sat confidently, thrusting his deformity out at the world.

Around him was his room, the modest sitting room of a European professor. If you leaned out the window, you could see the Neva. There was a gramophone. I was told later that he played the same records in the same order on the same night of every week. There were many paintings on the walls. He had collected about a hundred. All of them were Russian. He preferred the pastel shades of the north. A child would have understood those paintings. I can still see a cow standing by a creek—the painter had, one almost felt, cut out a cow with scissors and pasted it next to the creek. Through a door I got a glimpse of the bedroom, and a large double bed. In a corner separated from the rest of that room by a screen were a washbasin and pitcher, and there Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, winner of a Nobel Prize, did his ablutions.

The following are the first three sentences between us. He said, "*Was wollen Sie?*" ("What do you want?") I said, "*Ihre Biographie schreiben.*" ("Write your biography.") He said, "*Warum nicht?*" ("Why not?")

That is how it began, and if that does not strike anyone as unusual, he has never written a biography.

Pavlov mentioned the half-wit. Time was of no importance to a half-wit, he said. Mme. Pavlov, who had now come into the room, said that Ivan Petrovich was himself very exact about time. No one in their family, she said, was ever late to dinner, and the dinner was almost never late. Everybody remembered the few occasions when it had been. Pavlov interrupted her. It was important, he said, to be exact about one's meals; it was physiological. And it was important to rest after one's meals; that was physiological, too—there was only so much blood in the body, and if it was in one's brain, it could not be in one's digestive tract. Hence, bad digestion, and also bad thoughts.

I was to learn how exact Pavlov was about time. He arrived at his laboratory on the minute, and on the minute left it. He never let enthusiasm for an experiment upset his schedule, which was remarkable, though perhaps a good worker learns that that is best. Just before noon in one of the laboratories, I saw all work stop as by a silent command. Every worker took out his watch. The laboratory radio was snapped on. Pavlov talked in a mumbling tone and looked as if he were talking to his watch, and perhaps he

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sionistic prose presents a sort of litany of the dreams of various animals and, finally, of children themselves. If you're casting about for a book of a religious nature, you will want to look at "Always There Is God," by Robbie Trent, illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. By means of delicate, conventional drawings and the simplest of words, it successfully communicates to young children the continuing sense of God in their world.

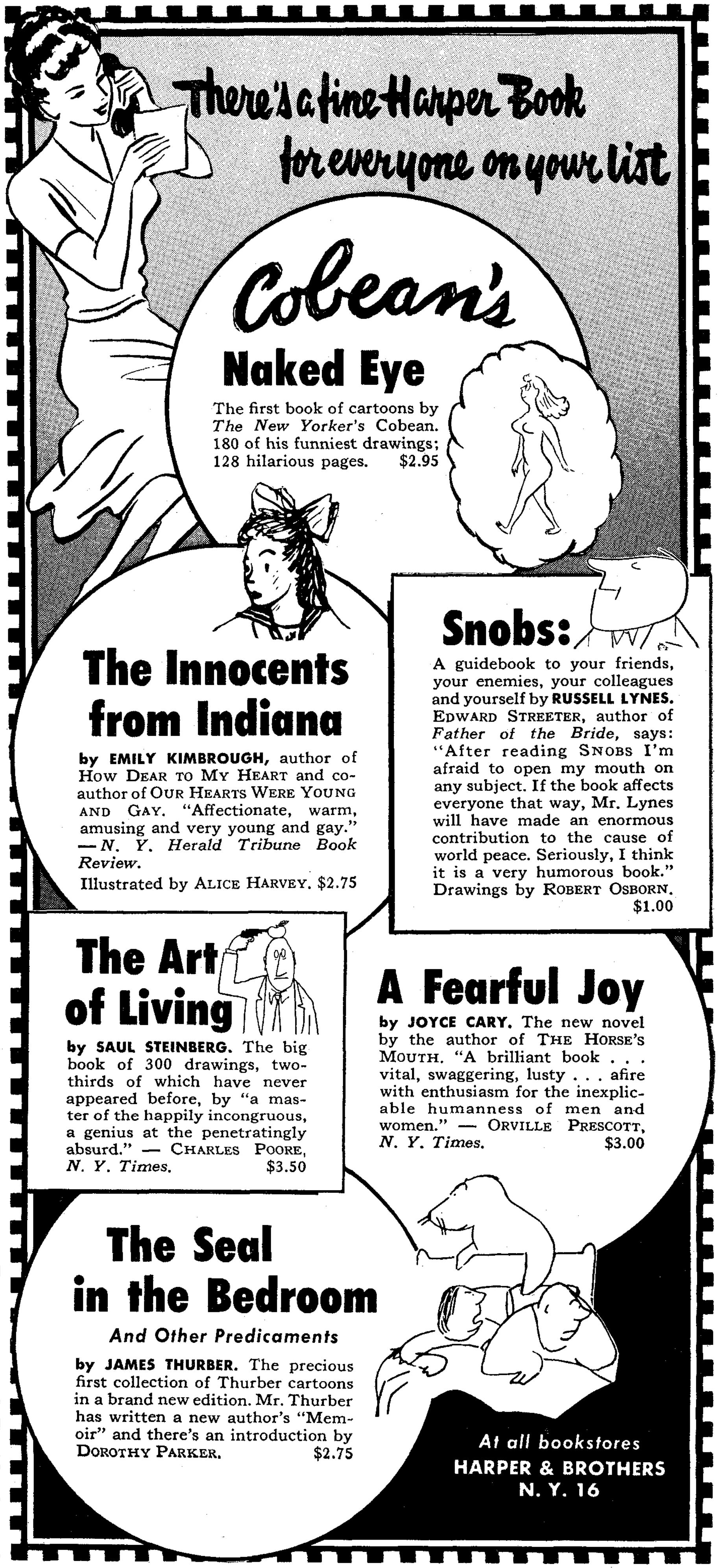
Among the reprints, there are three volumes that should particularly delight youngsters this Christmas. Scribner's has a good-looking new edition of the story of "Peter Pan," nicely illustrated by Nora S. Unwin, and Lippincott has reissued "The Arthur Rackham Fairy Book," a collection of twenty-three of the best-loved traditional tales, illustrated by Rackham in black-and-white and eight full-color pictures. The Rackham book has been out of print since 1941, and has been so much in demand that copies of an English edition were recently reported to be bringing as much as $18 in New York. (The current one costs $2.25.) A large, newly illustrated edition of "Edward Lear's Nonsense Alphabet," published by Collins, which contains not only Lear's familiar jingles but two less-known Lear alphabets, is available at the British Book Centre, at 122 East 55th Street. G. S. Sherwood's full-color illustrations for it are splendid, being both eerie and puckishly droll.

THE list that follows includes, I hope, most of the outstanding juveniles and some of the better good ones. It begins, in each grouping, with selections for the youngest readers and, in most instances, continues up through a very few titles for teen-agers:

PICTURE BOOKS

WHERE'S THE BUNNY?, written and illustrated by Ruth Carroll (Oxford). An ingratiating picture tale of a puppy and a bunny who frolic all over a house, playing hide-and-seek. The bunny hides in the most unlikely places, and three- to six-year-olds will have the fun of hunting for him in the charming three-color illustrations.

THE CIRCUS BABY, written and illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham (Macmillan). The disastrous results of a mother circus elephant's attempts to teach her baby to eat properly at her favorite clowns' dinner table will entrance the nursery group, themselves the victims of a course in man-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ners. Every detail of the illustrations, bright with carnival yellow and red, is expressive, from the mother elephant's small, patient eyes right down to the absurd bristles that outline the baby's soft, wrinkled hide.

T-Bone the Baby-Sitter, written and illustrated by Clare Turlay Newberry (Harper). A small, irresistible book about a baby and a cat, their happy companionship, and the tragedy that befalls them temporarily when the cat—that's T-Bone—makes up its mind to be naughty. The large charcoal drawings, with their soft flush of rose—especially those showing T-Bone chewing up a pink feather hat to the baby's delight—are among Mrs. Newberry's very best.

The Backward Day, by Ruth Krauss, illustrated by Marc Simont (Harper). An artful presentation of a longing all small children probably have. Waking in the morning, a little boy decides to do things backward, and his family joins in with him. The text treats it as a serious, though zestful, business, and so do the three-color illustrations, which deftly catch the youngster at the height of each triumphant action.

Jack and the Three Sillies, by Richard Chase, illustrated by Joshua Tolford (Houghton Mifflin). The author of the by now famous "Jack Tales" gives us his version of the legend of "The Three Sillies" in a full-length book for four- to eight-year-olds, and a hilarious, rousing story it is, told in uncluttered American-mountaineer style. The crisp water-color and wash illustrations are a perfect accompaniment.

A Boat for Peppe, written and illustrated by Leo Politi (Scribner). A small boy's life in a community of devout Sicilian fishermen in Monterey and how his dream of owning a toy boat is fulfilled during the Day of Saint Rosalia celebration. The serene, warmhearted tale is illustrated with Mr. Politi's familiar subtlety of style and color but with considerably more distinction and vigor than was "Song of the Swallows," which won him last year's Caldecott Medal.

The Two Reds, by William Lipkind, illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff (Harcourt, Brace). An original and diverting picture story about the enmity between a New York City boy and a cat, which, after a spirited street embroilment, turns into friendship. Both the concise text and the artwork, with its large splashes of brilliant red, are memorable.

"Hi, Mister Robin!," by Alvin Tresselt, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). The slow unfolding of spring, as watched by an impatient little boy, told in simple prose for four- to eight-year-olds and in a progressively lovely procession of full-color illustrations by the author-artist combination of "White Snow Bright Snow" and "Sun Up."

The King and the Noble Blacksmith, by Jacob Blanck, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Houghton Mifflin). This breezy story, merrily illustrated by Mr. Slobodkin's scrawly colored pictures, tells about a boy king whose pompous advisers never let him have any fun. One day, a crow steals his crown, and it is recovered in an unorthodox manner by the blacksmith, a lusty fellow who knows that fishing is good for boys. Eventually, of course, he becomes the chief counsellor.

If I Ran the Zoo, written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss (Random House). A young fellow named Gerald is bored with the conventional zoo and imagines one filled with outlandish creatures, heroically captured by himself in outlandish places and including an "Obsk, who only eats rhubarb and corn-on-the-cobsk" and some "Chugs, some keen-shooter, mean-shooter, bean-shooter bugs." Dr. Seuss's wildest pictures and funniest verse—for five- to nine-year-olds.

Tico-Tico, photographs by Ylla, text by Niccolò Tucci (Harper). Amazing photographs of animals, woven into a blithe narrative about a squirrel who woos the "cat-of-his-heart" with very little assistance from the other pets, including a skunk, a cockatoo, a rabbit, a monkey, and a frog, result in an extraordinarily appealing book. The description and picture sequence of the cat and squirrel dancing "each in his gracious fashion" have a faun-like glee about them that is delightful.

Dick Whittington and His Cat, written and illustrated by Marcia Brown (Scribner). The old legend retold in straightforward prose for five- to nine-year-olds and splendidly illustrated by gold-and-black linoleum cuts. A striking title page, and,

all in all, a handsome piece of bookmaking.

Benjamin Franklin, written and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Doubleday). This sprightly book for six- to nine-year-olds is probably the best of the d'Aulaires' picture biographies. Their colored lithographs are, as always, superb, and they have surpassed themselves in decorating the pages of text, which glow with Pennsylvania Dutch designs and figures and have illuminated Poor Richard adages on the bottom margins.

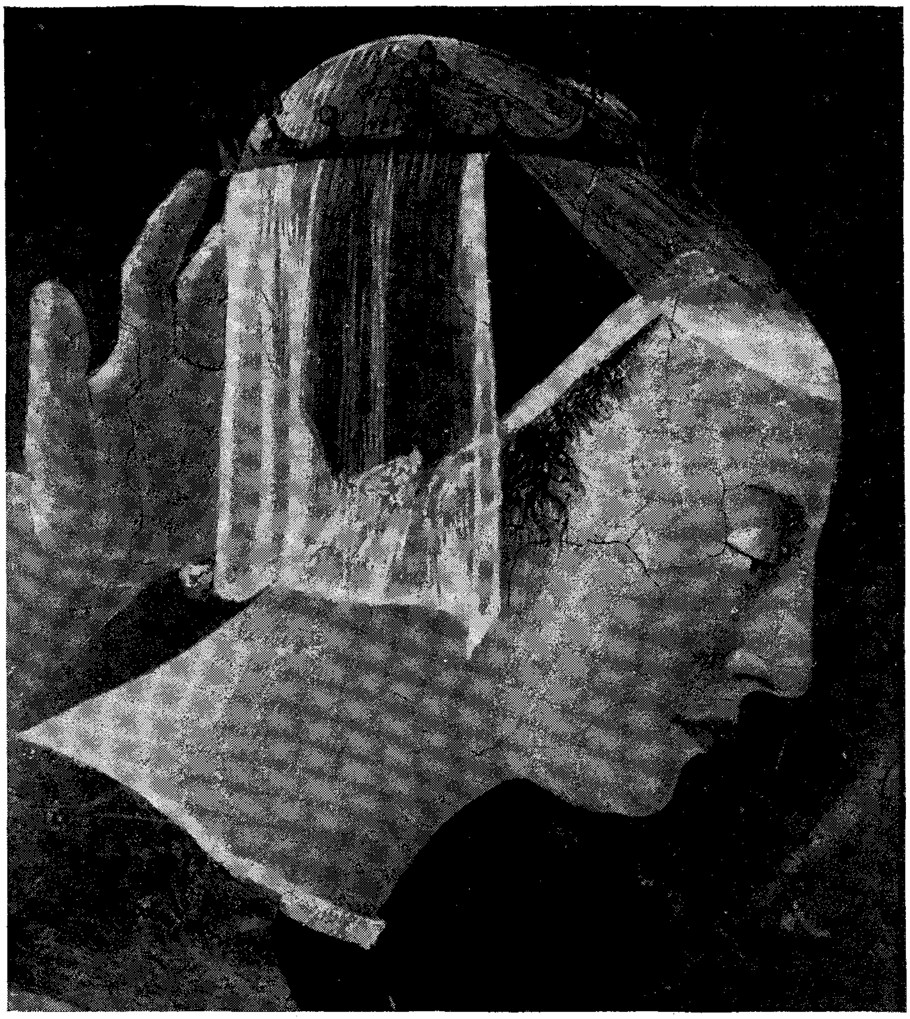
Cocolo's Home, written and illustrated by Bettina (Harper). The third of the big, beautiful books about the little Italian donkey and his master Lucio, who now live in the American coastal village of Lobsterbay. The tender story, with its amusing details of their visit to Italy, and the alluring water-color and wash illustrations will bewitch any child between six and nine years old.

Fanciful Stories

Pawnee, by Thelma Harrington Bell, illustrated by Corydon Bell (Viking). Dolls who come to life are usually dubious fare for modern five- to eight-year-olds, but this tale of an eight-inch-tall Indian brave is a sturdy and touching one. When unbelieving adults make life difficult for him and Bobby, his small owner, he runs away. After many hazards, he ends up, to the satisfaction of himself and Bobby, with Indians in a Wild West show. Large, black-and-white drawings add to the beguilement.

Elmer and the Dragon, by Ruth Stiles Gannett, illustrated by Ruth Chrisman Gannett (Random House). This independent sequel to "My Father's Dragon" should captivate six- to nine-year-olds, who will find in it the same blend of logical fantasy, humor, and tidily contained adventure that marked its predecessor. The new volume concerns Elmer's homeward journey from the hazards of Wild Island on the back of the flying baby dragon and their visit to an island inhabited by escaped canaries, where they not only cure the king bird, who has been dying of curiosity, but unearth treasure. The black-and-white drawings are as distinctive as the prose.

Homer the Tortoise, by Margaret J. Baker, illustrated by Leo Bates (Whittlesey House). When three sisters find that Homer, their pet tortoise, can talk—and like a gentleman



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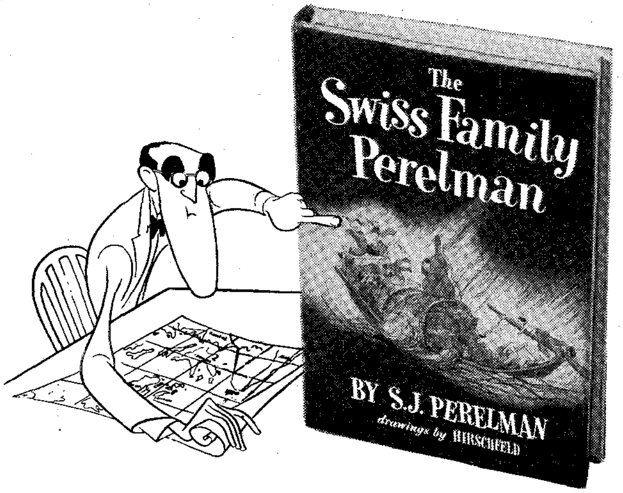

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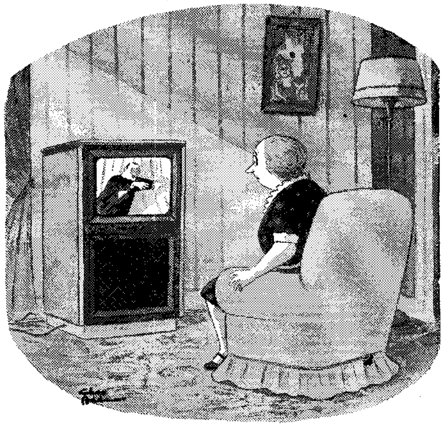

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JACK O'MOORA AND THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON, by Bryan MacMahon, illustrated by Richard Bennett (Dutton). A robust Irish fairy tale, retold, with a minimum of incantation but a generous supply of laughter and relish, by a fine Irish storyteller. It describes the Prince of Ireland's search for a maiden of a certain specified beauty and how he and Listening Ear, Iron Buttocks, and other creatures with superhuman powers, who join him in his quest, outwit the sorcery that hinders him from finding her.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE AND THE GREEN CANARY, written and illustrated by Hugh Lofting (Lippincott). An unexpected windfall for seven- to eleven-year-olds—a posthumously published book about the good Doctor. This story appeared in serial form years ago in the *Herald Tribune*, and some of it was later incorporated in "Doctor Dolittle's Caravan." It concerns the early life of Pippinella, the green canary, and her later perils as a member of the Dolittle entourage in their search for their missing master and some papers stolen from him.

THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE, by C. S. Lewis, illustrated by Pauline Baynes (Macmillan). An English book—in the literary tradition of fauns, giants, talking animals, and rampant magic—having to do with three children who wander into a weird, snowbound land under the spell of an evil witch and with how they take part in liberating it and converting it into a green and humane kingdom by bringing about the return of Aslan, the awesome lion-god. It is, in turn, beautiful, frightening, wise, and nonsensical, and should captivate, with or without its parable, the right child of between eight and eleven years old.

PETER GRAVES, written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois (Viking). Highly original adventure that will probably set nine- to thirteen-year-olds laboring to rediscover Furloy, a powerful substance that, if properly handled, can make anything lighter than air. When its aged inventor and an enthusiastic boy set out to exploit it, they land in a series of stupendous and comical happenings, all carefully developed by Mr. Pène du Bois. His drawings and the excellent format contribute to make an exceptional book.

THE SKY RIVER, by Chang Fa Shun, illustrated by Jeanyee Wong (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). On an important holiday in summer, as Chinese watch to see rain drop from the Milky Way, parents tell their children about the Ox-boy and the Weaving-girl, two legendary lovers forever fixed in the heavens, whose tears at their one yearly meeting cause the showers. American children of from nine up will find the myth, here given full book length, a haunting one, both witty and sad, with many sage and magic touches. The accompanying line drawings complement the text very agreeably.

STORIES OF TODAY

BETSY'S LITTLE STAR, written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood (Morrow). The joys and disappointments in a four-year-old girl's everyday life, centering around her yearning to join her playmates in kindergarten and the visits that, uninvited, she manages to pay to it. Though simple enough for second-graders to read themselves, it is written with a humorous understanding that makes the children described seem sufficiently well-rounded to step right out of the pages.

CHRISTOPHER AND HIS TURTLE, written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore (Morrow). Happenings that might easily occur in the course of a small New Orleans boy's day, told, for five- to seven-year-olds, with Miss Lattimore's usual insight and her special ability to convey children's personalities and experiences in a few easy sentences. When Christopher starts out to take his turtle to a little girl who lives across the street, he wanders far from home and sees and does many things new to him.

SQUIRRELY OF WILLOW HILL, written and illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan). First- to third-graders will enjoy the appealing illustrations in color and the genial text of this true account of a baby squirrel's rescue by an elderly couple. They install him in a vacant room in their house and provide him with ingenious comforts, like a small

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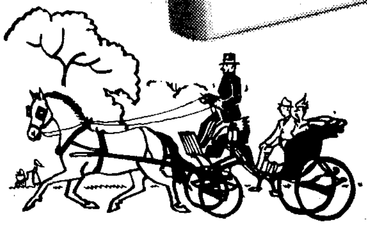

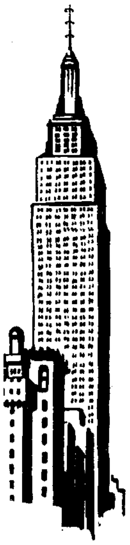

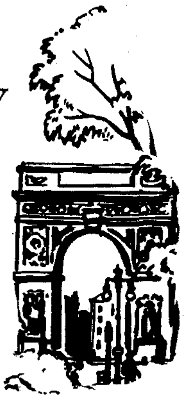

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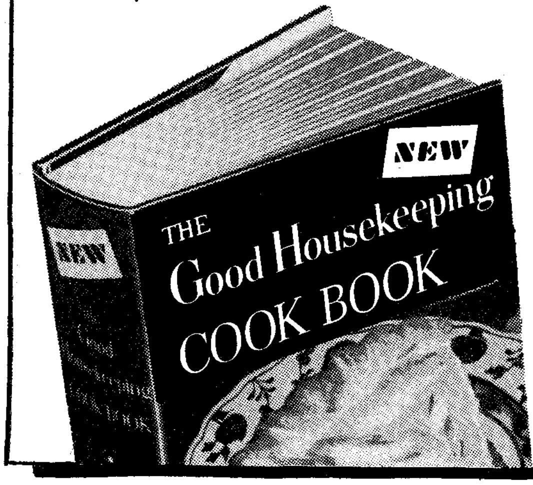

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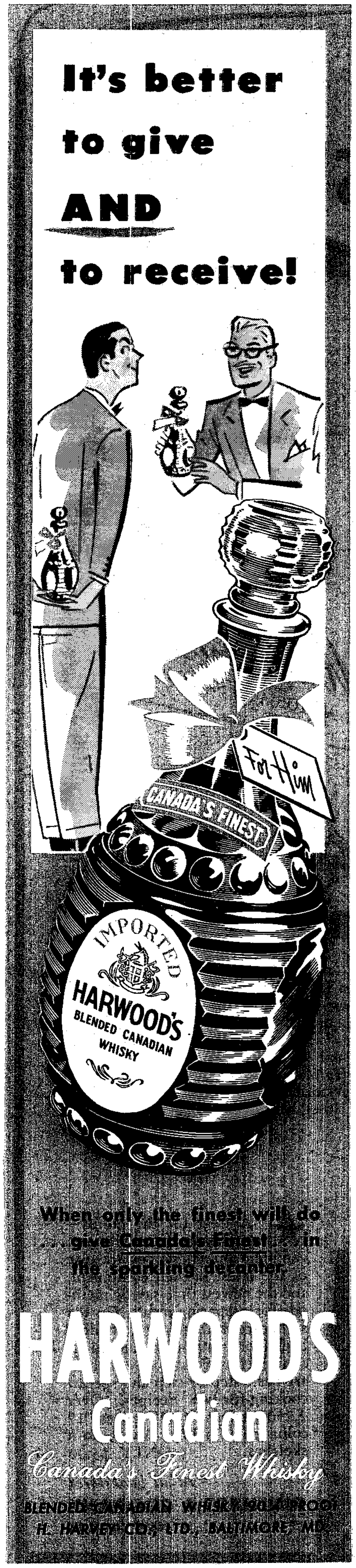

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tree to romp in and a nail keg hung from the ceiling to nest in.

Good Luck Duck, by Meindert Dejong, illustrated by Marc Simont (Harper). At a fair, Timothy, who *longs for a quiet pet, wins a noisy* quacking duck, whom no one will relieve him of. After some embarrassing scenes, among them getting stuck with him on top of a Ferris wheel, Timothy discovers that the duck turns into a peaceable fellow when he is whispered to. Full-color illustrations amusingly catch the freshness of this tale for six- to nine-year-olds.

Henry Huggins, by Beverly Cleary, illustrated by Louis Darling (Morrow). From the minute Henry decides to take home a mongrel he's met in a drugstore (and steps into the bus with the dog tied up like a bundle, to deceive the driver), his life becomes eventful with the plain, ordinary small-boy kind of crises that seven- to ten-year-olds respect. Both the author and the illustrator have obviously enjoyed themselves.

The Most Wonderful Doll in the World, by Phyllis McGinley, illustrated by Helen Stone (Lippincott). A story that will enchant girls from seven to eleven years old and bring them a charming bit of wisdom on their own terms. It's about Dulcy, who is always dissatisfied, and particularly with her many dolls. When, one day, she loses a new one she has not yet unwrapped, her imagination builds it up into a fabulous creature, possessed of an unsurpassed wardrobe. Eventually, the doll is found, and the story takes a delightful twist. The illustrations couldn't be more delectable.

This Boy Cody, by Leon Wilson, illustrated by Ursula Koering (Franklin Watts). Cody, his sister Omalia, and their parents are real and likable people, and the lark they make of building a cabin for themselves on a Tennessee mountain (and of bee hunting and of popping corn and of other unsensational activities) makes excellent reading for eight- to eleven-year-olds. The author writes with zest and a refreshing knowledge of children and Cumberland Mountain folk.

Biddy Christmas, written and illustrated by Priscilla M. Warner (Doubleday). A slow and gentle book about family life on an English farm and a little girl's development to the point of sacrifice and unselfish love. It concerns her devotion to her pet donkey, doubly precious to her because of the cross down its back and because she associates it with the Nativity story. The ending, in which the heroine gives up her pet after a Christmas Eve vigil in a stable waiting *for the donkey to speak*, as promised by an old legend, will be long remembered by eight- to twelve-year-old girls.

Maple Sugar for Windy Foot, by Frances Frost, illustrated by Lee Townsend (Whittlesey House). The third, and most recent, of the deservedly popular books about a pony and the three Clark children on a New England farm. The middle group of readers will delight in its high-spirited account of a family's fun and work and of the tragedies and dangers they overcome during a flood.

Uncle Andy's Island, by Anne Molloy, illustrated by Joshua Tolford (Houghton Mifflin). Nine- to twelve-year-old boys will sympathize with Mark, who just doesn't like being good, and comprehend the trouble he gets into when he undertakes a doughty course of self-reform in the hope that he will be chosen to bach it with his hero uncle for the summer on an island off Maine. Honest, salty masculine stuff, by an author who knows boys and the scrapes they can get into.

Treasure for Three, by David Severn, illustrated by J. Kiddell-Monroe (Macmillan). An intelligent and lively narrative about the high jinks of three credible English children trying to earn money to rescue a badly treated old horse. Even the finding of treasure at the end is not implausible.

Farm Boy, written and illustrated by Douglas Gorsline (Viking). That welcome rarity—mature and sensitively written fiction with a contemporary setting for young readers over twelve. It tells of a nice, normal boy who is a failure at home and school, and of the chance his uncle gives him to straighten himself out as a laborer on his farm. After hard work and discouragement, he finds his way to independence and self-discipline. Good characters (particularly the benevolent uncle), detailed descriptions of a large farm's operations, and a reverence for natural beauty make this exceptional.

Stories of Far Lands or Other Times

Magic Money, by Ann Nolan Clark, illustrated by Leo Politi (Viking).

The small son of a Costa Rican coffee-plantation laborer struggles to earn enough to buy two oxen for his needy grandfather, whose hand-decorated cart was once the winner in the San José parade. He doesn't succeed, but he achieves something better by discovering how to make his grandfather's heart young again. An understanding and poignant tale for seven- to nine-year-olds, colorfully illustrated, and cheerful with descriptions of a child's happy family life in Latin America.

JOHNNY TEXAS, by Carol Hoff, illustrated by Bob Meyers (Wilcox & Follett). A German family's pioneering in early Texas, related in terms of the ten-year-old son's wonderment at and growing love for the new country, his distress at his mother's loathing for its harsh ways, and their hardships when the father goes off to fight the Mexicans and is reported killed. The many black-and-white drawings and the author's method of telling her story through the homely, familiar details that make up a child's world should carry eight- to ten-year-old readers along spellbound.

LIGHTFOOT: THE STORY OF AN INDIAN BOY, by Katherine B. Shippen, illustrated by Tom Two-Arrows (Viking). Children of from eight to twelve will learn from this well-written story exactly what it was like to be an Indian boy at the time of the League of the Iroquois. Native legends are deftly unfolded in the course of the tale, and there are no dressed-up adventures—only the quiet, though stimulating, ones that an Indian lad necessarily encountered in the process of growing up.

THE BOUNCES OF CYNTHIANN', by Evelyn Sibley Lampman, illustrated by Grace Paull (Doubleday). The four Bounce orphans are stranded in an Oregon village in stagecoach days. They are parcelled out among four families, who, after many trials, are so won over by the children that adoption is offered to each of

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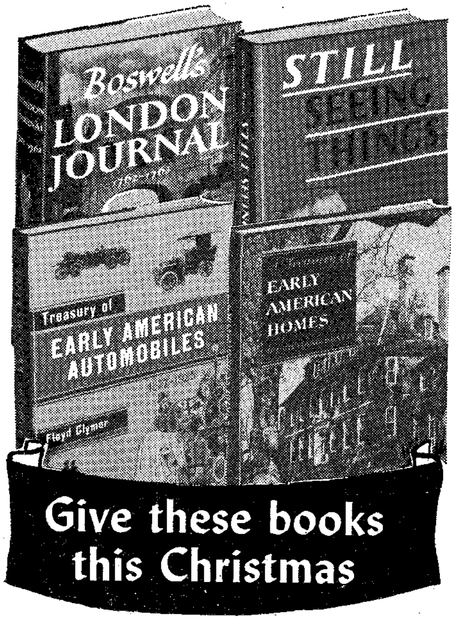

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them. How the Bounces manage to stay together as a family makes an old-fashioned and heart-warming story, full of entertaining incidents and characters, and more convincing than one might suppose.

JUNGLE CHILD, by Caroline Davis, illustrated by Jean Martinez (Viking). An out-of-the-way tale of an imperious English girl who grows up practically unsupervised in an Indian-jungle station—her father is Forest Officer there—with her native nurse, a village boy, and a pet monkey for companions. Her preoccupied father's belated attempts to civilize her send her into inspired rebellion, and only as affection grows between them does the tumult die down. The author knows the jungle and vividly describes an elephant hunt and other spirited episodes.

TOMÁS AND THE RED HEADED ANGEL, by Marion Garthwaite, illustrated by Lorence F. Bjorklund (Messner). Full-blown romance, set in a Spanish ranch in old California, and having to do with the bond between Tomás, an Indian boy, and a high-tempered señorita, both victims of the latter's tyrannical uncle, the estate owner. They finally escape the uncle, she, with Tomás's help, by eloping with a Spaniard, and he by returning to his ancestral lands. The writing is occasionally both hurried and overripe, but it would be ungenerous to quibble over that in so surefire a story for ten- to fourteen-year-olds.

WINDFALL FIDDLE, by Carl Carmer, illustrated by Arthur Conrad (Knopf). The amiable account of a boy's fortunes in an upstate town fifty years or so ago, centering about his attempts to make money to buy a fiddle. He tangles with a fake Indian medicine man, encourages a romance between his two favorite adults, and sacrifices his hard-earned violin money to help a girl enter the winning exhibit in a painting contest at a county fair.

TERU: A TALE OF YOKOHAMA, written and illustrated by Lucy Herndon Crockett (Holt). The difficult feat of writing, from the Japanese viewpoint, a story about Japan that will move eleven- to sixteen-year-old Americans (the youngsters who yesterday were slaughtering "Japs" with their toy guns) is completely accomplished in this full-bodied tale of a Japanese family impoverished by the war and living in fear and hatred of the barbarous Yankees. Teru, the

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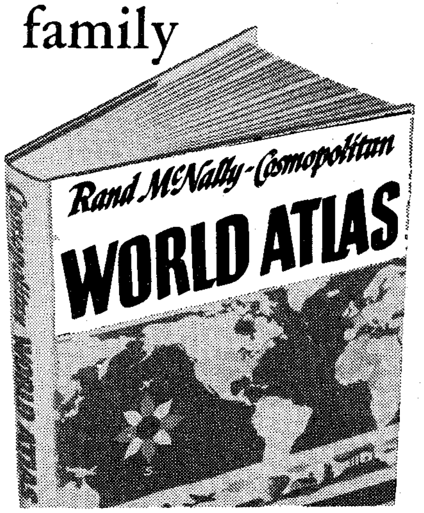

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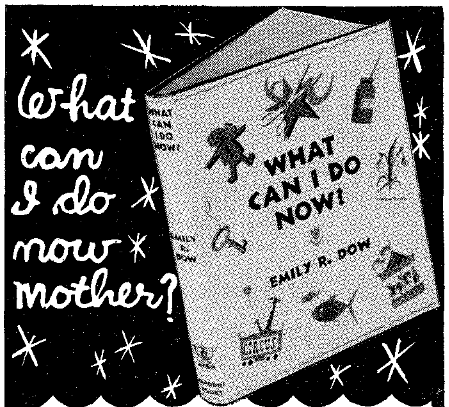
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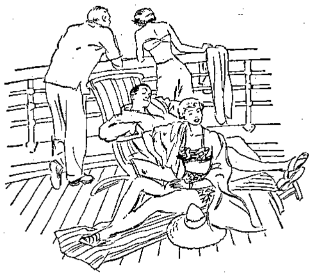

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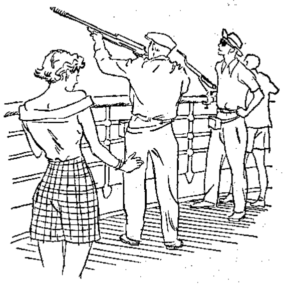

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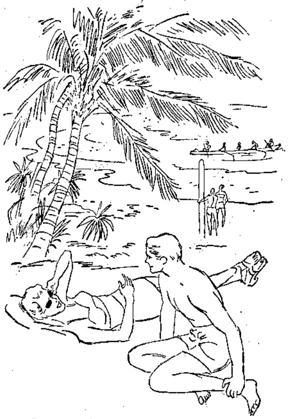

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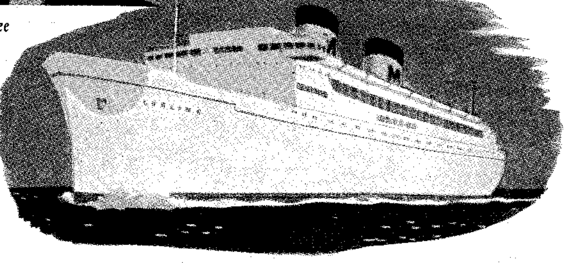

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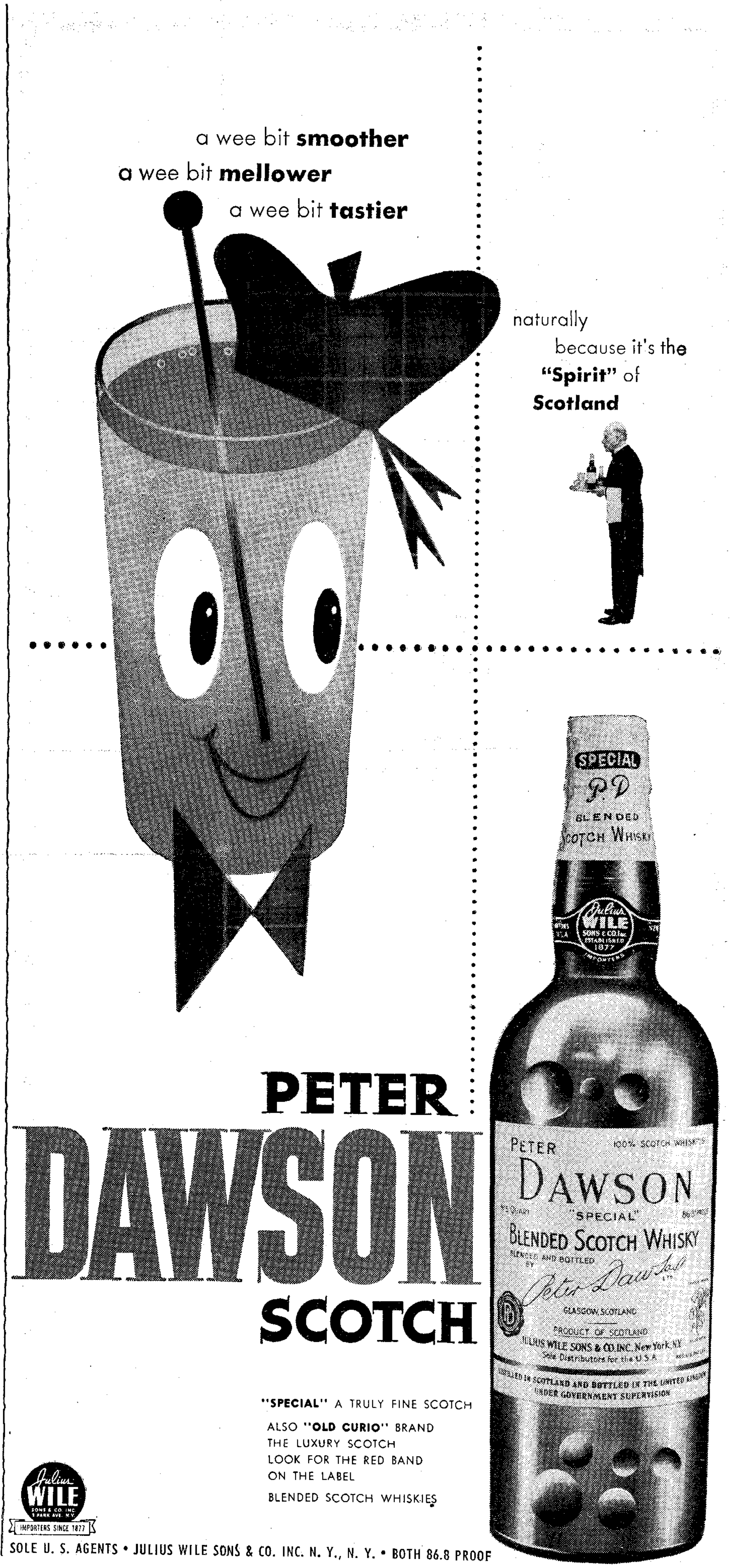
THE STORY OF JOSEPH, by Josephine Sanger Lau, illustrated by Edward and Stephani Godwin (Abingdon-Cokesbury). Joseph, from the willful boy to the High Treasurer in Pharaoh's palace receiving his humbled brothers. The author enriches the Old Testament story with her knowledge of the times and a sound sense of drama and characterization. Older children will be particularly gratified that the conversational passages, while retaining the flavor of Biblical language, have been given a modern simplicity.

DOOR TO THE NORTH: A SAGA OF FOURTEENTH CENTURY AMERICA, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman (Winston). A superb historical narrative, for children aged twelve and over, about an expedition of Norsemen that in the middle of the fourteenth century sailed to Greenland to investigate the mysterious disappearance of the nine hundred inhabitants of the Western Colony. Miss Coatsworth furnishes a plausible extension to the expedition, sending it on to Vinland and, finally, to Minnesota in its search, using as her basis the 1364 rune stone found in that state. The thrilling facts are woven into a full and sombre story, with an excellent cast of characters and a mounting excitement that is almost epic.

MR. BENEDICT'S LION, by Walter D. Edmonds, illustrated by Doris Lee (Dodd, Mead). Lighthearted fiction for teen-agers about a mousy instructor in a female seminary on the Hudson in the eighteen-thirties who is sent down by boat to New York to purchase a pianoforte for the school. He returns, in disgrace, with a lion instead, but wins love and good fortune when the beast produces the first cub born in America. The story frolics along, spiced with colorful, if stock, characters and a good use of the period background.

STORY COLLECTIONS AND FOLKLORE

ONCE UPON A TIME: TWENTY CHEERFUL TALES TO READ AND TELL, edited by Rose Dobbs, illustrated by Flavia Gág (Random House). A well-chosen and pleasant-



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BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS STORY BOOK, compiled by Betty O'Connor (Meredith). Despite its not-too-catchy title, this constitutes a small miracle in book production: a hodgepodge of fifty familiar poems and stories, many accompanied by color reproductions of the original illustrations. Included in this group are Beatrix Potter's "The Tale of Peter Rabbit;" Helen Bannerman's "The Story of Little Black Sambo;" Randolph Caldecott's "The House That Jack Built;" "Old Mother Hubbard," from Walter Crane's "Old Mother Hubbard's Book;" Helen Dean Fish's rebus version of "The Little Red Hen;" some Uncle Remus and A. A. Milne; Rachel Field's "All Through the Night;" and Lucretia P. Hale's "About Elizabeth Eliza's Piano."

ADVENTURES WITH THE GIANTS, by Catharine F. Sellew, illustrated by Steele Savage (Little, Brown). Earlier renditions of the struggles between the Norse gods and the giants have often made pretty dour reading for youngsters. Miss Sellew, a fine stylist and storyteller, has woven fourteen of the legends into a continuing narrative that contrives to be simpler and more humanized than its predecessors, without losing any of their wildness and fierceness. A handsome book, illustrated in color with considerable individuality, for eight-year-olds and up.

NINE TALES OF COYOTE, by Fran Martin, illustrated by Dorothy McEntee (Harper). The wonderful Nez Percé legends of the time before man when the animals ruled the earth, lived like Indians, and changed into human form at will, with the rascal Coyote the most powerful magicmaker of them all. They are presented here more intimately than is customary in the pattern of conventional folklore, and with a gaiety and exuberance that will absorb eight- to twelve-year-olds. Chapter heads and four-color illustrations in a primitive style make the book an arresting one.

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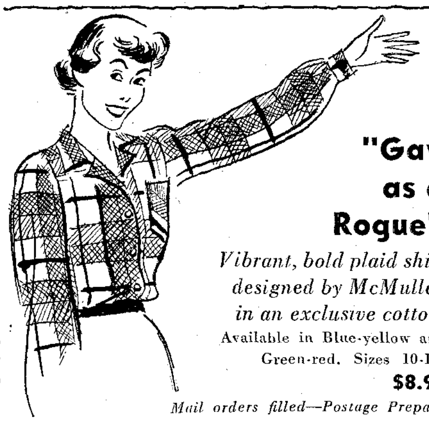

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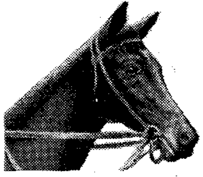

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day, is particularly satisfying, both in the honesty of its documentation and in its sensitive handling.

AMOS FORTUNE, FREE MAN, by Elizabeth Yates, illustrated by Nora S. Unwin (Aladdin). The uncommon life of a remarkable man—an African prince who was brought to America and sold into slavery, and who, after years of hardship, bought his own freedom and helped several other slaves attain theirs. He died a respected landowner in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, where he left a scholarship fund to the village school. Employing facts gathered from raw sources, Miss Yates has written a moving story, for children aged eleven and over, of a truly impressive individual.

CRAZY HORSE, by Shannon Garst, illustrated by William Moyers (Houghton Mifflin). The warrior head of the Sioux, who fought intelligently to his death to save his people, is an unforgettable and tragic figure. Mrs. Garst does him justice in her story-biography, setting down his life, in all its savagery and heroism, with vigor and full sympathy. Dramatic black-and-white drawings and, at the back, a chronological table.

GANDHI, FIGHTER WITHOUT A SWORD, by Jeanette Eaton, illustrated by Ralph Ray (Morrow). An absorbing account of Gandhi's life and character and his role in India's struggle for independence, made comprehensible to the twelve- to sixteen-year-old group without greatly oversimplifying the subject. The author treats Gandhi's South African years with particular fullness and succeeds in producing a well-balanced picture of him as "a merry saint, a loving warrior," and a great leader.

KING PHILIP, by Esther Averill, illustrated by Vera Belsky (Harper). The Indian chieftain and his war against the early colonists reëxamined

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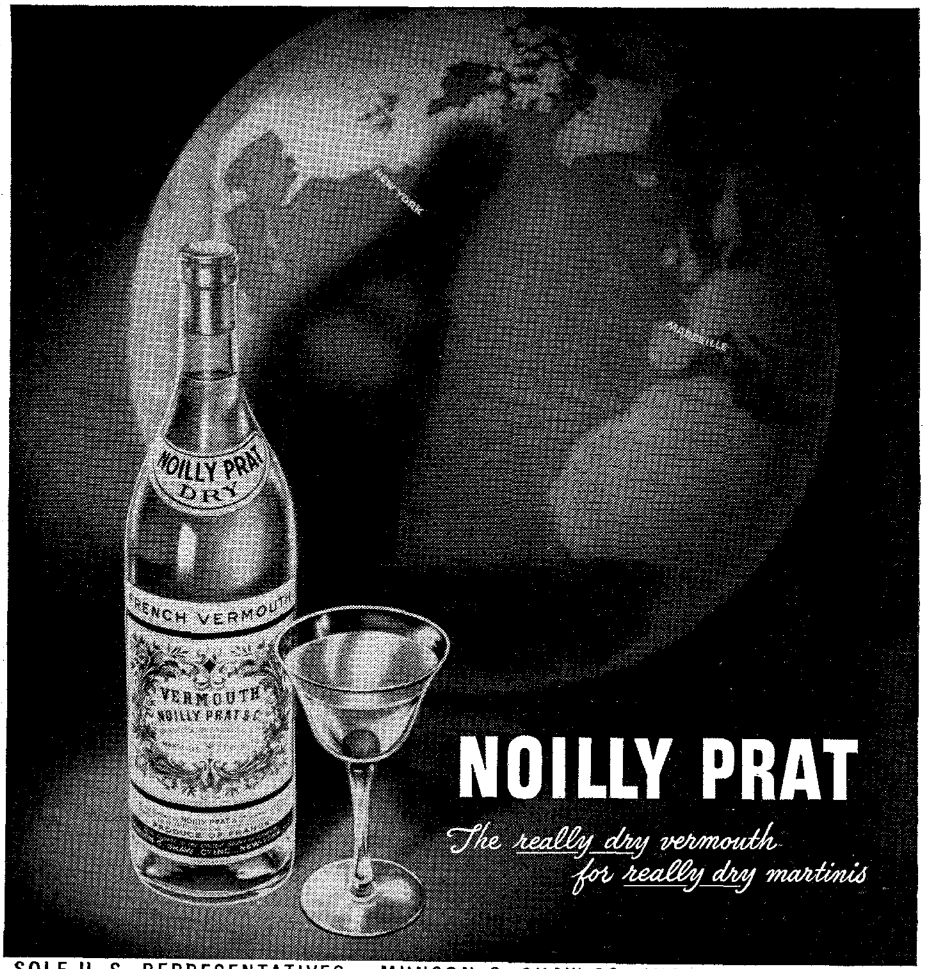

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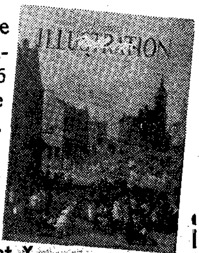

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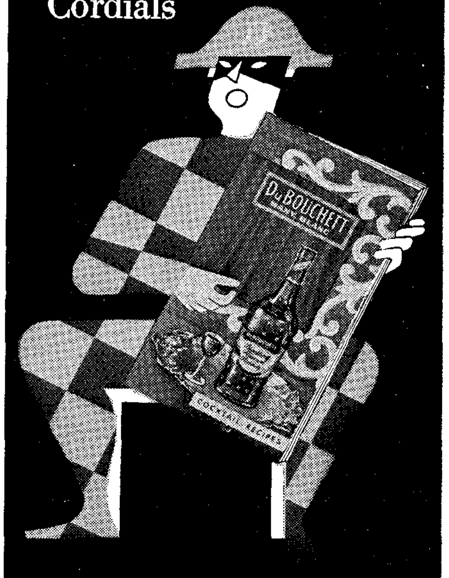
after considerable research and made into a trenchant narrative for children of twelve and over. King Philip emerges a majestic and valorous leader of his people, and the Plymouth settlers are presented as a pretty shabby lot. The violent and impassioned events are both well condensed and expertly related, and are illustrated by copious line drawings and maps of unusual quality.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, by Nina Brown Baker (Harcourt, Brace). A moderately fictionalized account of one of the most interesting characters in history, which avoids that mawkish intimacy with the famous that afflicts so much historical writing for children. There are good descriptions of the age, and of Queen Elizabeth, James I, and others, and the documentation is painstaking; the author, for instance, goes thoroughly into the cloak incident and finds no real basis for it.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

PICTURES OF FRANCE BY HER CHILDREN, selected by Marion B. Cothren (Oxford). A felicitous little collection of singularly vivid paintings done by French school children of scenes they remember (including the arrival of American troops and the Liberation) and things they do in their own country. A simple explanatory text in both English and French accompanies the carefully reproduced full-page pictures.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, written and illustrated by James Daugherty; THE BUILDING OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD, by Adele Nathan, illustrated by Edward A. Wilson; THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH, by May McNeer, illustrated by Lynd Ward; OUR INDEPENDENCE AND THE CONSTITUTION, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, illustrated by Robert Doremus (Random House). Each of these volumes in the Landmark Books series for nine-to twelve-year-olds points up an important episode in our national history by means of a robust and well-documented narrative, enlivened with character portraits and pungent anecdotes. Nice formats and colored drawings, particularly in the first three volumes, make the books physically attractive also. Mr. Daugherty's "The Landing of the Pilgrims" shows quality in both text and artwork, and Mrs. Fisher's book, while it talks down to its young readers somewhat, performs the difficult task



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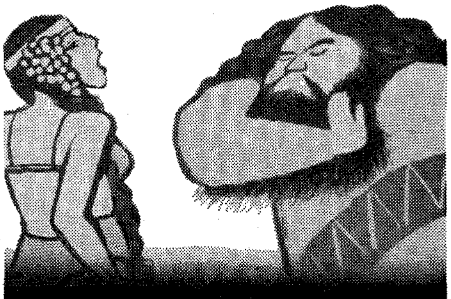

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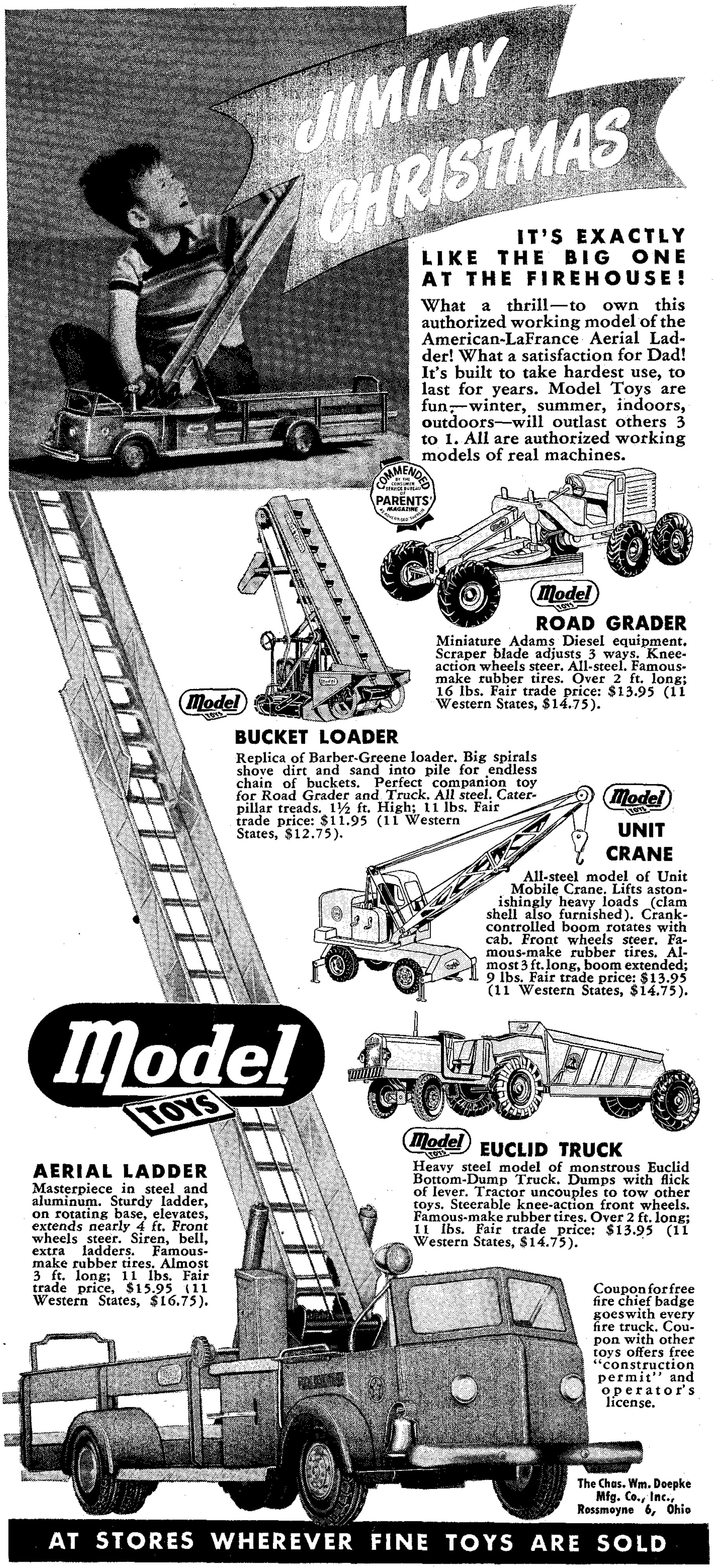
of making the debates on and the drawing up of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution both alive and clear for children, by presenting the evolution of those documents through the eyes of an anxious Philadelphia family of that day.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF ISRAEL, by Gail Hoffman, illustrated with photographs (Lippincott). The new state and the ancient land—its history, culture, ways of life, and famous personages—portrayed thoughtfully and warmly, for anyone twelve or over, by an author who has lived ten years in Palestine and can write with equal ease about its new industries, its Arabs and their adjustment to modern life, and its archeology. The recent wars are only briefly discussed.

PASSAGE TO AMERICA: THE STORY OF THE GREAT MIGRATIONS, by Katherine B. Shippen (Harper). A scholarly and imaginative account of the arrival in America of various national or racial groups, including the refugees of the nineteen-thirties and the D.P.s of today, and of how they have blended into and, in the case of those who have been here for some time, changed our nation. The rich narrative is highlighted with quotations from old letters, descriptions of individual settlements, and a multitude of personalities and incidents.

THE STORY OF ART, by E. H. Gombrich (Phaidon). From England comes this erudite, brilliantly written, and continuously exciting history of art—from prehistoric times to the present—for readers over fourteen. The book never resorts to jargon or rhapsodizing and never lapses from its purpose of awakening its audience to appreciation of the subject. The author examines each artist's probable artistic intentions and his relation, by acceptance or rejection, to what has gone before. Young people couldn't hope for a better explanation of Impressionist and contemporary art. The discussion of technical problems and the solutions found for them by each artist or school dealt with is presented against a fine background of the times under consideration and the artists' role in them. Illustrated by three hundred and seventy-one reproductions, some in color, it also contains a special chapter on art books and an index.

THE PAGEANT OF RUSSIAN HISTORY, by Elizabeth Seeger, illustrated by Bernard Watkins and Erik Magons



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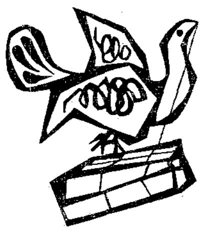

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(Longmans, Green). Simplified for young people over twelve, this long, readable history has vigor and perception. There is a sanctimonious flavor, however, to the final pages of it, dealing with the Soviet era up to the San Francisco Conference, which seems to derive from the author's determined effort to be impartial.

THE following is a list of reprints and new editions not elsewhere mentioned: "Christmas," edited by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Hildegard Woodward (Scribner). A revised edition of a good collection of Christmas stories from many lands, first published in 1934. . . . Lippincott Classics' edition of "Black Beauty" is well printed and designed, and stunningly illustrated by George Ford Morris. . . . "Calico the Wonder Horse, or The Saga of Stewy Stinker," written and illustrated by Virginia Lee Burton (Houghton Mifflin). The popular mock Western for five- to ten-year-olds, featuring a superhorse hero and a horrendous villain, and newly illustrated by an amusing set of pictures in comic-strip form. . . . "Tales of Enchantment from Spain," by Elsie Spicer Eells, illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham (Dodd, Mead). Fifteen folk or fairy stories from old Spain, long out of print. . . . All of the first five titles of Macmillan's New Children's Classics are good-looking volumes, in a dignified format and with agreeable pictures. They are "At the Back of the North Wind," by George MacDonald, illustrated by George and Doris Hauman; the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare," illustrated by John C. Wonsetler; both "Alice"s, with the Tenniel drawings; Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," imaginatively illustrated by Robert Ball; and a superior "Aesop," the fables selected and retold by Joseph Jacobs, with a scholarly chapter on their history and on beast fables in general, and marvellous pictures, two to a story in most cases, by Kurt Wiese. . . . The illustrated Rainbow Classics offer, among inexpensive reprints, a well-illustrated edition, by Alexander Dobkin, of Mary MacLeod's version of "King Arthur and His Knights," with an introduction by May Lamberton Becker. —KATHARINE T. KINKEAD

•

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(Holt), and KANTCHIL'S LIME PIT AND OTHER STORIES FROM INDONESIA, by Harold Courlander, illustrated by Robert W. Kane (Harcourt, Brace). Two noteworthy collections of well-told folk legends, each book done up in an impressive format and including background material on the stories, an introductory chapter giving the flavor of the country, and good drawings in the native tradition. The Ethiopian tales, many of them gathered on the spot, are concerned mostly with the doings of wise and foolish men and animals. They sometimes contain recognizable elements from the lore of other lands, but they have their own comic or ironic twists. Many of the Indonesian tales, all of which were recorded from oral narrations, describe engagingly how various animal ways and human foibles got their start—particularly how Kantchil, the foot-high mouse deer, outwitted the larger jungle beasts.

JOHN HENRY AND HIS HAMMER, by Harold W. Felton, illustrated by Aldren A. Watson (Knopf). An eloquent life story of the gentle American folk hero who performed prodigious feats of strength with his hammer, narrated with the repetitive richness of a Negro ballad and with impeccable dialogue and action. Strong two-color and black-and-white drawings, plus a splendid job of printing, help make this a distinctive book for children eight years old and over.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

RUBY THROAT: THE STORY OF A HUMMING BIRD, written and illustrated by Robert M. McClung (Morrow). This account by a naturalist of the life of an amazing little creature who, weighing less than a penny, can fly at a speed of fifty miles an hour and migrate across five hundred miles of sea should be as enticing as fiction to children up to nine. It is printed in large type and illustrated in three colors, and is so simply written that even beginning readers can handle it themselves.

SONG OF THE SEASONS, by Addison Webb, illustrated by Charles L. Ripper (Morrow). The saga of the natural year—springtime for babies, summer for learning, autumn for feasting, and winter for rest—recounted by means of factual descriptions of the habits of porcupines, bears, beavers, squirrels, birds, bees, and other animals by a scientist with a

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Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES: Next time you give yourself a home pedicure, bring the polish well over the edge of the big toe nail and down under the tip. This gives the nail a completely smooth edge and thereby saves the toes of your hose . . . What a job! Drive-in theaters in Los Angeles now employ a special officer whose sole duty is to break up necking parties . . . Americans to the tune of 38,000 will develop stomach cancer this year, says the National Cancer Institute . . . If you've ever wondered why some women's dresses button down the back and men's shirts never do, this may partially explain it: Women can reach to the middle of their backs far more readily than men . . . Last year three hotels in Rochester, Minnesota, had guests from 45 foreign countries with June and October as the peak months. The Mayo clinic does it, of course . . . Weather report from San Francisco: "There will be a high fog in San Francisco this morning. Dissipating in the afternoon."

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CAR HINTS: Don't let the level of gas in your tank drop too low. It leaves room for moist air which will unload its water in the gasoline when the temperature toboggans. Always leave your car doors partly latched in the garage during the winter. That permits the rubber weather-stripping to regain resiliency lost when the doors are always closed . . . Booths, which have been a headache to record dealers because people camp in them for hours, may be on the way out as auditioning facilities. Record shops will have "musical chairs" for record listeners. A small speaker built into the back of each chair is audible only to the person using it. The chair takes one-third the space of a booth . . . Husband description: When he speaks, she jumps—all over him.

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Owls, by Herbert S. Zim, illustrated by James Gordon Irving (Morrow). First-rate natural science for seven- to ten-year-olds, with clear and provocatively presented facts about and illustrations of owls, including descriptions and diagrams of the eyes, ears, and talons of this interesting bird and explanations of how they function to make him a deadly hunter.

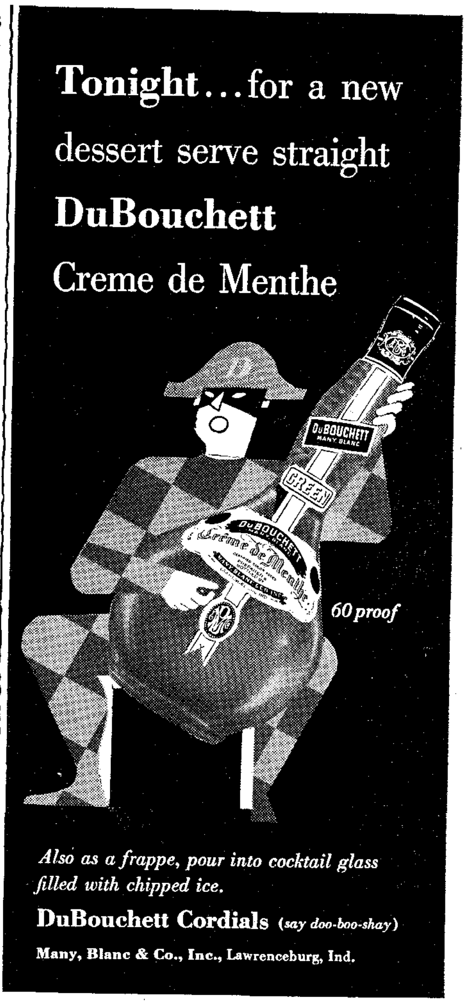
Diesel-Electric 4030, written and illustrated by Henry Billings (Viking). A definitely non-fictional, detailed description of an engineman's trip up the Hudson to Albany in a diesel-electric locomotive, with due attention paid to the instruments he manipulates at various signals, that will engross train-minded eight- to twelve-year-olds. By means of distinctive wash drawings, maps, and diagrams, and a concise text, the author explains the workings and virtues of locomotives and diesel engines in general.

Worlds in the Sky, written and illustrated by Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton (John Day). Elementary astronomy, simple and well-organized, with the staggering space and time concepts clarified for nine- to twelve-year-olds by the use of effective diagrams and drawings and clever comparisons to objects within the grasp of young readers. The authors don't hesitate to tackle some of the most up-to-the-minute theories.

Sea and Shore, written and illustrated by Clarence J. Hylander (Macmillan). Marine biology for ten- to fourteen-year-olds, its weird facts lucidly presented and embellished with good photographs and drawings. Suggestions for making collections are included.

Biography

Abraham Lincoln: An Initial Biography, written and illustrated by Genevieve Foster (Scribner). Topnotch biography that gives an unusually well-rounded portrait of Lincoln for eight- to ten-year-olds and that adroitly fills in the political, social, and even military background. The final chapter, on Lincoln's last



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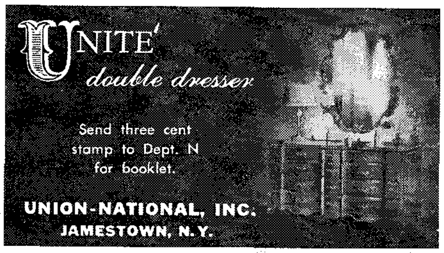

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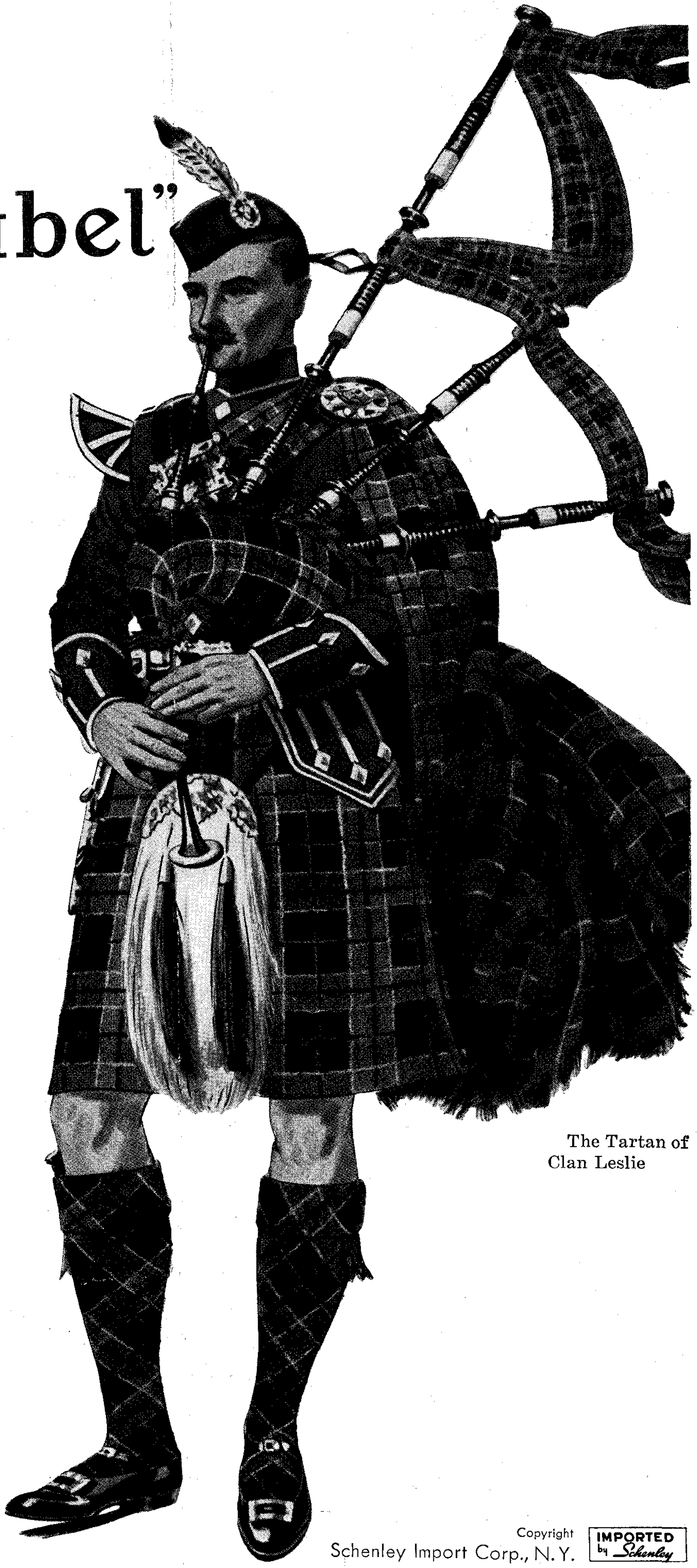

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